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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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POETRY AND PRAYER

By The Editor

IN France during the last eighteen months there has been raging an acute literary controversy such as, I fear, would be scarcely possible in this country. It is hard to imagine the Press, in London and the provinces, given over to a heated discussion of the question : What is pure poetry? It is hard to imagine that a summary of such a debate in volume form would run through ten editions in a week in our English bookshops.* The idea that poetry is a thing of extreme importance, concerning which it is at least as necessary to make up one's mind as it is concerning the merits of Free Trade and Tariff Reform, will take a few years yet to become acclimatized in these islands. We have the poets : Why think about them?

Not that I dream that captains and corporals of industry, newspaper proprietors and eminent journalists will ever wake up to find themselves passionately interested in poetry. "There's nothing in it" ; and there's an end. But what I should like to be able to impress upon the attention of bishops, priests, deacons, ministers, and other apostles of religion in this country is that this significant controversy in France has been inspired and

* *La Poésie Pure; Prière et Poésie.* Par Henri Bremond. 15 francs and 12 francs each. (Paris: Grasset.)

guided by an Abbé of the Roman Catholic Church. No ordinary Abbé, of course; but then there are many Abbés of the Catholic Church in France who are not ordinary—men whose intellectual sympathies, power of thought and faculty of expression make them the equals (sometimes the superiors) of the finest literary intelligences of their own country.

It is strange to me that no famous champion of religion in this country has ever had a glimpse of the opportunity offered by the poetic experience as a corroboration of the religious experience. A dangerous corroboration, perhaps, but surely one worth attempting to secure if only as a means of interesting the more cultivated minds in religion once more. For the divorce between religion and culture in this country is painful. In part, I suppose, it is due to the Puritan and Protestant tradition; but more certainly in these latter days to the intellectual quality of many of the men who enter the priesthood or the ministry. To have listened to the man of religion discoursing upon literature is a brutal torture. For the most part he possesses the discrimination of a buffalo—of the subtleties he understands nothing: over everything he pours the sickly varnish of uplift and evangelism. And then the broad-minded ones! I cannot forget a day when I was inveigled into speaking upon "Religion and Literature" before an audience of ministers, and at the end an eminent member rose and declared: "*Of course*, we have always regarded Wordsworth as no less inspired than Our Lord." "O God, God!" as Hamlet said. And again, "Something too much of this."

M. l'Abbé Henri Bremond is a member of the French Academy. In October, 1925, at the annual séance publique of the five Academies, he read a lecture entitled "La Poésie Pure," wherein, with the purpose of contributing towards a rapprochement between literature and religion, he maintained that the specific

poetic experience, that is, the experience of the true reader of true poetry, is non-rational : it is, essentially, a mystical experience ; and M. l'Abbé concluded by restating the famous sentence of Pater that all the arts aspire to the condition of music. " No, they all aspire, each by its own proper magical medium—words, notes, colours, lines—they all aspire to the condition of prayer."

With another than M. Bremond I might demur (even violently) to the phrase ; but I have read his remarkable " History of Religious Feeling in French Literature," and I know that to prayer he gives the profoundest meaning : it is nothing less than the means to a perfect communion with that which is mightier than ourselves and beyond our knowledge. In this sense I do agree that poetry and prayer are allied. Nevertheless, I cannot accept the statement that poetry "aspires to the condition of prayer." It would be truer, in my opinion, and as I shall try to show, to say that prayer aspires to the condition of poetry.

But let us leave the further question aside for the moment, and suppose that prayer and poetry are parallel and analogous. Then we must make a necessary distinction. Prayer has two meanings. It is the words which are prayed ; it is also the condition attained by the soul by their means. " Our Father "—those two words are a *prayer ;* the condition of soul of the man who can truly say them, while he says them, the condition of simple certainty that there is One, unutterably close, to hear—this is *prayer*. To say that poetry aspires to the condition of prayer may mean either that the perfect poem is *a* prayer (which is not true) or that the condition of soul created within the man who truly reads a great poem is either identical with, or analogous to, the condition of soul created within the man who truly prays a great prayer.

That these conditions are allied, I do indeed believe ;

but they are *not* identical. If we say over to ourselves the two lines—

> Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
> Thou foster-child of silence and slow Time . . .

a quietness begins straightway to descend upon our souls. The fever and the fret which agitate our waking lives are stilled. By the magic of fourteen words we are become *listeners*, true listeners, listeners who listen to the silence, and can hear the creative word stirring within its womb, then rising to the lovely gravity of life and death, as that perfect poem moves with labyrinthine simplicity to its triumphant close. At the end, it seems, we know, even as we are known.

I believe that every great poem, every great work of literature, whether it be short or long, leaves behind it a sense that can be described only in such words as these. This sense has precisely the same quality of feeling that used to come to me as a boy when I listened to the *Nunc dimittis*. It is not the same feeling, of course : the *Nunc dimittis* aroused in me a feeling, deep and memorable indeed, but only a feeling. A great piece of writing leaves me with knowledge, but the quality of feeling with which this knowledge is pervaded is the same as of old. It is strange, I sometimes think, that it should have been the *Nunc dimittis* that moved me thus, more than twenty years ago, seeing that the words of the chant express more nearly than any others the content of the knowledge which great literature brings. " Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace : for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

If you care to say that such a condition *is* a condition of prayer, I will not rebel ; if you are willing to acknowledge that such an experience is fully the equivalent of the experience of the Christian soul in prayer, I should accept the acknowledgment and rest content. But, of course, not even M. l'Abbé Bremond can do that. The poetical experience is always inferior to the reli-

gious experience. It must be, of course, for Christian orthodoxy. As M. Bremond writes in a note to his book *Prière et Poésie* :—

> "Poetry is not prayer; poetry does not, by its nature, end in prayer," lately wrote Dom G. Aubourg. That is so self-evident that I did not even imagine I could be suspected of doubting it. By its nature, that is so long as it remains poetry, it cannot end in prayer. . . . Dom Aubourg continues excellently: "Poetry is a sign: it is the index of a high faculty within us capable of receiving God, but impotent in itself to apprehend Him." Why is poetry impotent to apprehend God as prayer apprehends Him? Because the smallest prayer worthy of the name, not only the prayer of contemplation, is a supernatural gift of God.

Whereat I become intransigent. The simple thing would be for me to confess that I am ignorant of the experience of prayer ; untouched by the necessary divine grace. That would be simplest, and best. But, unfortunately, it would not be quite honest. I may not know very much about prayer, but I do know a little about mystical experience, in which prayer should culminate.

However, not to lose ourselves in abstraction yet, let us have a poetic fact before our eyes, and vivid in our memory.

> Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
> And we must sleep . . . Off, pluck off:
> The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
> The battery from my heart. O cleave, my sides!
> Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
> Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
> No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
> You have been nobly borne. From me awhile. . . .
> I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
> Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
> All length is torture: since the torch is out,
> Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour
> Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
> Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
> Eros!—I come, my queen—Eros!—stay for me:

> Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
> And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
> Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
> And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

What shall we say of that? Does it aspire to the condition of prayer? Surely not, if that condition is something other than it has attained already. I read it, and am content. Here, I know not how, is truth; here, inseparable from it, is beauty. The beating brain is once more at rest.

No, though I am willing—none more willing—to grant an affinity between the poetic and the religious experience, I cannot for one moment allow that the poetic experience is a subaltern form of the religious experience. On the contrary, the poetic experience is the perfection of the religious experience. To turn M. Bremond's phrase: it is prayer that aspires to the condition of poetry.

I hesitate, very naturally, to criticise M. Bremond's conception of the mystical experience; nevertheless, I believe that it is imperfect. I am too ignorant of the history of mysticism in the Catholic Church to be able to say whether that aspect or moment of the mystical experience which I think M. Bremond neglects was deliberately banished out of the Church: but it is certainly true that the greatest of all Christian mystics, and the one who most nobly insisted on the neglected element—Meister Eckhart—was condemned (though after his death) for heresy.

In the complete mystical experience there are two phases or moments: there is the ascent into complete communion with the One, or with God, which is commonly supposed to be the end of the mystical path. It is not: the true and perfect mystic only ascends to the One in order to descend once more to the Many with the knowledge of its Oneness to sustain him. This is the doctrine of Plotinus and Dionysius the

Areopagite and Meister Eckhart ; but far more important even than these great masters of the mystical way, it is the doctrine of Jesus himself. Jesus was the most *perfect* mystic of whom we know, and his doctrine is as crystal-clear as his practice : he went apart to commune with his Father, he returned to live and work in the world of men—and not to live and work among them like a missionary, but to be really of them, brother among brothers, the friend of publicans and harlots, a man who came eating and drinking. His practice is plain as day : so is his doctrine. It was a doctrine of the perfect beauty and divine particularity of the universe, seen and known as the creation of a loving Father's hand. "Behold the lilies of the field : they toil not, neither do they spin : but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

That is the true end of the mystical path. The true mystic, as Meister Eckhart nobly said, is as one who, having looked upon the sun, thenceforward sees the sun in everything. What falls short of this consummation is an imperfect mysticism, and, I believe, a still more imperfect Christianity : a cloistered as opposed to a living virtue, a withdrawal as opposed to an acceptance.

Now the mysticism of descent can find its full expression in two ways alone : in life and in poetry. The poet cannot be truly conceived as a man who, instead of surrendering himself like a real mystic absolutely to the One and being silent, struggles to give voice to his ecstatic experience. The mystical poets of this sort are very few, and certainly not very important. The poet, *quâ* poet, is not concerned with the One at all : he is, by nature, concerned with the Many. He actually does see the beauty and significance of real things—at first quite naively, and perhaps he may never get beyond the stage of naively recording his delights.

And shall I ever bid these joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agony, the strife
Of human hearts.

I will not attempt to outline, with a misleading brevity, the evolution of the poet to poetic greatness which I have tried to present in "Keats and Shakespeare"; but I must insist upon the fundamental difference between the poet and the mystic as he is commonly understood. The mystic is but half-way to the perfect poet (as he is but half-way to the perfect Christian). On the other hand, a complete mysticism and a complete poetry are all but identical. Keats's principle of "beauty in all things" and Eckhart's vision of "God in all things" are practically indistinguishable. And, in fact, the complete mystic is, invariably, a great poet.

Jesus was a great poet. It was necessary that he should be. There is no means of uttering the truth he had to utter save through poetry—the living, creative and significant word. For the secret of all religion, or at least of his religion, than which none higher or truer will ever be found, lies simply in *the rediscovery of the actual*—a rediscovery which can be fully accomplished only through a process of rebirth and reintegration.

This rediscovery of the actual is the poet's final mission. To achieve it completely the same process of inward reintegration is necessary. Only harmony within can respond to the harmony without: organic wholeness to organic wholeness. Many poets—and great ones—fail in the attempt. They lack courage, they lack humility, they lack honesty; and the plenitude of youth ends in the desiccation of age. They have shrunk from the lonely and painful task of being loyal to their experience. Who are we to accuse them for failing? But we know that there are others who have not failed, and because they have not failed, the revelation of the

actual that their words contain will never fail. The others will amuse and delight; they may throw gleams of illumination upon the chaos of experience, but the gleams will be fitful: the light of the great ones is steady, it spreads into the dark places, and suffuses pain and disaster.

It is not poetry that aspires to the condition of prayer, therefore, but prayer to the condition of poetry. There will be, I am sure, no reconciliation between literature and religion unless this be accepted. We are not going back to religion; we are going forward to it. This is a time when our creativeness is critical; when many minds (in many realms) are at work to discover the implications of their own real experience. They know that they are religious; they know that the religion of to-day has no *meaning* for them; they know that the words that have meaning for them are the words of the poets.* In them alone they find that rediscovery of the actual which, I am convinced, will be the religion of the future—the knowledge that we are and the world is. There is no answer to the riddle of the world, save to be able to see the world.

It may be long before this religion of simple experience will take hold of many minds. Those who can understand it, it will satisfy. But to those who feel that it gives them nothing to hold on to, we can only reply that it is the having nothing to hold on to, nothing that can be held on to, that will be the strength of the future. It is their very being that men will live by, and living by that, they will live by the being of that which is not themselves.

Dark sayings: for which I am sorry. I would not hazard them but for the fact that I dread compromise. I am for ever being embarrassed by those who say to

* I use the word, of course, in the largest sense. Tchehov is our greatest modern poet.

me, But how near you are to this religion, or to that! And, indeed, I am very near. But also very far away. It is as though I were near every religion, before it *is* a religion, before formula and creed and worship: but so soon as it is a religion I am by the whole breadth of a spiritual universe removed from it. The religion that can become *a* religion is, by that very fact, quite alien to my way of thought.

P.S.—In the foregoing, for the clearer statement of the essential point, I have excluded from consideration the repetitive-rhythmical, incantatory element in poetry, which distinguishes the genus verse from the genus prose in the large species of true *poiêsis*. By insisting upon this incantatory element a more specious case for the identity of poetry and prayer can be produced; but it is based on a confusion of accidents with essentials. What is essential to poetry—its quiddity—is an apprehension of the real in its concreteness, the real of direct, unabstracted, pure experience. The poet is distinguished from other men in that he is capable of uttering this experience without the intermediary of the falsifying though necessary concept.

Since writing the above I have read Professor Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World,* which is an absolute corroboration from the side of the metaphysic of science of the position maintained in the foregoing, and gradually developed in these pages during the last two or three years. I most seriously urge all my readers to procure this book, which I regard as the exact scientific and metaphysical complement to my own "poetical" doctrine. Once more, this is a *necessary* book: and more necessary, in my own opinion, than Keyserling or even Spengler—a book more pregnant with possibilities for a future synthesis than they.

Beyond Peace

By F. V. Follett

I.

In the fawn witchery of April's oak—
In dawning meadowsweet, dim faery lace
The spring's shy fingers deftly weave to cloak
The chiffchaff where she broods,
Brightening her anxious moods—
In the miraculous grace
That waves the woodland daffodils aglow
And spins the timid violets in the sun,
Abide such crystal musings of content as flow
Through quiet meads where wisdom's waters run.
Below the budding orchard of the stars,
Whose viewless boughs are hung aloft in time
Presaging some far prime,
In the love that greens earth's trees—
Assurance lulls the mind through dreams of ease
Nor any ache such full contentment mars.
But when beneath the moon the springtides make,
Tonguing my rocky haven with their quest,
Low, eager whispers, long sibilant rake,
Pawing the pebbles with a hunter's zest,
Setting the dank weed swaying, chiding worn piles,
Kissing the shrinking sand with silver lip,
Then starts an unquiet ghost whose voice beguiles
And calls my being deep to fellowship.
Ever it brings me peace, but beyond peace
A stir that beats some mystery in my blood—
Some questing cry whose echoes never cease
Until the spume-wrack marks the topmost flood.

II.

Broad, quivering, slow, like the imperious hand
Of some uneasy god, up thrusts the tide
Into this bay where on unfooted sand
The battened gigs in silver sleep abide,
Until it laps each anchored keel afloat
And lo! a shaken jewel in a tremulous palm
Now stirs and shines each swaying boat.
Breathless the moon-eyed god in anxious calm
On all this treasure peers but deigns no sign
To stay the imperial search: it seeks not these. . . .
And creek by creek the harbour fills ashine
With this most moving unrest of the seas.
Oh, bell-like waters chimed with undertones
That touch some wordless wisdom in my mind!
What pilgrim-prayer, unsolaced, draws these moans?
What consummation writhest thou to find?
Grope here in agony thy agued hands
To rend me from the haven that I sing,
To brast the quaylike barrier that stands
Against such chaos as my times do fling?
Can it be me thou thrustest here to seek
And lure beyond the tempest of my time
Dim in thy evening depths on me to wreak
All the green wonder of thy sounding clime?
Out of the light whose wings are one white splendour,
Out of the day whose loneliest hour is dear,
What recompense must thy steep fathoms render
To me whose drumming heart must plumb thy fear?
Oh could I plunge where black the seas are swirling
Through gloom on gloom where thunders never cease,
Where shoaling dreads and sharklike doubts are whirling—
A diver soul to dare the pearl of peace!
Deep beyond deep past fathom line to plumb,
Deep beyond deep where secret at thy heart
And strange—the while 'tis knowledge to be dumb—
The gates of being darkly flow apart.

III.

What solemn bells down far-off tides are swung
Fainter, more faint, that sadden to a moan?
What ebon dark with stars of radiance hung
Upholds and steads me now, serene, alone?
No day is here, no night; time's raven wings
Are webbed in the oblivious coil of dream
While low the ghosted voice of sorrow sings
Drowned echoes of the earth's unhushing theme.
Without endeavour being has become
A chain of moments linked with unsought lore,
Jewelled with pastoral gleams whereof the sum
Is radiant past the tideway's spangled store.
Oh green amazing moments when the land
Lay muffled to a strange, miraculous cry!
When visitant awhile a fragile hand
Hung glowworm lights to lure the astonished eye:
Yea such a shine as holds the dark at bay,
A cry that makes a music of the veins,
Which nor the glory of the nooning day
Nor water singing to the moon sustains.
Frail memories of twilight's greening grey
Dimming the golden pastures by the mill
Where beat the mind in such a blank dismay
Upon the rapture of a linnet's bill:
Hazed noons beneath the summer-tasselled limes
Where drowsed the bees or hark'ning far away
The poplar's tinkling stir while pleading chimes
Remotely sweet rang in the hedge-tall hay:
The young year's wonder roaming copses through
Pierced by the silver frailty of the stars
Where downy as an owl such magic flew
As when the prisoned soul to love unbars.
Oh pastoral gleamings! your intensest light
Let not one shadow mar my living sense
When acres over moved a love, star-bright,

Folding in one resistless influence
The life that is the giant nerve of time
And all whose tingling ecstasy I bore.
Oh starry fields! how rapt I reached your clime
Nor spared one breathless moment to explore
But let the molten radiance thrill my veins
Until my body, like a shining room,
Stared out with dizzying sense on swimming plains
That with the phantom earth whirled through the
gloom.

IV.

Dim in the tidal light I glimpse the green
And pearl, and with the hints of earth
I rouse the old familiar frets that screen
The drowning mystery that haunts my birth
And momently I sense the fugitive cry.
Yea all the sum of sorrow scored by death
Since faith and love were wilful torn awry
Moves in the stir this mooned sea murmureth:
While steady to my throbbing temples ring
Far echoes belled from some amazing deep
Where through the freighted memory burns to bring
Such riches as these island-moments keep.
Ever they bring me peace, but beyond peace
The cry of one forlorn in sightless clime
Craving from memoried gleams some light's increase
For the green haven of our aftertime.
But even as the last waves fall and sigh
Upon the foreshore piles that breast the quay,
The cloudy war has ridden up the sky
And stormed the lances of the moon and sea.
Darkly the waters ebb, darkly the mind
Over the gulf that belts the whelming world,
Till to all brooding comes no breath of wind
And the last sail of drifting thought is furled.

ANECDOTAL ALBANIA

By W. A. Fox-Strangways

A STRAY reference in the Press the other day to Prince William of Wied will recall memories to comparatively few, other than close and constant observers of the recurrent Balkan upheavals. Of all the ex-monarchs now disporting themselves in various European countries, this German princeling, who ruled the "kingdom" of Albania for a few short months, most of which period he was a prisoner in his own capital, is probably the least known to the man in the street.

Nor, if one excepts his great stature and martial appearance, had he any quality likely to arrest the most casual attention. Even his fine presence was belied in fact by his arrant physical and moral cowardice, and it is only as a puppet round which other and more interesting personalities revolved for a short but eventful space of time that he figures in this slight sketch of how Albania held the European spotlight for a few brief months in 1914, previous to vacating the stage to make room for the Great Tragedy.

The romantic figures of Essad Pasha, Ismail Kemal Bey, von Gumpenberg, Turkhan Pasha, and others do not bulk large in comparison with the heroes and villains of the great holocaust: in the matter of "Palace" intrigues, Durazzo was obviously unable to imitate the scale of Potsdam: international covetousness and ambassadorial manœuvrings were not perhaps so patent as at, for instance, Constantinople. Yet those who lived those hectic days in Durazzo through the sweltering summer preceding the Sarajevo crime will not soon forget the

kaleidoscope of tragedy, comedy, and broadest farce constituted by the miniature revolution, the piteous efforts of a weak-kneed German princeling to stem the tide, and the amazing career of that incongruous blend of buccaneer and financier, Essad Pasha.

The latter had already given an indication of his quite remarkable business intuition when he drove a hard bargain with King Nicholas of Montenegro, himself notoriously difficult to best in "deals" of a more or less questionable nature, over the sale of Scutari. Whereas the Montenegrin monarch only got a certain amount of honour and glory out of the affair, the wily Essad retired, not only with an undeserved reputation for patriotically holding the fort until the last possible moment, but also with the spoils of war in a very material and tangible form.

Possessed of capital acquired in such a rapid and easy manner, the Tirana chieftain began to look round for a suitable method of investing it in conformity with the best modern code, that of large profits and quick returns. With an uncanny talent for anticipating not only the immediate, but even a comparatively remote future, he foresaw the creation of an autonomous Albania, and actually forecasted, long before the chanceries of Europe had come to any decision in the matter, the choice of Durazzo as the capital of the budding State. Already possessed of real property in that neighbourhood, he quietly bought up practically all that remained in the market, and, by the time the International Commission of Control, the Legations, Consulates, and other official and unofficial bodies began to descend on the little Adriatic seaport, Essad's "real estate agency" was ready and waiting.

The landlord of Durazzo did not, however, propose to limit his money-making concerns to such a prosaic and unexciting venture. Well aware that certain European nations were at that time afflicted with an unrea-

soning passion for squandering huge sums of money on what may be euphemistically termed propaganda, Essad promptly proceeded to take every precaution that a proper share of this stream of gold should flow into his own coffers. To that end, he got himself appointed Minister for War in the Cabinet presided over by the aged Turkhan Pasha, formerly Turkish Ambassador to London, a survival of dead-and-gone diplomacy, who promptly became a mere pawn in the hands of his ambitious junior.

Having now launched out on the perilous seas of high finance, Essad soon showed that he was a shrewd enough pilot to steer his well-laden barque safely through the most troubled waters: and though it was subsequently found necessary to drop the pilot before finally entering port, the cargo reached its destination safe and sound: that, however, is another story to which reference will be made anon.

Ostensibly, Essad championed the Italian cause—at a price, needless to say: however, he was always open to consider a reasonable proposition, and was a firm believer in "Non olet," whether the currency in question were Italian lire, Austrian kronen, Serbian dinars, or Greek drachmæ. When, finally, he pushed enterprise just a trifle too far, and had to undergo a short term of exile, his nest was sufficiently well feathered to render unnecessary any but the very mildest of passing regrets.

Hardly had the Prince of Wied hoisted his imperial standard over the little lath-and-plaster Palace at Durazzo, when the "revolution" broke out. The dissidents drew their recruits chiefly from the Tirana region, throughout which Essad was regarded as feudal chief. Southern Albania, where Ismail Kemal Bey's power was already on the wane, gave but little ground for uneasiness: indeed, they had their hands full in repelling Greek infiltration. In the North, Prenk Bib

Doda, whatever ambitions he may have cherished, was forced to repress them temporarily, situated as he was under the eagle eye of Colonel Phillips, in command of the International detachments at Scutari.

The revolution was thus a purely Central Albanian affair, aimed at Durazzo, and run by men who had little or no idea of an objective, other than that of faithfully carrying out the secret orders which Essad issued to them—under the hospitable shelter of the War Ministry!

The only thing an Albanian understands, where foreigners are concerned, is a MAN. And, unfortunately, as has already been stated, Prince William of Wied was very far from being such, apart from mere exterior appearance. He lost no time in showing, to all who cared to look, that, under his magnificent trappings and martial bearing, he more or less unsuccessfully concealed the heart of a louse.

Had he taken the obvious course, ridden boldly out of the gates of Durazzo, and showed the dissidents that he had come to rule, that he had (as was at first the fact) Europe behind him, and that he was prepared, if necessary, to use the good old argument of force, should kindness fail—well, then, kindness would not have failed, and it would not have been too late, if it had, to use that force. But, when circumstances finally forced his vacillating hand, the European Concert had other more important fish to fry, and Albania was left to itself, and William of Wied to an inglorious eclipse.

So began, in May of 1914, the "siege" of Durazzo, which lasted until, in the latter days of July, Ministers, Consuls, journalists, and members of the Durazzo Defence Corps began to pack their traps and hie them to more serious fields, leaving but a few disgruntled representatives of the Commission of Control. The Prince's reign was at an end; the Albanian Government had collapsed like a pack of cards; the "rebels"

no longer had an objective; Essad, spending a temporary and not unpleasant exile in Italy, had played out his hand, and won, financially. The curtain was rung down on the little play, for both cast and spectators had another and more pressing engagement.

But, ere all this came about, much of interest, pathos, and farce was crowded into three hectic months.

The moving spirit of the defence of Durazzo, in the early days of the siege, was Baron von Gumpenberg, a young German officer, temporarily seconded from the army on a roving secret service mission in the Mediterranean. Having gravitated to Durazzo via Constantinople, where he had some dealing with the Young Turks, Gumpenberg soon managed to get himself put in charge of the nondescript rabble which was all that the King and Government of Albania could oppose to the Tirana malcontents. And it must be admitted that he fulfilled his task with Teuton thoroughness, aided therein by the fact that, among the adventurers who had crowded to Durazzo from the four corners of the world, was a considerable leavening of German and Austrian reserve officers, whose services came in remarkably handily for the purpose of serving a couple of batteries of Austrian Skoda mountain guns, which had turned up in Durazzo in some mysterious and unexplained fashion.

The rebels were throughout armed with rifles only, and, considering that, at times, their front-line trenches were within a few hundred yards of the house occupied by the International Commission of Control, this was quite near enough to be pleasant, even taking Albanian ideas of musketry into consideration; their lack of artillery could therefore be regarded only in the light of a fortunate dispensation of Providence. Providence, indeed, also watched over the devoted garrison on the only occasion on which the attackers succeeded in "lifting" one of the said mountain-guns. This was

solemnly trained on the town, but, as the gentleman serving the piece carefully stood in the direct line of the recoil, he received it amidships, and promptly lost all further interest in mundane affairs. The Tirana tribesmen then promptly voted all modern innovations a nuisance, and the offending Skoda gun was buried, thus permitting the sorely-tried garrison again to sleep the sleep of the just.

For warfare, as conducted in Albania in 1914, showed a due regard for the niceties of civilized life ; had the warriors belonged to a Trades Union, they could not have shown a more commendable unanimity and exactitude in knocking-off for meal and siesta-times, while night attacks were, of course, not considered quite the thing, though the " enemy " were tactless enough to indulge in this reprehensible diversion on one or two occasions. Such attacks were generally in the nature of " leg-pulling," and not driven home to their logical conclusion.

Only a small proportion of the defending force wore uniform, and the Austrian and German reserve officers, who had mostly come over to Durazzo in the capacity of correspondents or concession-hunters, were to be seen serving the pieces in bowler hats and tailcoats and other similarly incongruous rigs. They were aided by a sweating band of nondescripts, among whom were one or two of the junior members of the Legations and secretaries to the Commission of Control ; these spent the intervals between cyphering and decyphering telegrams of abnormal length in helping to carry ammunition for the mountain-guns up a particularly steep and villainous track to the emplacements.

The only regular force, in any sense of the term, on which the loyalists could count was the gendarmerie, which was still undergoing training by the Dutch Mission sent to Albania for the purpose, under General de Weer : the latter soon gave up the attempt to instil

discipline into the heterogeneous force, and handed over to his subordinate, Colonel Thomson, who was shot shortly afterwards under peculiar circumstances. Part of this gendarmerie was stationed in the Valona district, under Dutch officers, but the bulk was in Durazzo when the siege began, and consequently formed some kind of a nucleus, though a poor one, for the defence force which von Gumpenberg organized.

Fortunately for the townspeople, the attacking force's ideas of musketry were of a very hazy description, and were limited chiefly to a kind of competition as to who could fire his rifle off fastest and waste most ammunition in the day : of the latter, presumably supplied by Italy, they appeared to have enormous stocks, since, although an incessant feu-de-joie was kept up night and day for over two months, there never seemed to be any lessening in the quantity available.

Casualties were, however, surprisingly small, in view of the incessant hail of lead, and were limited chiefly to live stock incautious enough to wander between the trenches. So far as could be ascertained, the total losses of the defending force did not exceed a few hundred, of whom very few indeed were killed. It was the irony of fate that the only non-Albanian to fall should be the Commanding Officer of the Gendarmerie, Colonel Thomson, to whom allusion has already been made. Colonel Thomson, a very popular officer, of English extraction, was making his daily inspection of the trenches when a stray bullet, coming no one knew whence, killed him outright. It seemed an anti-climax that, after an adventurous career spent in colonial warfare, he should end his life in a comic-opera guerilla.

The fate in store for von Gumpenberg was a theatrical one, but not attended with danger to life : leaving Durazzo at the end of July, with the other Germans and Austrians, he suddenly vanished for a space of time. His name next cropped up in 1915, in

However, Essad's houses and the Hotel National would not accommodate everybody, and a few of the more youthful Press correspondents overflowed into these undesirable hovels. The lack of proper washing accommodation greatly impressed one of these young men, whose first experience of the Balkans and probably of any country but his own it was, and he confided in one of our best-known lady journalists and Near Eastern experts : only to be greeted with the disconcerting reply : " My dear man, nobody ever has a bath in the Balkans : and just as well : one's own dirt is so much preferable to other people's ! " However, as the sea was always available for ablutional purposes, things were not quite so bad as all that.

And so the siege went on its weary way : days grew hotter and hotter, and diplomatic digestions, sorely tried by the Hotel National *cuisine,* imbued their possessors with a more than normally jaundiced outlook. If the outbreak of the Great War was hailed with undisguised feelings of relief and joy in any place outside Potsdam or Bedlam, then that place was certainly Durazzo, Albania. It really was a godsend to a small handful of Europeans who had lost interest in the country and in themselves.

But, before that welcome relief turned up, many weary days were to go by, relieved every now and again by incidents, generally of a comic or grotesque character.

Such was the journey of Prince William of Wied to Valona : such his flight on board the Italian " stationnaire " *Misurata* : such the shelling of Essad's house at midnight by the loyalist forces, and his expulsion from Durazzo—in his nightshirt : such the discovery of a notorious titled woman agitator sitting, in the council-chamber of Albania, on the respectable knee of the aged ex-Ambassador to the Court of St. James',

Turkhan Pasha, President of the Albanian Council of Ministers.

The flight on board the *Misurata* was an excellent example of the arrant personal cowardice of "Weedy Willie," as his Highness was irreverently known to the handful of English-speaking inhabitants of Durazzo. As has been said, the rebels did, every now and again, go so far as to put up some kind of bluff of actually entering the town, though they were for the most part content to sit outside, within easy range, and laugh at the growing discomfort of the defenders. On the occasion under notice, however, a report went round (subsequently proved to be without any basis whatever and to have been deliberately put in circulation by the Italians) to the effect that the rebels had actually entered the town, and were clamouring for the blood of everybody in general and of the Prince in particular.

The latter did not wait for any further proof, but did an unceremonous "guy" on board the armed Italian yacht *Misurata,* then lying in the harbour, without even troubling about his kingly baggage. The Italians, whose game it had been all along to get rid of Wied, whom they considered to be nothing but a pawn of Austria, were delighted at the success of this stroke, and spared no effort in keeping the Prince's fear alive—an easy task.

However, Austrian influence was finally strong enough to carry their point, and the dashing German princeling was forced to make an ignominious return to his Palace, under the amused and contemptuous gaze of foreigners and Albanians.

Austria now began to think that it was time that she brought off some little "coup," with the Prince as the subject of the experiment, with a view to checkmating the growth of Italian influence. It was, therefore, decided that the Prince ought to make a tour of his dominions. In practice this proved more difficult of

accomplishment than it had looked in theory: for not only had the Prince's cowardice to be taken into account, but also the fact that the only points he could visit must be reached by sea: for the rebels who, at the beginning of the revolution, would only have been too pleased had he ridden out to meet them and talk over matters, had long since taken his measure, and wanted nothing further to do with such an unsatisfactory representative of royalty.

Valona and San Giovanni di Medua, from which latter place Scutari could have been reached, were therefore the only two places in Wied's "dominions" in which he might safely set his foot. But Scutari and San Giovanni were getting along quite nicely under the International *régime,* and the British officer commanding the foreign detachments did not want the Durazzo failure interfering in his little show. Accordingly, there remained but Valona, where, as has been said, there was a detachment of gendarmerie, under Dutch officers, and some South Albanian irregulars, under Captain Spencer.

Considerable friction took place between the latter and the senior Dutch gendarmerie officer regarding the thorny question of a suitable reception for the Prince on his arrival at Valona. Each wished to arrogate to himself the sole responsibility for all arrangements: no solution or working agreement having been arrived at, the gendarmes and the irregulars each fell in one either side of the jetty, and glared at each other. Relations became more and more strained, and the climax came when, just as the Prince disembarked and set foot on the jetty, the outraged Spencer booted his large and phlegmatic Dutch rival into "the ditch," thus settling the vexed question of precedence.

As may be imagined, this unrehearsed and unexpected incident led to something in the nature of an ultimatum from the Dutch mission, and the Prince

and his entourage were rather worried as to how to smooth matters over, without undue loss of dignity to anyone concerned. Finally, someone (probably not the Prince) had a "brainwave," and it was solemnly announced that Captain Spencer, in consideration of his unqualifiable conduct in kicking the Dutch officer into the sea, in full view of the Prince and in front of his own men, was to be dismissed from his "command" of the Southern Albanian irregular forces; but that, as a suitable reward for services rendered, he was to be appointed to command the "King's Navee," which, as has been seen above, was the chartered Austrian tramp, armed with one mountain-gun. This solution seemed to give general satisfaction, and the two antagonists were quite mollified.

Now for Essad. Italy, his chief paymaster, had been getting restive for some time past, and was not satisfied with the results obtained. She naturally was also fully aware that he had several other paymasters, and had come to the conclusion that his sphere of usefulness, where she was concerned, was now very limited, but that, on the contrary, his capacity for creating mischief was unlimited. A charge of sorts was therefore trumped up, in connivance with the Dutch gendarmerie and over the heads of Essad's ministerial colleagues, and an order for his arrest issued. On his failing to surrender, one of the handy mountain-guns was turned on his house at a range of about 400 yards, and after a large hole had been blown into it, Essad, deeming discretion the better part of valour and no doubt looking forward to a comfortable "retirement," surrendered with dignity and in a nightshirt. This incident took place late at night, but the usual curious crowd rapidly collected, and were rewarded for their curiosity by the edifying spectacle of the titled Englishwoman hereinafore referred to interposing her body between the War Minister and his oppressors, and begging

them, in tearful tones, to spare him. The spectacle of a beauty of well over forty in distress carried, however, no weight with the stolid and unimpressionable Dutchmen, and Essad was hurried down to the landing-stage and on board the waiting *Misurata*, a ship apparently destined to witness the destitution or humiliation of the great ones of Albania.

But, as has been said, though the man might be exiled, the " stuff " was safe, and Essad probably had a quiet laugh as the Italian yacht crossed the calm leagues to Brindisi. Besides, he well knew that he was coming back, that the absurd Wied *régime* could not last, and that the clouds portended another and greater struggle, in which, Allah willing, he would be able to take rank finally wlth the Really Moneyed Men. His calculations were based on sound sense and on a lively anticipation of opportunities to come, and he did, in fact, within a very short space of time, start to carry them into effect. But, as usual, there was the one slip: he never made allowance for those whom he had cheated, or for the few real patriots whose feelings and loyalty he had exploited for his own ends, and so, one day in Paris, the assassin did his work, and one of the most picturesque and unmoral ruffians the Balkans have ever produced went to his final reckoning, like so many others, a trifle sooner than he had anticipated.

One peculiarity about Essad, and perhaps one reason why he, a man of little education and fewer attainments, was able, not merely to amass a very respectable fortune, even judged by modern standards, but also to play a far from unimportant part in Turkish, Albanian, and Balkan politics for many years, lay undoubtedly in the curious fact that, in each of his eyes, the iris and the pupil formed one indistinguishable unit, which imparted to his regard an extraordinarily hypnotic effect, unless one happened to be already aware of this little peculiarity, or to be rude enough and cool enough

to ascertain the fact for oneself by a good, hard stare. Indeed, the special correspondent of the well-known French paper, *L'Illustration*, at the time sent in two whole pages of wonderfully lucid and incorrect reasons for the hypnotism which Essad exercised on great and small alike.

As to the other incident to which allusion has been made, the regrettable incident in the council-chamber, a decent veil may well be drawn. Not that the lady in the case deserves (if she is still alive) any particularly respectful treatment : a bosom friend of the late Enver Pasha, of Young Turk memory, whose cabinet photograph she always carried about with her, she was, subsequent to her Durazzo exploits, warned off Scutari by the British commander of the International detachments, and a month or two later, in October, 1914, to be precise, she was deported from Egypt. Those whose lawful and business occasions may have carried them to the Near East will no doubt recognize the heroine, if she passes under the title of "My Lady of the Amethysts."

But the unfortunate Turkhan had such an unenviable time while trying to school his amorphous Cabinet consisting of ex-printer's devils from Constantinople, dear old gentlemen who had never known anything more civilized before than life on the wild uplands of Albania, and a very considerable leavening of that unengaging genus the "Young Albanian" into something like decent behaviour, corporate effort, and regard for the little niceties of international usage that he may well be pardoned for whatever anodyne and passing excursions he may have made into Arcady.

In July a welcome break in the general monotony of the proceedings was afforded by the arrival of H.M.S. *Defence* and a couple of destroyers, this small force being under the command of (then) Rear-Admiral E. C. T. Troubridge. These ships, together with the

German cruiser *Breslau,* which had arrived at about the same time, and the Austrian and Italian vessels which had been in harbour for some time past, held only a watching brief, so far as the land hostilities were concerned, while being ready to embark the European element at any time, should real danger threaten. Still, it was a real pleasure to hear one's own tongue again—in bulk, that is to say, for there were one or two Englishmen in Durazzo—and a still greater to hear the wardroom cursing the messman for a meal which, to a palate accustomed to Albanian fare, far outdid anything which Romano or Marguery might fashion.

Unfortunately, their stay was all too short, for the call of the pending calamity reached them before it reached the layman. Within a few short days of leaving Durazz, of those ultra-chummy-ships, the *Defence* and the *Breslau,* one was the hunter, the other the hunted. It was hard to believe, when one reflected that, in the Albanian roadstead, whichever craft one boarded at "bitters" time, one was sure to find half the wardroom of the other. Harder still to believe that, of that magnificent *Defence* crowd, the majority have their grave in the North Sea.

Came the end of July, and, with it, a serious slump in things Albanian. Finance was low, so much so that one of the rapidly-changing Finance Ministers, who really *was* an ex-printer's devil from Constantinople, was only able to make some small pretence of balancing his modest budget and of carrying on the more essential services thanks to a personal loan of 5,000 kronen made to the Government by the Austrian Minister! Each of the Delegates on the International Commission had the task of superintending one of the Albanian State Departments, and the task of Sir Harry (then Mr.) Lamb, the British Delegate, in looking after finance, was the hardest of the lot.

About this time, with a view to reviving the flagging

energies and interest of the garrison and civil officials, it was announced that the Prince had seen fit to create the Order of the Black Eagle of Albania, a most imposing affair, of which the Grand Cordon was to be reserved for Ministers, Delegates, and Generals (the highest rank in the Albanian Army was Captain, but that was considered good enough for grading purposes), and the other classes were to be awarded to persons of gradually descending hierarchical precedence, down to the ordinary soldier of European nationality, who got the fifth class. The Medal for Courage was also struck, and handed out indiscriminately, among the recipients being the Italian Delegate, a notorious *bon vivant* of some seventy summers, who opined that, after several months of Durazzo *cuisine,* he thoroughly deserved it. An incredible number of these decorations and medals were struck, but the bulk of them are presumably still in Austria, since, when the break-up came, Captain Heaton-Armstrong, the Prince's A.D.C., who salved the tin-ware among other remnants of princely baggage, was held up and interned in Vienna for a time. The only officials who escaped the Black Eagle and the Medal for Courage were the British Delegate and his secretary, a hard-hearted Foreign Office stepping in and vetoing their acceptance of these interesting relics of Albania that was.

One morning, the town woke up to find that the *Defence* and *Breslau* had sailed away in the night. It had, of course, been known for some days past that all was not well on the international horizon, but such news as filtered through to Durazzo had been obtained principally through these ships' wireless, and their sudden departure therefore left a general feeling of uncertainty, mingled with forebodings as to the future and a sneaking hope that the catastrophe would not fail to eventuate, if only for the opportunity it must offer for getting away from dreary Durazzo.

The brooding cloud hanging over Europe had already totally obscured the little regional disturbance, and even the rebels seemed to realize that, from occupying a prominent *rôle* on the bill of the European Theatre, they had come down to a position where their services were not likely to be called upon, even as scene-shifters. Rifle-fire died down : a kind of unofficial truce was proclaimed ; the town of Durazzo no longer ran any danger, real or fancied ; press correspondents began to fume and fret, wondering when the necessary instructions from their papers would come through. The Prince's English A.D.C. and his German Majordomo began to think about rejoining their regiments. Captain Walford began to forget about those concessions. Miss Durham began to discuss, with ill-concealed relish, the chances of the Serbs getting a thorough and richly-deserved lesson. Captain Spencer's onerous duties afloat began to pall. And all concerned waited impatiently for the day of deliverance.

When it dawned at last, alas ! it was not for all. The German and Austrian reservists, their breasts resplendent with Black Eagles and medals, were towed off in two lighters, to embark on a merchant-ship for Trieste. The correspondents disappeared. The A.D.C. and the majordomo departed : so did some of the diplomats and most of the concession-hunters and nondescripts. But the unfortunate Delegates were forced to remain ; the tide of battle looked like leaving them high and dry. Italy, not yet prepared to enter the struggle, strained every nerve, by representations at London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, to ensure the preservation of the Concert of Europe in Albania, though the Concert itself was no more !

However, the situation was succinctly summed up by a rather neat *mot* of the British Delegate. When the fateful news of the outbreak of war finally came through, the French Delegate said, with an air of

relief, "*Eh bien, cela y est.*" "*Oui,*" mournfully replied his British colleague, "*mais nous y sommes!*"

It became, however, soon clear that the anomalous position which Italy wished to create must be an untenable one, and orders for the relief of the long-suffering Delegates began to trickle through. In the case of the British, the Foreign Office's telegram of recall never reached Durazzo, and it was only through sheer luck that the secretary, sent over to Brindisi to place some archives in safety, discovered its existence, and the fact that it had been held up at Rome, owing to the policy alluded to. Needless to say, a quick return to Durazzo and an even more rapid packing of bags followed, and, a fortnight after the outbreak of war, the British Delegate and his secretary finally stood, free men, on Brindisi quay. Free men, but without a penny to their names, Albanian banking facilities, like many more pretentious ones, having frankly failed to meet the situation. Fortunately, the Consulate at Brindisi had opened a relief fund for stranded Britishers, and the Delegation promptly "went on it" to the extent of tickets to Rome, in which safe haven they may, for the purposes of this recital, be left.

And so the curtain was rung down on a minor Balkan tragedy, mitigated and enlivened, as is the wont in those troublous climes, by sufficient flashes of comedy and even farce to allow the harassed diplomat or delegate, accustomed to officiate at so many Near Eastern death-beds, to preserve some measure of sanity and of—philosophy. Indeed, these last two desirable assets are quite indispensable adjuncts for a sojourner in that indeterminate geographical area east of Trieste and west of Suez, to which, if to anything, the words of the ephemerally successful French song apply,

"*Quand cela finit, cela recommence. . . .*"

"SAÏD THE FISHERMAN"

By D. H. Lawrence

SINCE the days of Lady Hester Stanhope and her romantic pranks, down to the exploits of Colonel T. E. Lawrence in the late war, there seems always to have been some more or less fantastic Englishman, or woman, Arabizing among the Arabs. Until we feel we know the desert and the Bedouin better than we know Wales or our next-door neighbour.

Perhaps there is an instinctive sympathy between the Semite Arab and the Anglo-Saxon. If so, it must have its root way down in the religious make-up of both peoples. The Arab is intensely a One-God man, and so is the Briton.

But the Briton is mental and critical in his workings, the Arab uncritical and impulsive. In the Arab, the Englishman sees himself with the lid off.

T. E. Lawrence distinguishes two kinds of Englishmen in the East: the kind that goes native, more or less like Sir Richard Burton, and takes on native dress, speech, manners, morals, and women; then the other kind, that penetrates to the heart of Arabia, like Charles M. Doughty, but remains an Englishman in the fullest sense of the word. Doughty, in his rags and misery, his blond beard, his scrupulous honesty, with his Country forever behind him, is indeed the very pith of England, dwelling in the houses of hair.

Marmaduke Pickthall, I am almost sure, remained an Englishman and a gentleman in the Near East. Only in imagination he goes native. And that thoroughly.

"SAÏD THE FISHERMAN"

We are supposed to get inside the skin of Saïd the Fisherman, to hunger, fear, lust, enjoy, suffer, and dare as Saïd does, and to see the world through Saïd's big, dark, shining Arab eyes.

It is not easy. It is not easy for a man of one race entirely to identify himself with a man of another race, of different culture and religion. When the book opens, Saïd is a fisherman naked on the coast of Syria, living with his wife Hasneh in a hut by the sands. Saïd is young, strong-bodied, and lusty : Hasneh is beginning to fade.

The first half of the novel is called : The Book of his Luck ; the second half : The Book of his Fate. We are to read into the word Fate the old meaning, of revenge of the gods.

Saïd's savings are treacherously stolen by his partner. The poor fisherman wails, despairs, rouses up, and taking a hint about evil genii, packs himself and his scraps on an ass, and lets Hasneh run behind, and sets off to Damascus.

The Book of his Luck is a curious mixture of Arabian Nights and modern realism. I think, on the whole, Sheherazade's influence is strongest. The poor fisherman suddenly becomes one of the lusty Sinbad sort, and his luck is stupendous. At the same time, he is supposed to remain the simple man Saïd, with ordinary human responsibilities.

We are prepared to go gaily on with Saïd, his sudden glory of impudence and luck, when straight away we get a hit below the belt. Saïd, the mere man, abandons the poor, faithful, devoted Hasneh, his wife, in circumstances of utter meanness. We double up, and for the time being completely lose interest in the lucky and lusty fisherman. It takes an incident as sufficiently realistic and as amusing as that of the missionary's dressing-gown, to get us up again. Even then we have cold feet because of the impudent Saïd ; he looks vulgar,

common. And we resent a little the luck and the glamour of him, the fact that we have to follow him as a hero. A picaresque novel is all very well, but the one quality demanded of a picaro, to make him more than a common sneak, is a certain reckless generosity.

Saïd is reckless enough, but, as shown by Mr. Pickthall, with impudence based on meanness, the sort of selfishness that is mongrel, and a bit sneaking. Yet Mr. Pickthall still continues to infuse a certain glamour into him, and to force our sympathy for him.

It is the thing one most resents in a novel: having one's sympathy *forced* by the novelist, towards some character we should never naturally sympathize with.

Saïd is a handsome, strong, lusty scoundrel, impudent, with even a certain dauntlessness. We could get on with him very well indeed, if every now and then we didn't get another blow under the belt, by a demonstration of his cold, gutter-snipe callousness.

One almost demands revenge on him. The revenge comes, and again we are angry.

The author hasn't treated us fairly. He has identified himself too closely with his hero: he can't see wood for trees. Because, of course, inside the skin of Saïd, Mr. Pickthall is intensely a good, moral Englishman, and intensely uneasy.

So with an Englishman's over-scrupulous honesty, he has had to show us his full reactions to Saïd. Marmaduke Pickthall, Englishman, is fascinated by Saïd's lustiness, his reckless, impudent beauty, his immoral, or non-moral nature. We hope it is non-moral. We are shown it is immoral. Marmaduke Pickthall loathes the mean immorality of Saïd, and has to punish him for it, in the Book of his Fate.

All very well, but it's a risky thing to hold the scales for a man whose moral nature is not your own. Mr. Pickthall's moral values are utilitarian and rational: Saïd's are emotional and sensual. The fact that Saïd's

moral values are emotional and sensual makes Saïd so lusty and handsome, gives him such glamour for Mr. Pickthall. Mr. Pickthall resents the spell, and brings a charge of immorality. Then the Fates and the Furies get their turn.

The two charges against Saïd are his abandonment of the poor Hasneh, and his indifference to his faithful friend Selim.

As to Hasneh, she had been his wife for six years and borne him no children, and during these years he had lived utterly poor and vacant. But he was a man of energy. The moment he leaves the sea-shore, he becomes another fellow, wakes up.

The poor lout he was when he lived with Hasneh is transformed. Ca-Ca-Caliban. Get a new mistress, be a new man! Saïd had no tradition of sexual fidelity. His aim in living—or at least a large part of his aim in living—was sensual gratification; and this was not against his religion. His newly released energy, the new man he was, needed a new mistress, many new mistresses. It was part of his whole tradition. Because all Hasneh's service and devotion did not stimulate his energies, rather deadened them. She was a weight round his neck. And her prostrate devotion, while pathetic, was *not* admirable. It was a dead weight. He needed a subtler mistress.

Here the judgment of Marmaduke Pickthall is a white man's judgment on a dark man. The Englishman sympathizes with the poor abandoned woman at the expense of the energetic man. The sympathy is false. If the woman were alert and kept her end up, she would neither be poor nor abandoned. But it was easier for her to fall at Saïd's feet than to stand on her own.

If you ride a mettlesome horse you mind the bit, or you'll get thrown. It's a law of nature.

Saïd was mean, in that he did not send some sort of

help to Hasneh, when he could. But that is the carelessness of a sensual nature, rather than villainy. Out of sight out of mind is true of those who have not much mind : and Saïd had little.

No, our quarrel with him is for being a fool, for not being on the alert : the same quarrel we had with Hasneh. If he had not been a slack fool his Christian wife would not have ruined him so beautifully. And if he had been even a bit wary and cautious, he would not have let himself in for his last adventure.

It is this adventure which sets us quarrelling with Mr. Pickthall and his manipulation of our sympathy. With real but idiotic courage Saïd swims out to an English steamer off Beyrût. He is taken to London : falls into the nightmare of that city : loses his reason for ever, but, a white-haired handsome imbecile, is restored to his faithful ones in Alexandria.

We would fain think this ghastly vengeance fell on him because of his immorality. But it didn't. Not at all. It was merely because of his foolish, impudent leaping before he'd looked. He wouldn't realize his own limitations, so he went off the deep end.

It is a summing-up of the Damascus Arab by a sympathetic, yet outraged Englishman. One feels that Mr. Pickthall gave an extra shove to the mills of God. Perfectly gratuitous !

Yet one is appalled, thinking of Saïd in London. When one does come out of the open sun into the dank dark autumn of London, one almost loses one's reason, as Saïd does. And then one wonders : can the backward civilizations show us anything half so ghastly and murderous as we show them, and with pride ?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The Poems of T. S. Eliot.—Mr. Eliot strikes one, at first blush, as born too soon into a world too young. There could, of course, be no truth in the theory that he is "clever enough to write anything—except poetry." But this very real impression points to a certain difficulty of his in æsthetic communication. He is obscure; but not wilfully—perhaps not consciously—so. The reason is that he is impatient of, and rejects, all but the most direct, new, individual and significant perceptions. He is too indifferent to the *relation* of his ideas. One of the few modern poets whose critical ideas are very important, he holds the view that, though the present is entirely dependent upon—derives its very nature from—the past, the new poet depends upon freshness and novelty of intuitions, is valuable when he perceives and interprets sensations that are new and peculiar to his age: an age marked by a great leap forward in sophistication and subtlety of consciousness. The poet, he seems to hold, must be adequate to his modernity in order to justify himself. Moreover, the recognition of ugliness is "a necessary and negative aspect of the impulse to beauty." Both these assumptions are in a sense debatable; and an issue of those poems Mr. Eliot wishes to preserve (Faber & Gwyer, 7s. 6d.) gives an opportunity to readers to test his theories in his own practice of them.

In their eccentricities of form, in their swift transitions of mood and manner, the poems are rather bewildering—it would be affectation not to admit this. It is very possible that their power has been overestimated by some, just as they have been too hastily dismissed by others. There is still much about them that is tentative. It is often their *quality* that impresses rather than their achievement, their finality. The slightly cynical humour does not always blend with imaginative free-

dom; nor is it always capable of making literature by itself. And Mr. Eliot is sometimes too dependent on past literature for his material and too defiant of it in his realization of that material. *The Waste Land,* though a remarkable poem, is virtually incomprehensible without the elaborate notes and references to Miss Weston's *From Ritual to Romance,* and is very difficult to experience as a unity even with such—dubiously justifiable—resources. If one cut it into very little pieces, one might concede that every piece is admirable. The whole is uneven. After all, contrasting moods in poetry are liable to destroy each other, for a reader. The poem has humour, "realism," profound and varied observation, beauty in quite recognizable shapes: but it is an inspired, learned medley. Nothing in it revives the beauty of the opening:—

> April is the cruellest month, breeding
> Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
> Memory and desire, stirring
> Dull roots with spring rain. . . .

Mr. Eliot is violent in simile; at times strangely powerful, at others distractingly bizarre. That is the word: he too often *distracts.* But for this, the deep impression he nearly always leaves would be deeper. He is perhaps most uniform when he is purely comic. Comic, indeed, in a rather serious sense; one that in its highest exemplars is more intellectual than humour and more earnest than wit. A comic sense, the absence of which from modern literature Mr. Eliot himself has pointed out, a sense that reached its acme in Rabelais and Ben Jonson, "spent its last breath on the decadent genius of Dickens" and has nothing in common with J. M. Barrie, Captain Bairnsfather, and *Punch.* For it it is intellectually serious. The irresistible fun of *The Hippopotamus*—one of the few of Mr. Eliot's poems that everybody can like—lies, apart from the consummate phrasing, in the sheer *unlimitedness* of the idea.

It is not in the least facetious, nor superior, nor frivolous, nor a parody. The force of the grotesque contrast between the lumbering animal and the True Church lies in the fact that it is not a satire on a real Church at all; but a satire that lives and moves wholly on the imaginative plane. Even before the 'potamus "takes wing," he is high in the realm of purely creative fantasy. The seriousness of the humour, its absolute self-containedness, achieves real beauty.

But enough! Not everybody can admire Mr. Eliot equally; but now everybody can at least read him. No living poet is more subtly and deeply sensitive to the hidden emotional qualities of life. But he is "advanced": there are still barriers between him and the reader; perhaps between him and complete self-expression. He is faintly querulous about things the great poet would not strain at—at times, a little over-fastidious. He is inclined to reject too much. But, whatever he is, he is not an ordinary minor poet. To place him seems to involve some such phrase as "a new kind of poetry." But then, can there be such a thing? To answer this, we need to-day a really balanced and critical study of the poetry of D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and Marianne Moore. It is notable that these writers, who rank thus in creative power, rank inversely in the finish of their poetical expression. Mr. Eliot is not the only one who, having achieved a good deal that is undoubtedly—and uniquely—significant, leaves us still wondering if he can erect his perceptions into a serene and comprehensive vision of life. Is it a true way of poetry

To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition?

H. P. Collins.

Two Best-sellers.—It is probably true that however good, bad, or indifferent a book may be, it depends

to a large extent on chance for its immediate success or failure. On the other hand, one may ask, is it chance which put into these two amazingly successful novels,* qualities which cannot but appeal to the general reader? For instance, they are both full of a zest which is unspoilt in either by long passages of boring description. And in both there is sureness of purpose. The majority of readers, at any rate, would feel no doubt, no hesitating footstep on the march.

But the means by which the two novels convey their sense of purpose is very different. In the satire, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* it is done by sheer brilliance of writing, wit and a cynicism so complete that it has an exhilarating rather than a troubling effect.

> " I mean " (writes the Blonde Lady in her diary) " when a girl can sit there and look at the Dolly Sisters and Pearl White and Maybelle Gilman Corey and Mrs. Nash and realizes what Mrs. Nash has got out of gentlemen, it really makes a girl hold her breath."

It is impossible to *explain* the relish which human nature takes in watching a complete overthrow of idealism ; but the relish is there. The Blonde Lady kills ideals as satisfactorily as a jazz band murders classic music. After all, ideals are troublesome, humbugging things : down with them ! And the Blonde Lady is a delightfully amusing, absurd little creature in a novel, so let her do her worst, and we, from the comfortable security of our places in real life, will look on and applaud.

The end is not so good as the beginning—rather forced and over-emphasized—but, taken as a whole, it is a brilliant book. And it seems to us more worthy of its success than *The Constant Nymph,* of which the flat pedestrian style, heightened at moments by a kind

* *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* by Anita Loos ; *The Constant Nymph,* by Margaret Kennedy.

of artificial colour and glamour, would alone make it inferior; for no matter with what passionate conviction a book may be conceived, without exquisite truth of writing it is incomplete and in a manner sterile.

Yet, in spite of the writing—in spite, also, of much unnatural dialogue and touches of false psychology—that same indefinable zest and sense of purpose do make themselves felt. For two reasons. There is the story for one thing. It is a very good story and an unusual one. It is told with continuity. It deals with unusual characters, at once real and "romantic"—young people of musical genius fighting against the conventions of an everyday world. Secondly, there is the fact that to the author herself most of the characters—the young iconoclasts, if not the more "ordinary" people—were evidently intensely alive and their history inevitable.

But here we must make a distinction between the events, which in their sequence seem to us inevitable and convincing, and the presentation of the characters themselves. Touches which ought to increase the reality of a character often have exactly the opposite effect, due, as a rule, to the irritating and clumsy nature of the writing, as when we are told that "Florence . . . went about her household duties with the methodical but unenthusiastic efficiency of a woman who is too intelligent to neglect such things." But there is worse than this. On occasion a touch of downright false psychology is in a fair way to destroy a character altogether. Tessa "would give herself to pain with a passionate readiness, seeing only its beauty with that singleness of vision which is the glory and the curse of such natures."

The effect all through the book is of a reality which struggles to be known. Words hamper it. We are left at the end with the impression of characters who ought to have been real if only they could have come close enough for us to see.

But neither these defects of writing and psychology in *The Constant Nymph,* nor the implications of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, would ever be apparent to the general reader. The story itself and the zest of the whole are enough.—MARY ARDEN.

AMATEUR ACTING.—Some of the most interesting of recent theatrical performances have been given by amateurs. The British Drama League has organized a National Festival Competition, and in the London area alone there were some fifty competitors. In company with Mr. Reginald Denham, the producer, Mr. George Bishop, the dramatic critic for *The Era,* and three others, I was asked to sit in judgment on these fifty entertainments. I accepted the invitation with some misgiving, feeling certain that I had let myself in for many hours of boredom. But when the last entrant had been judged and the four best had been selected for the second round, I had to admit that on the whole the experience had been quite enjoyable. Two or three individual performances had ranked high even from a professional point of view, and most of the plays had been on a level of artistic merit to which the commercial stage rarely pretends. Of course, as no society was allowed to exceed forty minutes from the rise of the curtain, the competitors were confined to the one-act play or to extracts from longer ones. And as only a short time could be allowed to each company in which to set and strike the scene, in the majority of cases only curtains were used, with a few appropriate properties to suggest wherever it was we were supposed to be. This, however, was all to the good, for neither the sedulous realism of the brothers Harker nor the colourful suggestiveness of Paul Shelving can ever build upon a wooden stage such palaces and cottages as one's own imagination can provide when spurred to it by the presence of good drama and the absence of painted can-

vas. Besides, the value of the curtain background is that it throws into relief the players who strut and fret before it—which no doubt accounts for the professional abhorrence of the simple setting. And as for the short play, it can contain as much drama as many a drawn-out piece of regulation length, and when it is bad has at least the virtue of its brevity.

My first evening was spent at the Blackfriars Theatre, in Lever House. We found it to be a pleasantly decorated miniature theatre, with a floor properly raked so that every spectator had a fair view of the stage. Here we had to judge between four performances, the plays selected being Alice Gerstenberg's "Overtones," Evreinoff's "The Merry Death," Ernest Goodwin's "The Devil Among the Skins," and Bottomley's "King Lear's Wife." With the exception of "Overtones," which is pretentious and silly, all the plays were good, and were difficult enough to have taxed the powers of any average collection of professional actors. (To save naming the score of plays I saw performed, I will say at once that most of them were on the same high level. They included, for example, "Everyman," George Calderon's "The Little Stone House," Ivor Brown's Elizabethan burlesque, "Smithfield Preserved," and an act from "The Importance of Being Ernest." Goodwin's "Devil Among the Skins" is a delicate little farce set in rural England of the fifteenth century. The man who played the woodman in this play gave a piece of genuine comic acting. Real ability as a comedian was latent in his performance, although, from a technical point of view, it was full of faults. I add this because it is incautious of a critic to praise an amateur. As Shaw remarked, when he "discovered" Miss Lillah McCarthy in an amateur performance of "Macbeth," the critic is afraid that he may upset the amateur by his praise into writing a letter like this: "Dear Sir,

I thought you might like to know that your kind notice of my performance as Guildenstern has encouraged me to take a step which I have long been meditating. I have resigned my position as Governor of the Bank of England with a view to adopting the stage as a profession.'' But even this prefatory warning about technical deficiencies could not be justly applied to two other performances I saw elsewhere. An old gentleman's impersonation of a farmer in a humorous sketch given by the Welwyn Garden City Amateurs roused even Mr. Reginald Denham to enthusiasm, and as a professional producer he is a much keener judge of good acting than a dramatic critic. The other performance which passed beyond valuation by amateur standards was given by a member of the Shoreditch Players. This society exhibited its talents in the first act of "The Devil's Disciple," and the lady who played Mrs. Dudgeon made that dour, cruel, pitiable, religious-mad peasant woman come to life in a strangely convincing fashion. These two performances were, naturally, exceptions. Most of the other players were full of the faults which one expects to find among amateurs, but which one also finds on stages where they have no such right to appear. It is not only the amateur who blankets the emotion he is supposed to be expressing by using a gesture which contradicts it. It is not only the amateur who has no sense of repose; who talks his lines to the audience instead of to the character he is addressing; who so far forgets that he is acting, that when he has nothing to say he destroys the illusion of reality by ceasing to interest himself in what the other characters are doing. Although all these elementary faults were present in these amateur productions, they are not always absent even in the West End of London, that Mecca of the proud professional.—John Shand.

NAMES AND THINGS

By The Journeyman

I LIKE extremely the remark made by the French poet Jean Moréas on his death-bed to Maurice Barrès: "Romantique . . . classique. . . ." he gasped, "bêtises que tout cela!" "Romanticism . . . classicism . . . all nonsense." I like the idea of a poet remaining a poet with his last breath; I like still more the nature of his parting wisdom.

For it comes to this: that is the things that matter, not the names by which we label them. In the particular case, what mattered was that the literature should be real literature: whether it was romantic or classic could be left to the professors, and the whole tribe of them who batten on names.

Not, of course, that we can get on without them. We need names; but we need them as servants not as masters. Their business, as servants, is to denote things: servants alike to ourselves who use them and the things which they denote. If we can keep them in their places, well and good. But they want watching. For the word has an ineradicable tendency to usurp the place of the thing. When that happens, it is no longer our servant, nor the thing's. It is the master of both.

But the main trouble is not with the words that denote *things*. They are the rank and file of the army of words, and easily kept in their places. The word "chair" gives little room for self-deception or misunderstanding. Since we are all agreed about the thing we have no difficulty with the arbitrary sound (when spoken) or visible sign (when written) which we

agree shall be its name. Agreement about concrete things is easy enough; and when there is agreement about the thing, there is no trouble with the name. So long as the thing is common and obvious to the perception, so that we can at any moment refer back the name to it, the path is easy. If my friend seems to me to be using the word " chair " in queer and puzzling manner, the court of appeal lies near to hand. I point to one and say : " Do you call that a chair? " When we get to sofas, there may be a little trouble. He may insist that what I call a sofa is really a chair. Either I prevail on him to use my word, or he prevails on me to use his. Either way, the difficulties are at an end. All that matters is that we should agree that the same word denotes the same thing.

These little misunderstandings may become serious when there is a vested interest in a name. A few years ago a North-country merchant began to pack little Norwegian fishes in tins, and sell them as sardines. There was no complaint from the people who bought and ate them : and, on the other hand, the cognoscenti (who in this matter range from those who know a sardine when they taste one to those who know that sardines ought to be laid down like a vintage wine) were not deceived. But the importers of the real sardine, who comes from France, and has a poor relation in Portugal, felt that this lowering of the prestige of the sardine family in the common eye was prejudicial to their interests. The dispute was carried to the Law Courts : the ichthyologists gave their opinion. The Norwegian interloper had no right to call himself a sardine : he was a brisling. The learned judge agreed.

The process was costly, but the question was settled. And in the ordinary commerce of life, the problem of name and thing is for the most part capable of easy solution. It is when we come to more lofty regions, to the causes of things, the why and wherefore of the uni-

verse, that the difficulties are almost insoluble. Suppose, for example, that a substantial endowment were left to this magazine on condition that it promulgated " a belief in God," failing which the endowment was to go to the residuary legatees. Certainly the residuary legatees would bring an action : certainly we should defend it. And again it would be left to a judge of the High Court to decide whether this magazine did, or did not, promulgate " a belief in God." I do not envy him. For in this case the thing, or object, denoted by the word is vague and fluctuating. *Quot homines, tot dei,* it could be truly said. Erewhon Butler and the Pope of Rome could say of God with equal conviction and sincerity : " In Him alone we live and move and have our being."

The more immense, the more ultimate the thing that is denoted by a name, the less possible is it that there should be any general agreement over the thing. And precisely for that reason, these are the words which really move us. We get really disturbed, really angry, about God, truth, reality, personality, beauty, goodness, mind, intelligence, reason, because the meaning of these words is very personal to us. If we have succeeded in giving them a meaning at all it is through personal effort and personal experience ; and if we use them publicly they are still attached to ourselves as by a navel-string. Any hard usage the words may get in the outer world comes to us as a personal pain. We are easily wounded in the vocabulary ; and since other people are often in the same case as ourselves, there is a good deal of pain dealt and endured. We box the ears of other people's children to defend our own.

And it is not easy to see how conditions can be improved. Silence seems the one safe refuge, and, because safe, quite unendurable. To buy safety at the price of complete withdrawal from the commerce of human thought is not life at all. Better risk ten thousand

misunderstandings than this ignoble euthanasia. Yet one cannot help feeling that something would be done to mitigate the carnage, if we could be more on our guard against allowing the name to usurp the place of the thing, if we could remember that in most realms of ardent controversy names are infinitely more definite than the things they stand for. G-O-D is compact and concrete: it seems that you can pick it up in your fingers: but what it stands for is vague and ambient. Than T-R-U-T-H what could be more solid and satisfactory? But try to keep it in that exemplary condition, and it withers down into Truism. O=O is T-R-U-T-H; a sieve all holes. And the name is not brought much nearer to the reality when we take 1+1=2 as a perfect specimen of T-R-U-T-H. Perfect it may be, but by its perfection, an imperfect example of the unseizable essence. A far better symbol of TRUTH would be 1+1=3. At any rate, by continually perplexing us, it would remind us that TRUTH is not so simple as it looks, or rather, not simple in the way it looks. And, if we are pressed, and accused of talking nonsense, we shall insist that 1+1=3 is a truer symbol of the reality that lurks behind TRUTH than 1+1=2. For though our minds may boggle at 1+1=3, it is the sort of thing we swallow every day. Or since swallowing is in question, let us choose 1+1=1, for that is the effect of the addition of our dinner to ourselves. On the other hand, the right and proper result of the addition to ourselves of a wife is 1+1=3. Either will do; and both will do better than 1+1=2.

Again, of all these symbols of truth, we may say that they are obvious. But differently obvious. 1+1=2 is obvious logically. We look at the expression and see that is so. Take it out into the world, and it is ridiculous: 1 elephant+1 railway bridge=2 what? On the other hand, what is obvious in the world, as that a man plus a wife make first a child and then a

family, is logically preposterous. We may say therefore that the self-evident propositions of perceived reality are nonsense to abstract thought, and conversely the self-evident propositions of abstract thought have no perceived reality to correspond to them.

The moral of it is that we should take care that abstractions do not deceive us, and remember that we are just as likely to be deceived by our own abstractions as other people's.

Autumn Rain

WHEN the rains cease, as the wind's sorrowing,
And dove-like is the sky
With dream of joyous sunshine presently,
Then surely surely cometh spring?
Not so,
First shall be frost and snow,
Winter must reign and go.

When sunshine gleams through the stripped woodland boughs
And every hedgerow line,
Will not the primrose constellations shine
Through fallen drenchèd leaves?
Not so,
First shall be frost and snow,
Winter must reign and go.

Yet still the birds on airy tree-top sing
Soon as the storm is past:
Yes, one blue gleam, one quiet day at last
Will make birds think it spring.
Not so,
First shall be frost and snow,
Winter must reign and go,

GERTRUDE WOODTHORPE.

THE LIFE OF JESUS

By John Middleton Murry

CHAPTER XX.

THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

From Cæsarea Philippi, where the great decision was taken by himself and confirmed by God, Jesus went straight to his journey's end—Jerusalem and death. He had a choice of roads before him: either to take the road east of Jordan, through Decapolis and Herod's tetrarchy of Peræa; or to take the road west of Jordan, through Galilee and Samaria. Both were dangerous: on either hand he must pass through Herod's territory.

For himself, and a few inner disciples, he chose the former; and it seems that others with the bulk of his Galilean followers—perhaps a few hundreds—took the common pilgrim road through Peræa to meet him again at the Jordan ford not far from Jericho.

He passed through Galilee concealed; yet he could not resist the desire to revisit for the last time his second home, "the house" at Capernaum. On the road thither he told his disciples once more of his coming suffering—that he must be betrayed to death. "But they could not understand," says Mark, "and they were afraid to ask him."

"So they came to Capernaum," Mark continues. "And when he was in the house, he asked them: 'What were you disputing about on the road?'"

There are no more pregnant words, in any history, than these bare and naïve sentences of Mark. Jesus did not know what his disciples had been disputing: he had been walking, silent and alone, on the road ahead of them: only the murmur of their petulant voices had reached him. They were afraid to speak to him, now he was become a being apart, whom they could no longer approach as in the old days. They could not understand his words: he had told them that he was to be betrayed. That was new. Not that they did not understand it because it was new; they understood nothing of him now. But now for the first time Jesus spoke of his betrayal.

Was it a new thought that came to him as he strode ahead? Had he chosen betrayal, and his betrayer? The more one reads the gospel narrative, the more certain it seems that Jesus'

betrayal and the manner and the agent of it were predetermined by himself.

Jesus had deliberately chosen the way of suffering and death; it was forced upon him by his consciousness of what he was. There was no place for the solitary son of God upon this earth, nor for a living Messiah in the world. Having chosen his ineluctable destiny, he made his face rigid to go to Jerusalem. He had chosen to die in Jerusalem, and to die at the feast of the Passover. He would be the sacrificial lamb of his people and of the world: "as the sheep before the shearers is dumb, so he would open not his mouth."

It was an unparalleled imagination. Two thousand years of history, through which its appeal to the soul of Western men has never been diminished, vindicate it as man's supreme achievement. That through the centuries it has been understood in a way a modern mind can no longer understand it as the self-sacrifice of God himself incarnate is of little moment: formulations change, but the spiritual verity is the same. What the devout Christian has worshipped in the God-man, we can revere in the man-God. He could not believe that a man was capable of so supreme an imagination; we can. That is the only difference. We understand the old forms: the spiritual verity shines through them for any man to see. But we know—simply because we belong to the twentieth century and must not reject our birthright—that the old forms are *forms*. We see their beauty and their necessity. The man who sees nothing in the great Christian dogmas but illusion and error is blind indeed.

The Christian verity is a statement of this sublime imagination and act of the man Jesus. Two thousand years ago it appeared to those who contemplated it so sublime that it must be the imagination and the act of God. So, in the final contemplation, it was. In Jesus God was manifest as he has never since been manifest in man: but manifest in him, because he was wholly man. God is not manifest otherwise; he does not exist save in all the particularity of creation. Jesus was the supreme manifestation of God simply because he was the supreme manifestation of Man.

Faith in the God-man, knowledge of the man-God—both spring alike from contemplation of the imagination and act of the man Jesus. One is the response of a soul which says: No *man* could have conceived or done this thing; the other the response of the soul which says: No one but a man could have conceived or done it. Both are true. But the former truth belongs to the past; the latter to the future.

Yet see how close they come. For the believer in the God-man, the passion and the manner of Jesus was predetermined

by God; for the believer in the Man-God it was predetermined by himself. But for both alike *predetermined*. That is the essential. On this essential predetermination of his passion all rationalist lives of Jesus are wrecked. It is for the rationalist an element imported into the story by after-generations to correspond with their belief in his Godhead: for the rationalist and the liberal, Jesus is, however kindly they may put it, only the fanatic who lost his life at the head of a heretical and revolutionary movement. He did not, because he could not, predetermine the manner and day of his death. He could not do this because he was only a man. And for the rationalist and the liberal "only a man" means "only a man like me." What they could not do, he could not do. Never was there yet a liberal or a rationalist life of Jesus that did not end on a note of sympathetic condescension: he did this, and it was very beautiful, but we understand better.

We do not understand better. To look for a liberal Jesus is mistaken. But it is mistaken, also, to do as the eschatologist and put him into an abyss of darkness, with the assurance that we cannot understand him. Understanding is not the faculty by which Jesus can be known: but intuition. We have to seize in act a greater spirit than our own, we have to pluck from the future the man of the future. Jesus can be reached, if he can be reached at all, through the man of genius alone. But he will never be *understood*.

Jesus was not a fanatic who lost his life in a heretical movement. He was a new kind of man, who was inexorably driven by reason of his new faculties to believe himself the only son of God, and to seek the only death that was fitting for such a one. The manner of that death he predetermined for his own great ends. He was able to predetermine it because he was a man of new faculties and new powers.

To die at Jerusalem, as the Paschal Lamb, was not an easy thing to accomplish. At Jerusalem was a Roman procurator with a Roman garrison, ready indeed to do Roman justice upon him were he to appear as an enemy of the civil power. But what had he to do with the civil power? He was deliberately indifferent to it. And as for placing himself in a position in which he should die as a common criminal, nothing could be more alien from his purpose. His purpose was to die as the suffering Messiah.

To proclaim himself openly as Messiah would be fatal. He would be condemned not as Messiah, but as a common factionary. There had been Messiahs before in Jewish history, would-be restorers of Israel on earth: and Roman justice had been done upon them. Jesus was an utterly different Messiah—

unthinkable to Jewish expectation and harmless to the Roman. The Messiah that he was was completely beyond the comprehension of even his own disciples. He could not openly proclaim himself that Messiah; it would be only a derision and a blasphemy.

How, then, was he to achieve his purpose? There was no way but the one he chose, by the intuition of genius. His secret Messiahship should be betrayed at his own appointed time to the rulers of Jerusalem: at the last moment, when it had been placed secure beyond all doubt that he was no leader of an earthly Israel. Till the day came he would preach and teach his own message in Jerusalem. When the day came his chosen disciple should betray his secret to his enemies. Till the day came they should find no cause of action against him. When the day came his fate would be certain. He would be condemned as the Messiah, but as the Messiah of a spiritual Israel, and he would die as the Paschal Lamb.

He needed but one man: one to betray him. Judas of Kerioth is lost for ever in the darkness of history. His memory has been blotted out. Yet, even by the believers in the God-man, the name of Judas should have been revered as the name of the man by whose hand God's sacrifice was made possible. For a believer in the man-God Judas stands next to Jesus himself in the great story. For he, when all were without understanding, must have understood. Perhaps not all, but something. Whether Jesus knew his weakness, or discovered his strength; whether he was the unconscious instrument or the conscious partner of Jesus' purpose must remain for ever hidden. The man who betrayed Jesus and hanged himself in sorrow, judged by the commonest measure, was a man, and perhaps more a man than the disciples who left their Master and fled, or than Peter, who denied him thrice.

From the bare facts of the synoptic story we are forced to conclude an understanding between Jesus and Judas. Had Judas been simply a common traitor, why did he choose the precise moment that Jesus desired and his enemies would have avoided for his treachery? Why did he bend himself so faithfully to Jesus' purpose? I have pondered the facts many times and I find myself quite unable to believe that the moment of Jesus' death was due to mere coincidence. What I cannot believe myself I cannot ask others to believe. I prefer to confess my own belief in a secret understanding between Jesus and Judas, and also to avow that to me there is nothing whatever shocking in this belief. Far from it: it satisfies my demand that Jesus should have worked out his great purpose like a great man. May it not be that when Jesus first spoke of the necessity

of his betrayal on the road to Capernaum, and his disciples " did not understand his saying and were afraid to ask him," one of them did understand, and bowed himself to the necessity of his great Master? His name has been darkened by Christian piety. Inevitably: for how were men who could not understand Jesus' purpose to understand the nature of him who served it? And if this plea for Judas seems too strange for sufferance, let it be forgotten as the vagary of one man's imagination; but let it be remembered that Judas was more *necessary* to the great drama than any other of the Master's disciples.

" What were you disputing about on the road? " Jesus asked his followers when he entered, for the last time, the house in Capernaum.

They were silent. At least they had a dumb sense of the incommensurability of their Master's thought and their own. They were disputing which of themselves was the greatest in the Kingdom of God. The irony of it!

Jesus sat down and called a little child to him, and clasped him to him, and said:

" If anyone wishes to be first, he must be last of all and servant of all. Verily, I tell you, except you turn and become like little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of God. Whoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, he is the great one in the Kingdom of God."

" And whoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receives me. And whoever receives me, receives not me, but him that sent me. But whoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were good that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the deeps of the sea."

" Woe to the world, because of offences. For it must be that offences come, but woe to the man through whom comes the offence."

" See that you despise not one of these little ones. For I tell you their angels in heaven do continually behold the face of the Father. Therefore it is not the will of the Father that one of these little ones should be lost."

John said to him:

" Master, on the road we saw a man who was not a follower of ours casting out dæmons in your name. We forbade him, because he was not a follower."

Jesus answered:

" Do not forbid him. For no man who does a work of power in my name can easily speak evil of me. He who is not against us is for us.'"

It was enough for Jesus now that he should not be opposed and persecuted; he asked no more. The saying is strangely in keeping with the enforced hiding of his brief passage through his native land.

From Galilee he made his way, perhaps with James and John for sole companions, through Samaria.

Of this journey through Samaria we know only Luke's story how in a certain village no house would take Jesus in because his face was set towards Jerusalem; and how James and John, the naïve and clamorous pair, the "sons of Thunder," asked that they might call fire from heaven to destroy the villagers. Jesus "turned and rebuked them; and they went to another village."

The revelation of the gulf that yawned between Jesus' mind and the thoughts of his nearest disciples is terrible. How could these men have had the smallest gleam of comprehension of his purpose in going to die in Jerusalem, or have understood for a moment what manner of Messiah he was? It was not possible. For them he was a miracle-worker who was going to Jerusalem to work the greatest miracle of all. As by a wave of his potent wand, a marvellous kingdom would rise: the disciples in purple and fine linen would be the King's viceroys, and all their enemies would be defeated and slain.

Scarcely less crude than this were the visions of their minds while they walked behind their silent master. Not that they were confident: they were terribly afraid. The thing seemed so impossible. But it ws far easier to believe in such an impossibility than in a Messiah who would be slain. As far as they might, they believed in it.

Who should be first, who greatest? was the incessant subject of their talk. Sometimes he turned to them to tell them that his was to be no earthly glory and no kingdom of gold and jasper. What was the use? What had Jesus to tell that could be understood by one who in his old age imagined the coming of the Lord in the terms of the Book of Revelation? That was when John was old: what would the young imagination of John have been?

The words of Jesus to his disciples which were spoken on his journey to Jerusalem reveal his constant effort to disabuse his followers' minds of these crude expectations. He is represented as declaring to them on three different occasions that he would be condemned to death and killed, and on the third day he would rise again; and the disciples are represented as being bewildered by the saying, as not understanding its meaning, and as afraid to ask him. Two simple considerations make it evident that this prophecy was reshaped after the event. Not only

would it have been impossible, even for the disciples, to misunderstand the simple statement that he would rise again in the body on the third day; but the conduct of his disciples after the crucifixion makes it certain that they had no such expectation. Contradictory as the narratives of the resurrection are, they agree in this one particular: that the disciples were completely unprepared for such an event. The three prophecies assigned to Jesus with the addition that the disciples did not understand them represent the naïve effort of the early Church at once to assert that Jesus prophesied his resurrection after three days and to explain away the awkward fact that the disciples had behaved as though his resurrection was inconceivable to them.

Jesus did not expect to be resurrected in the body after three days. He expected something of a different order from bodily resurrection, and he expected this to come before he touched the extreme of bodily death. Moreover, it would be exact to say that Jesus did not believe in bodily resurrection at all. He believed in resurrection: he believed that the human being would rise to a more glorious existence after death: but he did not believe in bodily resurrection. The meaning of his reply to the question of the Sadducees is unmistakable. In their crude conception of the resurrection as a resurrection of the physical body "they were far astray, ignorant both of the Scriptures and the power of God. For when men rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are married, but are as angels in heaven." By his phrase "like angels in heaven," Jesus was trying to describe another *order* of existence than the bodily. A glimpse of what the phrase meant to him may be had from his words concerning little children, that "their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven." This did not mean, as it is often interpreted, that little children had guardian angels. Little children were, for Jesus, as it were by nature, members of the Kingdom of God. They were beings who had not yet lost their birthright: they were single and whole. When they grew to man's estate, and the divided consciousness of the adult took hold of them, they lost their birthright. They could regain it only by being born again and so becoming sons of God and members of the Kingdom once more. Beneath that simple and beautiful phrase concerning the children lies a deep spiritual wisdom, which sees the three great ages of man as the completeness and innocence of the child, the division and consciousness of estrangement of the man, and the regained completeness and innocence of the member of the Kingdom. The child and the son of the Kingdom alike behold, each through his angel, or spiritual part, the face of the Father; and the condition of being or having an angel was simply the condition of being in the presence of God.

The ignorant who endow the angels of Jesus' sayings with bodily existence, and the clever who dismiss them as mere relics of an outworn creed, are alike "far astray, not knowing the power of God."

Jesus, from the beginning of his ministry to his death, was trying to express ineffable truths to simple people; and he expressed them with a simple profundity which has never been approached by another man. His incessant effort was to set aside precisely those crass interpretations which later generations, like the disciples themselves, have thrust upon his teaching. Just as to this day nine men out of ten cannot conceive the resurrection save as a resurrection of the physical body; just as the Church itself was founded on a physical interpretation of indubitable experiences of the continued presence of Jesus; so in Jesus' own lifetime his words were continually misunderstood. He had not only a conception, but a direct and continuous experience of another kind of existence than the physical. This was his condition of being a son of God, or a member of the Kingdom of God. This condition could be attained, as he himself had attained it, here and now. But men would not; and because they would not, Jesus would, by his death, establish the condition for all men.

Jesus believed that at the very moment of his death, before the last spark of consciousness went out, he would be taken up, and pass wholly into this other order of existence. The articulate framework of his belief was derived from the Messianic expectation of his day: he thought in the terms of the age, but he knew a timeless knowledge. At the last his thought betrayed him, but not his knowledge: he had tried to express something which could not be expressed. But he came nearer than any man to expressing the ineffable.

There is little doubt that Jesus essayed the hopeless task of telling his disciples of his expectation. It is certain that he spoke to them dark words which they did not understand, whose meaning they did not dare to ask him. It must have been so. What those words were we can only guess. He was not to rise again from the dead after three days; he was both to die and not to die; at the moment of death he was taken up to sit on the right hand of God, from whence he would come to judge both the quick and the dead. This did not happen as Jesus expected it to happen. But what the imagination of the disciples hoped, against hope, to happen was almost a caricature of Jesus' own expectation. They expected, by some miraculous transfiguration, the establishment of a glorious kingdom on earth, in which the first places would be reserved for themselves.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS TO READ

ENGLAND. By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D. "The Modern World" Series. (Benn.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is by its purpose an "all-round" rather than a deeply speculative work: it is an astonishing attempt at an impossible task. Dean Inge has the infallible quality of a famous ointment; he "touches the spot." He is not ashamed, in these difficult days, to write as a Christian, an Englishman, a scholar and a gentleman. With sane and judicious insight, fortified by a knowledge of international things, he surveys every aspect of our country: racial, geographical, historical, industrial, military, ecclesiastical, political, moral, sociological and, above all, economic. His diagnosis of our present state is penetrating. The hypercritical might doubt if "the Methodist secession was unnecessary," and whether the House Papers would not invert the view (on page 123) of American sentiment towards France and England in 1914-16.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. Second Series. By J. W. N. Sullivan. (Collins.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Sullivan is the most philosophic of our writers on science and in a sense the most artistic—in a sense only, for his æsthetic responsiveness is impure and apparently incomplete. He aims, beyond his interpretations of science, to expound a *rapprochement* between scientific and æsthetic knowledge; or, more precisely, between the humane elements in art and science. But his "humanity" now shows faint traces of inconsistency; and not all these papers are of equal merit. The active sympathy of all thoughtful persons must go with his aims, difficult as it may be sometimes to follow his trend. It remains to acknowledge some of the most intelligent writing on science appearing in our day. This book seems over-expensive.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND LIFE. By A. Clutton-Brock. (Methuen.) 6s. net.

This book contains some of "A. C.-B's." best and most thoughtful writing on literature. He was less a critic with a valuable attitude of his own than one who sought—the task was too hard—to include the attitudes of others in a complete "experience." He set up as a criterion the "absolute" or the "universal," but, perhaps because this is a false identification, his total impression is not satisfying. Still, "Pure Literature," "The Razor of Croce" and, especially, the papers on Blake are of a type none too common. But "On Some Perversities" is too sweeping, and he indulges the most profound misconception of Wordsworth we have ever encountered.

TRANSITION. By Edwin Muir. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Transitionists rather than transition, we fancy. Several of Mr. Muir's contemporary writers are far less important to our way of thinking than to his; but his studies are admirable. They have the merit of careful detachment. That on Mrs. Woolf is singularly perceptive. Mr. Muir seems to us to leave out the most important motive of literary criticism, but his last essay shows a fuller awareness. His opening remarks on Mr. Joyce are incomprehensible to us, but in this last chapter he half-sees the deficiency, which might have qualified his earlier essay.

THE MINOR POEMS OF DANTE. Translated by Lorna de' Lucchi. (Oxford University Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

This book is seriously edited and is of note as being the first English version of all the poems (apart from the *Commedia*) definitely attributed to Dante in the Floerntine *Testo Critico* of 1921. Signora Lucchi retains all the original metres, except to substitute the decasyllabic for the hendecasyllabic in the sonnets. This is no inconsiderable feat. Offering a strict literality as opposed to the freedom of Rossetti's exquisitely poetic re-creations, her rendering reflects the beauty of Dante's original without distorting it.

MASTERPIECES OF GREEK DRAWING AND PAINTING. By Ernst Pfuhl. Illustrated. (Chatto & Windus.) 30s. net.

Professor J. D. Beazley, the prominent investigator of Attic vases, gives us a capable translation of Pfuhl's interpretation of Hellenic and Hellenistic painting and drawing; a work which is free from any taint of antiquarianism, for he is aware that all European artistic tradition comes from

Hellas and aware of the anthropocentric—while fully objective—nature of Greek art. Painting is, undeniably, among the lesser manifestations of the Greek spirit, whose great evolution from mid-6th to mid-4th century we here trace, as it were, in miniature, yet from a significant angle. Most students must find such an exposition as this of Pfuhl's indispensable: the reproductions, if not ideally representative, are numerous, handsome and carefully executed.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF WILLIAM PITT, FIRST LORD CHATHAM. Edited by Ethel Ashton Edwards. (Chapman & Hall.) 15s. net.

The letters reproduced in this handsome volume, which have lain hidden among the Chatham MSS. in the Record Office, are surely among the most disappointing, in style and content, ever written by and to a man of genius. Suffice it to say that, without the headings, we should often be uncertain whether we were reading the great orator or Lady Hester; and even the Editor, whose naiveté of method is so amazing in these days that it fascinates us, has her reservations about Lady Hester's contribution.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Bernard Pares. (Cape.) 21s. net.

Considering what Russia is, and what Russia always has been, one need not stress the difficulty of the task Professor Sir Bernard Pares has achieved; and it would be exacting indeed to ask for a better history. Working, of necessity, on a mainly political outline, his treatment is more than merely political; and it has lucidity, perspective, and detachment even as to the events of the last few years. Few Englishmen are qualified to discuss this book in its entirety; but, wherever we have tested it, we find it good.

DOWNLAND MAN. By H. J. Massingham. (Cape.) 21s. net.

This is a well-written and a very considerable work: it advances a far-reaching conception, and presents a great amassment of evidence. The author works on the theory of Messrs. Perry and Elliot Smith that English semi-civilization from the "Avebury" period onwards derives from Egyptian sources through Eastern Mediterranean channels. The implications of this argument and its sequels are important; for it is a challenge to all our ideas concerning the origins of British civilization. The more for its empirical method, Mr. Massingham's book should attract wide interest: it is essentially provocative.

THE ARYANS. By V. Gordon Childe. ("History of Civilisation Series." Kegan Paul.) 10s. 6d. net.

An able and very fluent survey of current views on the Aryans and their origins, this volume is of importance if only for the fact that nothing similar is available in English. It is mainly a book for the specialist, but its essential features are of general interest to any student of the ancient world. The author has a vast amount of detail and speculation to present, and his handling of the formidable problem commands admiration. Easy reading is not to be expected; but an abridgment in the simplest English with arguments, and conclusions neatly tabulated would be a boon to many and a good example to archæological writers in general.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

THE WRITINGS AND LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH. By Mary Sturge Gretton. (Oxford University Press.) 6s. net.

We trust that the recent appearance of Mr. Priestley's official study of Meredith may not divert attention from this book, which is perhaps as good in a slightly different kind, and is very well written—or rather, re-written, for it appeared in another form twenty years since. That indicates one aspect of its difference: it is also more personal; less comparative in criticism; rather specifically a sympathetic interpretation by a friend. It is chiefly to be admired for its unobtrusive and thoughtful discussion of Meredith's writings. The analysis of Diana is noteworthy. Meredith's strengths (his constructive power in situation and character, his variety, his fertility of ideas, his probing intellect) detach themselves, to an intelligent reader, from his lack of the simplicity and profundity and unity: of the *highest* intuition, in short, that mark the great poietes.

EPICTETUS. Edited by W. A. Oldfather. Vol. I. (Heinemann.) 10s. net.

Mr. Oldfather, an American scholar, adds to the valuable "Loeb" series a careful edition of the *Discourses* in Arrian's Greek, based, with a few reservations, on Schenkl's 1916 text. His introduction is competent; his translation more literal than Carter's or Matheson's, but readable. The work is timely, for though the "halting slave" has always been widely read, his reputation just now seems rather adrift between an over-emphasis upon his teaching as a kind of prose version of Christianity, and an exaggeration of the Stoical austerity of his spirit. A second volume will include the *Encheiridion* and the fragments.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

A DEPUTY WAS KING. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

This book is a feat rather than a success. The product of considerable and varied capacity, it is yet too long, too elaborate, insufficiently concentrated. The large family of Italianate Jews does not quite hold our interest. The fourth section is very good, but there is a faint air of fatuity about everybody and everything in the earlier London parts which is not merely depressing but suggests that the writer has, in current slang, "got her values all wrong." Toni, Giles, Val, Loraine, they are alike sufferers from their author's over-sophistication—it verges on "smartness." Miss Stern's accomplished work has, generally, a certain thin bloodedness.

ROPES OF SAND. By M. P. Willcocks. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

This lengthy, able book is curiously a half-success. That it is at once so real, and so uneven in its grip of the reader, is probably due to a weakness on the *dramatic* side of its technique, traceable more subtly to a poverty of dramatic sense. "Homer did not describe the beauty of Helen." Miss Willcocks is given also to interpolation (which rather mars the vivid Bucolics of the later parts), and over-elaboration, especially of the complex, vital and exasperating Anne. The Susan conversations are insupportable. Common weaknesses: yet Frank Oatway is uncommon enough; if not a creation, a masterly construction. The difficult theme is not handled in the most compelling way; but it is "realized," lingers in our minds as a genuine aspect of life.

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NOW READY.

Will all those who require copies, price 1s., send their names and addresses to The Editor without delay?

The Adelphi

VOL. IV. NO. 8. FEBRUARY, 1927

TWO PROBLEMS

By The Editor

A WRITER in *The British Weekly,* who signs "Watchman," is extremely angry with my last article. He accuses me of blatant injustice towards ministers of religion. So far from their being often insensitive to the quality, and blind to the significance, of literature, as I suggested, they are all possessed with a sense of its importance.

So be it. *Peccavi.* And, on rereading my article, I admit that a sentence in it was phrased with an inexcusable carelessness, for which I am heartily sorry. I wrote in my haste : "To have listened to the man of religion discoursing upon literature is a brutal torture." That is unforgivably sweeping. What I meant, and what I should have said : "*I* have never listened to a man of religion discoursing upon literature without a feeling of brutal torture." And I suppose I should have added that I meant the word listened literally. I have read the writings upon literature of some men of religion with a feeling of pleasure. The late Stopford Brooke was a truly distinguished literary critic ; the late Stanley Mellor of Liverpool showed rare insight into the essentials of the matter ; the Rev. Arthur Hoyle of *The Methodist Recorder,* the Rev. W. Seddon Cooper of *The Methodist Times,* have a far more generous sense of literary values in their writing than many of their lay *confrères,* and, on *The British Weekly* itself,

thing which is not. But the least he can do, if he declines to accept my challenge, is to confess his mistake as publicly as he made it.

I do not doubt that "Watchman" made his mistake in good faith; I do not doubt that he really believed that the ideas put forward in my article were the common property of all the ministers of his acquaintance. What puzzles me is to make out *how* he came to believe it. He must have read the article, for his own contains various quotations from it, from the end as well as the beginning. And yet, if he had read it, how could he believe that he and the ministers of his acquaintance had long ago accepted every idea it contains?

I am bewildered; and it is not the first time I have been bewildered by an opponent who is an orthodox Christian. More than once in such an encounter I have not known whether I was standing on my head or my heels. Let me take another example of behaviour that bewilders me from the "Watchman." He has said not a word of what my paper really contains; he has told his readers simply that its ideas are so familiar that they are not worth repeating. Suddenly he quotes the following words, without a shred of the context to which they refer:—

> "But to those who feel that it gives them nothing to hold on to, we can only reply that it is the having nothing to hold on to, nothing that can be held on to, that will be the strength of the future. . . . Dark sayings, for which I am sorry."

Now these words, without their context, are meaningless. What can *it*, in the first sentence, be? No one, reading the "Watchman's" article could possibly know. Yet he continues—:

> This is a passage at which I must get up off my chair and take a run about with my half-bred Airedale! It is, as the young people to-day pronounce anything on which they are inarticulate, "priceless!"

> **Now that I feel better, I will only say quietly, though still a little out of breath, that this idea—of finding the foundations of our faith in nothing visible, tangible, even calculable, but only in the lofty tension of our protesting and aspiring soul under the benediction of Christ—has been a commonplace for the last thirty years in the mind and teaching of such thoughtful ministers of the Church as I have known.**

Now how *can* a minister of the Church—for such I take the " Watchman " to be—declare that his faith gives him nothing to hold on to? Is he serious, or is he not? If he is serious, what is he doing as a minister of the Church? Does he not say, once or twice a week, " I believe in God the Father, Almighty . . . ." ? Is that nothing to hold on to? Nothing, I agree, if he does not believe it. But then why say it?

A terrible sense of confusion overtakes me when I read " Watchman's " words. It seems that I cannot understand him; and it is certain that he cannot understand me. I am sure that he means to deal honestly with my article; yet the actual result is precisely the same as it would be if he were acting with carefully calculated dishonesty. At that I leave it, repeating that there is a simple way to resolve my doubts. Let " Watchman " accept my challenge.

* * * *

And now to a more satisfactory subject. I have discovered with pleasure that my readers are interested in the discussion of Shakespearean problems. I have one to propound to them which has frequently puzzled me. It occurs in one of the most outwardly straightforward of plays, " Julius Cæsar "—and it has an immediate bearing upon our conception, and what we may deduce to have been Shakespeare's conception, of the two chief characters of the play—Brutus and Cassius. I invite my readers to co-operate in solving it, and I promise

a prize of one guinea for the best note of not more than 1,000 words upon it, sent in to me by February 7th. Now for the problem.

At the end of Act I. Sc. ii., Cassius, after his attempt to draw Brutus to his purposes, and after Casca has given his account of Cæsar's rejection of the offered crown, remains alone upon the stage and soliloquizes thus upon Brutus :—

> Well Brutus, thou art noble : yet I see
> Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
> From that it is dispos'd : therefore it is meet
> That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
> For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
> Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
> *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius*
> *He should not humour me.* I will this night
> In several hands, in at his windows throw,
> As if they came from several citizens,
> Writings, all tending to the great opinion
> That Rome holds of his name : wherein obscurely
> Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
> And after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,
> For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

The problem lies in the line and a-half which I have put in italic. In its baldest form it is this : Is the "he" of "He should not humour me," Brutus or Cæsar?

The natural meaning of the words, that is, the way we naturally take the phrase when we hear it spoken from the stage, is that if Brutus and Cassius were to change places, Cassius would not allow himself to be influenced by Brutus, as Brutus has been influenced by Cassius. Cassius then goes on, in the style of the true Elizabethan villain, to announce the next step towards the accomplishment of his purposes.

But on reflection, and taking the play as a whole into the reckoning, we begin to doubt whether Shakespeare meant to make Brutus appear so pliable, or Cassius so cool-headed a villain. And then it occurs to us

that if we take the words in this " natural " meaning, the line immediately preceding them :—

> Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.—

is left high and dry, without any perceptible connection with what precedes it or what follows. The only way of giving that line a function in its context is to take Cæsar as the " he " of " he should not humour me." Then the gist of the whole passage is : " Brutus is essentially noble ; but he can be influenced from his essential nobility. Noble minds, therefore, should be friends only with noble minds : for they are open to seduction by their friends. Cæsar is no friend of mine ; but he is of Brutus. But even if he *were* my friend, he should not influence me." And the implications of the passage are that the noble mind with which Brutus's noble mind should consort is Cassius's ; and that Brutus, by withdrawing himself from Cassius's society (I. ii., 40-45), has allowed himself to be influenced by Cæsar ; and finally that, now he has met Cassius again, " his honourable mettle " has reverted to " that it was disposed "—its original noble disposition.

But though this seems to me a perfectly legitimate, and on the whole the most satisfactory interpretation of the words, it is quite clear that it is *not* the natural meaning of the words when heard in the theatre. Shakespeare was first and foremost a dramatist, not a super-subtle psychological novelist. The reference of Cassius's words, as understood in the theatre, *must* be to the success of his own persuasions with Brutus. And it follows that the *dramatic* implication of " It is meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes " is that Cassius himself is not a noble mind ; and that the *dramatic* meaning of " He should not humour me " is that, if they changed places, Cassius would not allow Brutus to seduce him, as he has seduced Brutus.

So the dilemma remains. There is no doubt what

Cassius's words mean in the theatre; therefore there is no doubt that Shakespeare, who was a man of the theatre, meant them to mean that—*in the theatre*. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the words would lose all their deep ambiguity if the one sentence—

> Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.—

could be removed. But we have not the faintest right either to remove the line, or to alter the punctuation of it. In the Folio it is a self-contained sentence ending with a full stop. Even to alter the full-stop even to a colon is unwarrantable.

It occurs to me, as no doubt it has occurred to anyone who has read so far, that there is something calculated in this uncertainty. What if that perplexing, obdurate, and quite independent line were deliberately inserted by Shakespeare, well knowing that it could have no dramatic significance in the theatre, yet feeling that so much was due to his artistic conscience? Omit the line, and Cassius *is* simply what he *appears* to be—a sort of Roman Iago, a true Elizabethan villain, who explains his plans in soliloquy. Put in the line, and though he still *appears* to be a sort of Iago, he may *be* a nobler Roman even than Brutus. Certainly, as he is drawn in the whole compass of the play, he stands more than equal with " the noblest Roman of them all."

Four Rhymes from the Spanish of Becquer

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

I.

Know, if you feel with surprise
A kiss come out of the air,
That folk who can talk with the eyes
Can kiss with a stare.

II.

Sometimes about the world I meet her
And she approaches me awhile,
Then passes on smiling ; I wonder
How she can smile ;

And a smile comes over my own lips
A smile that stifles a sigh,
And I think . . . perhaps she is smiling
Even as I.

III.

Sighs are air, to air returning,
Tears are water, to the sea ;
But, when love has been forgotten,
Tell me, woman, where goes he?

IV.

As the savage who carves with rude fingers
A god from a tree, bye-and-bye
Kneeling abject before his own handiwork
Thus, thou and I ;
For we gave to a fantasy, figure,
A ridiculous god raised above
And, on our idol's own altar,
Offered our love.

MORNINGS IN MEXICO: THE MOZO

By D. H. Lawrence

Rosalino really goes with the house, though he has been in service here only two months. When we went to look at the place we saw him lurking in the patio, and glancing furitively under his brows. He is not one of the erect, bantam little Indians that stare with a black, incomprehensible, but somewhat defiant stare. It may be Rosalino has a distant strain of other Indian blood, not Zapotec. Or it may be he is only a bit different. The difference lies in a certain sensitiveness and aloneness, as if he were a mother's boy. The way he drops his head and looks sideways under his black lashes, apprehensive, apprehending, feeling his way, as it were. Not the bold male glare of most of the Indians, who seem as if they had never, never had mothers at all.

The Aztec gods and goddesses are, as far as we have known anything about them, an unlovely and unloveable lot. In their myths there is no grace or charm, no poetry. Only this perpetual grudge, grudge, grudging, one god grudging another, the gods grudging men their existence, and men grudging the animals. The goddess of love is goddess of dirt and prostitution, a dirt-eater, a horror, without a touch of tenderness. If the god wants to make love to her, she has to sprawl down in front of him, blatant and accessible.

And then after all, when she conceives and brings forth, what is it she produces? What is the infant

god she tenderly bears? Guess, all ye people, joyful and triumphant!

You never could.

It is a stone knife.

It is a razor-edged knife of blackish-green flint, the knife of all knives, the veritable Paraclete of knives. It is the sacrificial knife with which the priest makes a gash in his victim's breast, before he tears out the heart, to hold it smoking to the sun. And the Sun, the Sun behind the sun, is supposed to suck the smoking heart greedily with insatiable appetite.

This, then, is a pretty Christmas Eve. Lo, the Goddess is gone to bed, to bring forth her child. Lo! ye people, await the birth of the saviour, the wife of a god is about to become a mother.

Tarumm-tarah! *Tarumm-tarah*! blow the trumpets. The child is born. Unto us a son is given. Bring him forth, lay him on a tender cushion. Show him then to all the people.

See! See! See him upon the cushion, tenderly new-born and reposing. Ah, qué bonito! Oh, what a nice, blackish, smooth, keen stone knife!

And to this day most of the Mexican Indian women seem to bring forth stone knives. Look at them, these sons of incomprehensible mothers, with their black eyes like flints, and their stiff little bodies as taut and as keen as knives of obsidian. Take care they don't rip you up.

Our Rosalino is an exception. He drops his shoulders just a little. He is a bit bigger, also, than the average Indian down here. He must be about five feet four inches. And he hasn't got the big, obsidian, glaring eyes. His eyes are smaller, blacker, like the quick black eyes of the lizard. They don't look at one with the obsidian stare. They are just a bit aware that there is another being, unknown, at the end of the glance.

Hence he drops his head with a little apprehension, screening himself as if he were vulnerable.

Usually, these people have no correspondence with one at all. To them a white man or white woman is a sort of phenomenon, just as a monkey is a sort of phenomenon; something to watch, and wonder at, and laught at, but not to be taken on one's own plane.

Now, the white man is a sort of extraordinary white monkey that, by cunning, has learnt lots of semi-magical secrets of the universe, and made himself boss of the show. Imagine a race of big white monkeys got up in fantastic clothes, and able to kill a man by hissing at him: able to leap through the air in great hops, covering a mile in each leap; able to transmit his thoughts by a moment's effort of concentration to some great white monkey or monkeyess, a thousand miles away: and you have, from our point of view, something of the picture that the Indian has of us.

The white monkey has curious tricks. He knows, for example, the time. Now to a Mexican and an Indian, time is a vague, foggy reality. There are only three times: en la mañana, en la tarda, en la noche—in the morning, in the afternoon, in the night. There is even no mid-day, and no evening.

But to the white monkey, horrible to relate, there are exact spots of time, such as five o'clock, half-past nine. The day is a horrible puzzle of exact spots of time.

The same with distance: horrible, invisible distances called two miles, ten miles. To the Indians, there is near and far, and very near, and very far. There is two days or one day. But two miles are as good as twenty to him, for he goes entirely by his feelings. If a certain two miles feels far to him, then it *is* far, it is *muy lejos*! But if a certain twenty miles *feels* near and familiar, then it is not far. Oh no, it is just a little distance. And he will let you set off in the evening, for night to overtake you in the wilderness, without a qualm. It is not far.

But the white man has a horrible, truly horrible, monkey-like passion for invisible exactitudes. Mañana, to the native, may mean to-morrow, three days hence, six months hence, and never. There are no fixed points in life, save birth, and death, and the fiestas. The fixed points of birth and death evaporate spontaneously into vagueness. And the priests fix the fiestas. From time immemorial priests have fixed the fiestas, the festivals of the gods, and men have had no more to do with time. What should men have to do with time?

The same with money. These centavos and these peses, what do they mean after all? Little discs that have no charm. The natives insist on reckoning in invisible coins, coins that don't exist here, like *reales* or *pesetas*. If you buy two eggs for a *real,* you have to pay twelve-and-a-half centavos. Since also half a centavo doesn't exist, you or the vendor forfeit the non-existent.

The same with honesty, the *meum* and the *tuum.* The white man has a horrible way of remembering, even to a centavo, even to a thimbleful of mescal. Horrible! The Indian, it seems to me, is not naturally dishonest. He is not naturally avaricious, has not even any innate cupidity. In this he is unlike the old people of the Mediterranean, to whom possessions have a mystic meaning, and a silver coin a mystic white halo, a *lueur* of magic.

To the real Mexican, no! He doesn't care. He doesn't even *like* keeping money. His deep instinct is to spend it at once, so that he needn't have it. He doesn't really want to keep anything, not even his wife and children. Nothing that he has to be responsible for. Strip, strip, strip away the past and the future, leave the naked moment of the present disentangled. Strip away memory, strip away forethought and care: leave the moment stark and sharp and without consciousness, like the obsidian knife. The before and

the after are the stuff of consciousness. The instant moment is forever keen with a razor-edge of oblivion, like the knife of sacrifice.

But the great white monkey has got hold of the keys of the world, and the black-eyed Mexican has to serve the great white monkey, in order to live. He has to learn the tricks of the white monkey-show : time of the day, coin of money, machines that start at a second, work that is meaningless and yet is paid for with exactitude, in exact coin. A whole existence of monkey-tricks and monkey-virtues. The strange monkey-virtue of charity, the white-monkeys nosing round to *help*, to *save* ! Could any trick be more unnatural ? Yet it is one of the tricks of the great white monkey.

If an Indian is poor, he says to another : I have no food. Give me to eat. Then the other hands the hungry one a couple of tortillas. That is natural. But when the white monkeys come round, they peer at the house, at the woman, at the children. They say : Your child is sick. *Si señor !* What have you done for it ?—*Nothing. What is to be done ?* You must make a poultice. I will show you how.

Well, it was very amusing, this making hot dough to dab on the baby. Like plastering a house with *masa.* But why do it twice ? Twice is not amusing. The child will die. Well then, it will be in Paradise. How nice for it ! That's just what God wants of it, that it shall be a cheerful little angel among the roses of Paradise. What could be better !

How tedious of the white monkey to come with the trick of salvation, to rub oil on the baby, and put poultices on it, and make you give it medicine in a spoon at morning, noon and night. Why morning and noon and night ? Why not just any-time, any-when ? It will die to-morrow if you don't do these things to-day ! But to-morrow is another day, and it is not

dead now, so if it dies another time, it must be because the other times are out of hand.

Oh the tedious, exacting white monkeys, with their yesterdays and to-days and to-morrows. To-morrow is always another day, and yesterday is part of the encircling never. Why think outside the moment? And inside the moment one does not think. So why pretend to think. It is one of the white monkey tricks. He is a clever monkey. But he is ugly, and he has nasty white flesh. We are not ugly, with screwed-up faces, and we have good, warm-brown flesh. If we have to work for the white monkey, we don't care. His tricks are half amusing. And one may as well amuse oneself that way as any other. So long as one is amused.

So long as the devil does not rouse in us, seeing the white monkeys forever mechanically bossing, with their incessant tick-tack of work. Seeing them get the work out of us, the sweat, the money, and then taking the very land from us, the very oil and metal out of our soil.

They do it! They do it all the time. Because they can't help it. Because grasshoppers can but hop, and ants can carry little sticks, and white monkeys can go tick-tack, tick-tack, do this, do that, time to work, time to eat, time to drink, time to sleep, time to walk, time to ride, time to wash, time to look dirty, tick-tack, tick-tack, time, time, time, time, time! Oh, cut off his nose and make him swallow it.

For the *moment* is as changeless as an obsidian knife, and the heart of the Indian is keen as the moment that divides past from future, and sacrifices them both.

To Rosalino, too, the white monkey-tricks are amusing. He is ready to work for the white monkeys, to learn some of their tricks, their monkey-speech of Spanish, their tick-tack ways. He works for four pesos a month, and his food: a few tortillas. Four pesos are two American dollars—about nine shillings.

He owns two cotton shirts, two pairs of calico pantaloons, two blouses, one of pink cotton, one of darkish flannelette, and a pair of sandals. Also, his straw hat that he has curled up to look very jaunty, and a rather old, factory-made, rather cheap shawl, or plaid rug with fringe. *Et præterea nihil.*

His duty is to rise in the morning and sweep the street in front of the house, and water it. Then he sweeps and waters the broad, brick-tiled verandahs, and flicks the chairs with a sort of duster made of fluffy reeds. After which he walks behind the cook—she is very superior, had a Spanish grandfather, and Rosalino must address her as *Señora*—carrying the basket to market. Returned from the market, he sweeps the whole of patio, gathers up the leaves and refuse, fills the panier basket, hitches it up on to his shoulders and holds it by a band across his forehead, and thus a beast of burden, goes out to deposit the garbage at the side of one of the little roads leading out of the city. Every *little* road leaves the town between heaps of garbage, an avenue of garbage blistering in the sun.

Returning, Rosalino waters the whole of the garden and sprinkles the whole of the patio. This takes most of the morning. In the afternoon, he sits without much to do. If the wind has blown or the day was hot, he starts again at about three o'clock, sweeping up leaves, and sprinkling everywhere with an old watering can.

Then he retreats to the entrance-way, the Zaguan, which, with its big doors and its cobbled track, is big enough to admit an ox-wagon. The Zaguan is his home: just the doorway. In one corner is a low wooden bench about four feet long and eighteen inches wide. On this he screws up and sleeps, in his clothes as he is, wrapped in the old sarape.

But this is anticipating. In the obscurity of the Zaguan he sits and pores, pores, pores over a school-book, learning to read and write. He can read a bit,

and write a bit. He filled a large sheet of foolscap with writing: quite nice. But I found out that what he had written was a Spanish poem, a love-poem with *no puedo olvidar* and *voy a cortar*—the rose, of course. He had written the thing straight ahead, without verse-lines or capitals or punctuation at all, just a vast string of words, a whole foolscap sheet full. When I read a few lines aloud, he writhed and laughed in an agony of confused feelings. And of what he had written he understood a small, small amount, parrot-wise, from the top of his head. Actually, it meant just words, sound, noise, to him: noise called Castellano, Castilian. Exactly like a parrot.

From seven to eight he goes to the night-school, to cover a bit more of the foolscap. He has been going for two years. If he goes two years more he will, perhaps, really be able to read and write six intelligible sentences: but only Spanish, which is as foreign to him as Hindustani would be to an English farm-boy. Then if he can speak his quantum of Spanish, and read it and write it to a very uncertain extent, he will return to his village two days journey on foot into the hills, and then, in time, he may even rise to be an alcalde, or head-man of the village, responsible to the Government. If he were alcalde he would get a little salary. But far more important to him, is the glory: being able to boss.

He has a paisano, a fellow-countryman, to sleep with him in the Zaguan, to guard the doors. Whoever gets into the house or patio, must get through these big doors. There is no other entrance, not even a needle's eye. The windows to the street are heavily barred. Each house is its own small fortress. Ours is a double square, the trees and flowers in the first square, with the two wings of the house. And in the second patio, the chickens, pigeons, guinea-pigs, and the big heavy earthenware dish or tub, called an *apaxtle*, in which all

the servants can bathe themselves, like chickens in a saucer.

By half-past nine at night Rosalino is lying on his little bench, screwed up, wrapped in his shawl, his sandals, called *huaraches,* on the floor. Usually he takes off his huaraches when he goes to bed. That is all his preparation. In another corner, wrapped up, head and all, like a mummy in his thin old blanket, the paisano, another lad of about twenty, lies asleep on the cold stones. And at an altitude of five thousand feet, the nights can be cold.

Usually everybody is in by half past nine, in our very quiet house. If not, you may thunder at the big doors. It is hard to wake Rosalino. You have to go close to him, and call. That will wake him. But don't touch him. That would startle him terribly. No one is touched unawares, except to be robbed or murdered.

" Rosalino ! *estan tocando* ! " Rosalino ! they are knocking ! "

At last there starts up a strange, glaring, utterly lost Rosalino. Perhaps he just has enough wit to pull the door-catch. One wonders where he was, and what he was, in his sleep, he starts up so strange and wild and lost.

The first time he had anything to do for me was when the van was come to carry the bit of furniture to the house. There was Aurelio, the dwarf mozo of our friends, and Rosalino, and the man who drove the wagon. But there *should* have been also a *cargador*—a porter. " Help them ! " said I to Rosalino. " You give a hand to help." But he winced away, muttering : " No quiero !—I don't want to."

The fellow, I thought to myself, is a fool. He thinks it's not his job, and perhaps he is afraid of smashing the furniture. Nothing to be done but to leave him alone.

We settled in, and Rosalino seemed to like doing things for us. He liked learning his monkey tricks from

the white monkeys. And since we started feeding him from our own meals, and for the first time in his life he had real soups, meat-stews, or a fried egg, he loved to do things in the kitchen. He would come with sparkling black eyes: "Hé comido el caldo. Grazias!" "I have eaten the soup. Thank you!"—And he would give a strange, excited little yelp of a laugh.

Came the day when we walked to Huayapa, on the Sunday, and he was very thrilled. But at night, in the evening when we got home, he lay mute on his bench—not that he was really tired. The Indian gloom, which settles on them like a black marsh-fog, had settled on him. He did not bring in the water—let me carry it by myself.

Monday morning, the same black, reptilian gloom, and a sense of hatred. He hated us. This was a bit flabbergasting, because he had been so thrilled and happy the day before. But the revulsion had come. He didn't forgive himself for having felt free and happy with us. He had eaten what we had eaten, hard-boiled eggs and sardine sandwiches and cheese, he had drunk out of the orange-peel *taza,* which delighted him so much. He had had a bottle of gazoosa, fizz, with us, on the way home, in San Felipe.

And now, the reaction. The flint knife. He had been happy, *therefore* we were scheming to take another advantage of him. We had some devilish white-monkey trick up our sleeve, we wanted to get at his *soul,* no doubt, and do it the white monkey's damage. We wanted to get at his heart, did we? But his heart was an obsidian knife.

He hated us, and gave off a black steam of hate, that filled the patio and made one feel sick. He did not come to the kitchen, he did not carry the water. Leave him alone.

At lunch-time on Monday, he said he wanted to

leave. Why?—He said he wanted to go back to his village.

Very well. He was to wait just a few days, till another mozo was found.

At this a glance of pure, reptilian hate from his black eyes.

He sat motionless on his bench all the afternoon, in the Indian stupor of gloom, and profound hate. In the evening, he cheered up a little and said he would stay on, at least till Easter.

Tuesday morning. More stupor and gloom and hate He wanted to go back to his village at once. All right! No one wanted to keep him against his will. Another mozo would be found at once.

He went off in the numb stupor of gloom and hate. a very potent hate that could affect one in the pit of one's stomach, with nausea.

Tuesday afternoon, and he thought he would stay.

Wednesday morning, and he wanted to go.

Very good. Inquiries made, another mozo was coming on Friday morning. It was settled.

Thursday was fiesta. Wednesday, therefore, we would go to market, the Niña—that is the mistress—myself, and Rosalino with the basket. He loved to go to market with the *patrones*. We would give him money and send him off to bargain for oranges, pitahayas, potatoes, eggs, a chicken, and so forth. This he simply loved to do. It put him into a temper to see us buying without bargaining, and paying ghastly prices.

He bargained away, silent almost, muttering darkly. It took him a long time, but he had far greater success than even Natividad, the cook. And he came back in triumph, with much stuff and little money spent.

So again that afternoon, he was staying on. The spell was wearing off.

The Indians of the hills have a heavy, intense sort

of attachment to their villages, Rosalino had not been out of the little city for two years. Suddenly finding himself in Huayapa, a real Indian hill-village, the black Indian gloom of nostalgia must have made a crack in his spirits. But he had been perfectly cheerful —perhaps too cheerful—till we got home.

Again, the Senorita had taken a photograph of him. They are all crazy to have their photographs taken. I had given him an envelope and a stamp, to send a photograph to his mother. Because in his village, he had a widow mother, a brother, and a married sister. The family owned a bit of land, with orange-trees. The best oranges come from the hills, where it is cooler. Seeing the photograph, the mother, who had completely forgotten her son, as far as any keen remembering goes, suddenly, like a cracker going off inside her, wanted him : at that very moment. So she sent an urgent message.

But already it was Wednesday afternoon. Arrived a little fellow in white clothes, smiling hard. It was the brother from the hills. Now, we thought, Rosalino will have someone to walk back with. On Friday, after the fiesta, he would go.

Thursday, he escorted us with the basket to the fiesta. He bargained for flowers, and for a sarape which he didn't get, for a carved jicara which he did get, and for a number of toys. He and the Niña and the señorita ate a great wafer of a pancake with sweet stuff on it. The basket grew heavy. The brother appeared, to carry the hen and the extra things. Bliss.

He was perfectly happy again. He didn't want to go on Friday. He didn't want to go at all. He wanted to stay with us, and come with us to England when we went home.

So, another trip to the friend, the Mexican who had found us the other mozo. Now to put off the other boy again : but then they are like that.

Again the Mexican, who had known Rosalino when he first came down from the hills and could speak no Spanish, told us another thing about him.

In the last revolution—a year ago—the revolutionaries of the winning side wanted more soldiers, from the hills. The alcalde of the hill village was told to pick out young men and send them down to the barracks in the city. Rosalino was among the chosen.

But Rosalino refused, said again *No quiero*! He is one of those like myself, who have a horror of serving in a mass of men, or even of being mixed up with a mass of men. He obstinately refused. Whereupon the recruiting soldiers beat him with the butt of their rifles till he lay unconscious, apparently dead.

Then, because they wanted him at once, and he would now be no good for some time, with his injured back, they left him, to get the revolution over without him.

This explains his fear of furniture-carrying, and his fear of being "caught."

Yet that little Aurelio, the friend's mozo, who is not above four feet six in height, a tiny fellow, fared even worse. He, too, is from the hills. In his village a cousin of his gave some information to the *losing* side in the revolution. The cousin wisely disappeared.

But in the city, the winning side seized Aurelio, since he was the *cousin* of the delinquent. In spite of the fact that he was the faithful mozo of a foreign resident, he was flung into prison. Prisoners in prison are not fed. Either friends or relatives bring them food, or they go very, very thin. Aurelio had a married sister in town, but *she* was afraid to go to the prison, lest she and her husband should be seized. The master, then, sent his new mozo twice a day to the prison with a basket: the huge, huge prison, for this little town of a few thousands.

Meanwhile the master struggled and struggled with

the "authorities"—friends of the people—for Aurelio's release. Nothing to be done.

One day the new mozo arrived at the prison with the basket to find no Aurelio. A friendly soldier gave the message Aurelio had left. "Adios a mi patron. Me llevan." Oh, fatal words: *me llevan*! they are taking me off. The master rushed to the train: it had gone, with the dwarf, plucky little mozo, into the void.

Months later, Aurelio reappeared. He was in rags, haggard, and his dark throat was swollen up to the ears. He had been taken off, two hundred miles into Vera Cruz State. He had been hung up by the neck, with a fixed knot, and left hanging for hours. Why? To make the cousin come and save his relative: put his own neck into a running noose. To make the absolutely innocent fellow confess: what? Everybody knew he was innocent. At any rate, to teach everybody better next time. Oh, brotherly teaching!

Aurelio escaped, and took to the mountains. Sturdy little dwarf of a fellow, he made his way back.

To-morrow is another day. The master nursed Aurelio well, and Aurelio is a strong, if tiny fellow, with big, brilliant black eyes that for the moment will trust a foreigner, but none of his own people. A dwarf in stature, but perfectly made, and very strong, and very intelligent.

Is it any wonder that Aurelio and Rosalino, when they see the soldiers with guns on their shoulders marching towards the prison with some blanched prisoner between them—and one sees it every few days—stand and gaze in a blank kind of horror, and look at the *patron*, to see if there is any refuge?

Not to be *caught*! Not to be *caught*! It must have been the prevailing motive of Indian-Mexican life since long before Montezuma marched his prisoners to sacrifice.

NOEL COWARD

By Edgar M. Lustgarten

There has been more nonsense of one kind and another talked about Mr. Noel Coward than about any other living dramatist—except perhaps Mr. Bernard Shaw. This is in itself something of a distinction. It is only fair to say that our leading dramatic critics are not offenders in this respect, but unfortunately their influence is chiefly confined to intelligent people who might well form sound opinions without expert guidance. Meanwhile, the small, nondescript critics dispense their nonsense to a vast and unquestioning following. These nonsense-mongers are of two exactly opposite kinds; one half, vaguely envious of Coward's success, or else immersed in suburban prudery, deny him merit of any kind; the other half, in not altogether unjustifiable reaction, fly to the other extreme, and proclaim him a god. Both sides advance the same reason for their judgments—that Noel Coward is typical of his age. Both errors owe their birth to the same cause—the peculiar nature of the majority of prominent modern dramatists, and the inability of these small critics to keep their eyes wide open. Their experience has been of the social reformer like Mr. Galsworthy, or the pamphleteer like Mr. Shaw—men who, in writing plays, have usually some motive independent of the theatre, fine dramatists though they both are. With this in their minds the critics find it hard to remember that a dramatist is primarily a man who creates drama. The result is that when Mr. Coward writes a play of modern life these

critics praise or blame him for the modern age itself, as if he had invented it or at the least was condoning it; whereas they ought to praise or blame him for the amount of dramatic skill he shows in portraying that age in the theatre. People who can see no further than the end of their own noses regard Coward as an apologist. Actually, unlike some of his contemporaries, whose idealism is stronger than their stagecraft, Coward never discloses bias in his plays. He writes with keen understanding and abundant wit, but he never pleads a cause.

Mr. Coward claims consideration purely as an artist of the theatre, and within the limits of his art he is astonishingly versatile. He will write you intense drama, light comedy of charming insouciance, or (if you are given that way) the book of a revue. If you require music, he will write you a song. In his easy passage from one branch of his art to another he is reminiscent of Sir Arthur Pinero, who could write *The Magistrate* in 1885, and *The Profligate* in 1887. Indeed, Coward owes more perhaps to Pinero than to any other of his predecessors. The exact and irreproachable technique, the keen eye for dramatic effect, the concentration on life rather than on scoring debating points—these characteristics belong distinctly to the Pinero school. If Mr. Shaw were to write a play about a son who took drugs and a mother who took lovers, we should expect a dialectical masterpiece introduced by a two-hundred page preface full of vituperation and medical statistics. That is not part of Mr. Coward's business. Being a dramatist, pure and simple, he does not enter into the merits of the case before him; he writes *The Vortex* and leaves it to speak for itself. To decide his rightful position one must examine his plays from a dramatic, not a moral or scientific, standpoint. You may not approve of Nicky Lancaster; for all evidence we have to the contrary, neither does the

author. He merely presents dramatically the outcome of his observations. It would be as foolish to censure Boccaccio for the fourteenth century as to censure Noel Coward for the twentieth.

Mr. Coward's abilities developed early. His youth—he is still in the middle twenties—leads people to believe that he was an instantaneous success. That is not so. His earliest comedies, *I'll Leave It to You* and *The Young Idea*, delighted the critics, but failed to satisfy the demands of the box office, although the latter play, at least, was brilliantly clever and diverting. He wrote several books which are already forgotten—if they were ever noticed; how many people who admire his work have ever read *A Withered Nosegay*? It was not until *The Vortex* that he won fame, and the way in which he has dominated Shaftesbury Avenue and Broadway since then makes it hard to remember that this was less than three years ago. Since that time London and New York have declared him a genius. His name is not merely familiar, but established.

Contemporary playwriting is becoming increasingly dependent on dialogue, and it is in this art that Coward excels. His dialogue has the indefinable quality of *pace,* which is not to be confused with rapidity of utterance. Even in his earliest work he shows his gift for combining naturalness with intense drama. *The Rat-Trap,* a play immature in some respects, contains passages of swift, fierce exchanges, which, in their developed form, were so effective in the third act of *The Vortex* and again in the second act of his recent play, *Easy Virtue*. Coward has the art of not merely sustaining but creating dramatic tension by his dialogue alone. He is thus less dependent upon "situation" than most dramatists; a peculiarity which will be still more valuable to him when his imagination is no longer sprightly and young enough to respond with instant effect to all the heavy calls playwriting makes upon it.

Similarly, in his comedies, it is the dialogue which attracts, although he is adroit enough at devising a plot. The success of his lighter plays is due to the unforced gaiety of his lines; he does not depend on an artificial, cut-and-dried wit. Even at his most extravagant, his comedy is convincing because he always writes with experience of his characters and their environment; it is the humour of modern life at which he makes us laugh.

If Noel Coward satisfies by his truthful characterization and his dramatic skill—no one can deny that he is master of his craft—what, then, is the charge his opponents bring against him? They object to his treatment of sex problems. It seems that every dramatist of originality has to undergo a chastening process of this kind. Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Jones's *Triumph of the Philistines*, Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—they seem to us very innocuous, and yet each in its time raised a similar outcry. In Mr. Coward's case it is amusing, as well as instructive, to examine the charge more closely. Of his eight plays produced in this country three, *I'll Leave It to You, The Young Idea,* and *Hay Fever,* may be dismissed at once from the discussion; they are light comedies into which sex problems, as such, do not enter. The theme of *The Rat-Trap* is the danger of marriage between two writers of great ability, each equally anxious to develop a career. *Easy Virtue* restates the problem of Mrs. Tanqueray; it is quite as unobjectionable as the older play. *The Queen Was in the Parlour* is quite different from his other work; in it Coward uses his own individual methods to produce a modernized version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It is an old-fashioned romance, salted with an epigram or two. There are left only *Fallen Angels,* a witty trifle in which a very slender plot of the French type is carried off by amusing dialogue, and *The Vortex,* which is his best play to date.

The chief objection to *Fallen Angels* was that it represented two excited and temperamental women making themselves drunk. It is, perhaps, legitimate to object that Mr. Coward showed bad taste in making an excellent farcical comedy out of such a subject; but it is not reasonable, for it is not true, to say that his comedy is morbid or immoral. For *The Vortex* there is no need to make any excuses. This study of the unhappier features of our own time is written with understanding, with sympathy, and with dramatic power. If it is neurotic and decadent, so, then, are *Œdipus, Hamlet,* and *Waste*. Those who so freely scatter these epithets are incapable of distinguishing the play from the people within the play. Nicky and Flo Lancaster are neurotic; *The Vortex* is not. On the contrary, it is a play of unusual virility. A dramatist must treat sex relationship and other problems according to the shape they take in the age he has selected for his milieu. If he writes of his own time, he dramatizes what he sees. The playwright cannot constitute himself a Sunday school; he fulfils his duty by using his dramatic skill, as Mr. Coward uses his, to portray the truth.

It is not out of place to refer to the future of a man so young as Mr. Coward. His past work—in itself a considerable achievement—may be regarded merely as promise of what is to come. At the moment Noel Coward is a brilliantly clever young man; he is likely to develop into something greater. Were his triumph founded only upon salacious sensationalism his success would be shortlived. But it is not. He possesses every advantage the gods can bestow upon an ambitious dramatist—quick and accurate powers of observation, style, wit, and fluency. When his art has ripened into full maturity the drama should be enriched by work not only perfect in its execution, but also great in its conception.

The Pilgrim

When I am recompensed and lean secure
Against the white cairn of the far hill-top,
Let me not then—I pray thee, King of Heaven—
Hinder that other pilgrim who ascends
By the same harsh, forbidding ways I climbed;
Perhaps a worthier than I, and armed
With brighter buckler, more celestial blade,
Yet railing with parched tongue because he bleeds.

Remind me well when I shall say, " Desist! "
When I cry out, " Judgment belongs to Heaven!
Look to your feet in quiet, rouse not the Fiend;
You show a foraying spirit else, not God's,"
Blasting him from my fastness when he rails.

Remind me, King of Heaven, bestow thy power,
That I may lean to him with flickering brain,
Smite so upon the silence, lend him my mind,
Be to his arm a shadowy minister.
For thus, unseen, throughout Heaven's Universe,
Thought marches swift to action, glows to power,
And lives are nourished down dim distances.

Remind me, King of Heaven, that when I climbed,
Troubled and bleeding, up the mountain flanks
I still could see the sun, while ministers
Of tenderest kindness drifted to my side,
And Thy white manna fell ere flash of Day.
Remind my soul how each must climb his way.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

APHORISMS FROM GOETHE

SOME books seem to have been written not that men may learn from them, but that men may know that the author knew something.

We rightly call our Masters those from whom we *always* learn. A man from whom we learn something does not deserve the title.

It is as certain as it is wonderful that Truth and Error come from a single source; often, therefore, we must not attack Error because we should attack the Truth thereby.

He who does not think too much of himself is much more than he believes.

If I know my relation to myself and the external world, I call it truth. So every man can have his own truth, and yet it is always the same.

Man never understands how anthromorphic he is.

The stupidest of all errors is when good young heads think they lose their originality when they recognize a truth that has been already recognized by others.

The greatest difficulty in psychological investigation is that we must always regard the inward and the outward as parallel, or rather as interwoven. There is a continuous systole and diastole, inbreathing and outbreathing in living being: though we cannot express it, we must observe it exactly and attend to it.

APHORISMS FROM GOETHE

There is a great difference between a poet who seeks the particular for the sake of the universal and one who sees the universal in the particular. From the former method comes Allegory where the particular is used only as an example, an instance of the universal; but the latter is the true method of poetry. It expresses a particular without a thought of or a reference to the universal. But whoever has a living grasp of this particular grasps the universal with it, knowing it either not at all, or long afterwards.

Ideas return, convictions spread, but circumstances pass irrevocably.

Truth is contrary to our nature, error not; and for a simple reason: Truth demands that we recognize ourselves as limited, Error flatters us that we are in some way or other unlimited.

At all times it has been only individuals who have worked for knowledge, not the Age. The Age made Socrates drink the hemlock; the Age burned Huss. The Age has always been the same.

There are only two true religions—the one that recognizes and prays to the Holy that lives in and around us, absolutely without form, the other that recognizes and prays to it in the most beautiful form. All that lies between is idolatry.

We learn only from books we cannot judge. The author of a book that we can judge must learn from us.

Therefore the Bible is an eternally inspiring book, because, so long as the world lasts, no one will get up and say: "I grasp it as a whole and understand it in detail." We say modestly: "As a whole it is worthy honour, and in detail it is of practical use."

I am convinced that the Bible will always appear the more beautiful the more we understand it, that is, the more we comprehend and see that every word that we take in a universal sense, and, in particular, apply to ourselves, had in certain circumstances, in certain conditions of time and place, its own proper, peculiar, immediately individual reference.

Christianity is much more strongly opposed to Judaism than to Paganism.

Apocrypha : It would be important to collect together what is historically known about this subject, and to show that precisely those apocryphal writings with which the communities were flooded in the first centuries of our era, and from which our Canon still suffers, are the real cause why Christianity, at no moment of political or church history, was able to come forward in all its beauty and purity.

Completeness is the norm of Heaven, to desire completeness the norm of men.

Better that injustice be done you than that the world be without law. Therefore obey the law.

Better that injustices occur, than they be abolished in an unjust way.

Character, in great things and small, is when a man steadily achieves what he feels himself capable of achieving.

When a couple of men are really contented with each other you can generally be sure that they are in error.

Don't say you will give, but give. Expectation is never satisfied.

APHORISMS FROM GOETHE

Belief, Love, Hope, in a peaceful, friendly hour, once felt a plastic urge in their nature: they busied themselves together and created a lovely figure, a Pandora in the higher sense—Patience.

No wonder we are all more or less satisfied with mediocrity, for it leaves us in peace; it gives us the comfortable feeling of going about with our equals.

The first and last thing to be demanded of genius is love of the Truth.

He who is and remains true to himself and others possesses the highest gift of the greatest genius.

In science, we are pantheists, in poetry, polytheists, in morals, monotheists.

Kepler said: " My highest wish is inwardly, within myself to be convinced of the God I find everywhere in the outward world." At that very moment the noble man felt, unconsciously, that the divine in him was in the closest relation to the divine of the Universe.

Foolish to belittle your enemy before defeat; contemptible after victory.

A man never reveals his character so plainly as when he speaks of a great man or of anything extraordinary. It is the true touchstone of his metal.

It is all the same whether a man speaks Truth or Falsehood; both will be contradicted.

Our opponents think they have refuted us when they repeat their opinion and pay no attention to ours.

How many years must not a man *do*, to know even roughly, what and how to do?

We never go further than when we no longer know where we are going.

An error is easy to detect; but not a lie.

The tiger who wants to make the deer understand how glorious blood-lapping is.

Only then do we really think when we cannot think out what we are thinking about.

If wise men made no mistakes, fools would be in despair.

In society all are equal. No society can be based on anything but the concept of equality, but by no means on the concept of freedom. I will find equality in society; freedom—the moral freedom to subordinate myself—I bring with me.

If one has not read the newspapers for some months, and then reads a batch of them together, then one realizes how much time one wastes over them. The world has always been divided into parties, and now in particular. In this doubtful condition the newspaper-writer tries to allure one party or the other, and feeds the inward sympathy or aversion from day to day, until at last a decision happens and the event is, like a divinity, the subject of astonished admiration.

A language is strong not when it rejects the foreign but when it absorbs it.

APHORISMS FROM GOETHE

Mysticism : unripe Poetry, unripe Philosophy.
Poetry : a ripe Nature.
Philosophy : a ripe Reason.

No man deceives himself who, in his youth, expects never so much. But just as he then felt the presage in his heart, so must he seek the fulfilment in his heart also, not outside himself.

To write a play demands genius. At the end sensibility, in the middle reason, in the beginning intelligence must predominate, and all alike be expressed through a living-clear imaginative faculty.

Nothing is truly theatrical that is not symbolic to the eye.

A novel is not a lawsuit, where a definite verdict must be given.

Two feelings are the hardest of all to overcome : to have discovered what has been discovered already, and not to have discovered what one ought to have discovered.

The senses do not deceive ; the judgment deceives.

Creative scepticism : which constantly seeks to overcome itself, and through ordered experience to arrive at a kind of conditioned confidence.

The universal attribute of such a spirit is the tendency to inquire whether such a predicate really belongs to such an object, and this inquiry is made with the purpose of being able to use securely in practice what is discovered as proved.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

" MACBETH " AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Sumptuously embalmed by Charles Ricketts, a tragedy of William Shakespeare's lies in state at the Prince's Theatre. Sybil Thorndike and Henry Ainley are the chief mourners, and the funeral music is by Granville Buntock. Regarded as an illustrated edition of *Macbeth,* this production, with its twenty-two pictures by an eminent scene-painter, is a beautiful one. Many of the scenes are so interesting that they take up the whole of one's attention.

But one has hardly time to appreciate any one of these pictures before it is snatched away, like the dishes from Don Quixote, and another one is put in its place. Scenes are short in the Shakespearean drama. They were written before eminent scene-painters were invented, and the words fondly try to do what is now commissioned from an A.R.A. Some are of the opinion that against a simple background the words of the poet succeed in their double task, and paint upon the mind's canvas images as beautiful as any that can be drawn with brush and pigment. The point is disputable, of course, but what admits of no argument is this: when the word-pictures have to compete with physical forms and colours they are defeated. For in the theatre the eye is more easily signalled to than the ear. Ask any experienced actor of the tricks that are based upon this rule, and he will tell you how a jealous player, merely by fiddling with a handkerchief, or some bright metal object, can spoil his rival's most important speech by attracting the eye, and therefore the attention of the audience to himself. I need not underline the drift of these remarks. If one scarcely had time to appreciate the twenty-two pictures, the splendid costumes, the pictorial grouping of the players, what time was left to listen to Shakespeare or to enjoy the acting?

It seems ungracious thus to criticise this costly effort

to bring the national dramatist within sight of the sophisticated barbarians of Shaftesbury Avenue. But one must be faithful to one's impressions, and my impression at the end of the play was that the drama had been killed by the constantly falling curtain, after suffering all the evening from Ricketts. Some of my disappointment was due to an ingrained desire for movement, suspense, anticipation, continuously ascending intensity of interest. "I confess it is my fault to be so fond, but 'tis not in my nature to amend it." But if one blames the lack of these essentials upon the scenic artist, is the dramatist free of all fault? Taking *Othello* as the model of Shakespearean construction, *Macbeth* seems far behind in technical merit. As in *Julius Cæsar,* the last scenes lack all interest to a modern audience. The highest point of interest is reached almost at once with the murder of Duncan, and after the visit of Banquo's ghost, which is in the early middle of the play, there is a rapid decline of interest. There is, to be sure, the sleepwalking scene. One has read that in the old days an actress like Mrs. Siddons played the scene so that the hearers were rooted to their seats, their sight destroyed with a new Gorgon. Miss Thorndike did not transfix me with terror in this or any other scene. But could any other living actress do so? Peruse such stage memoirs as Cibber's Apology or Holcroft's Autobiography and you learn that in those times there were players who could produce physical effects upon the spectators which seem incredible to-day; and this, though they were acting in theatres like vast shadowy caverns, which were feebly lit by candles, and were spouting the windy fudge of Otway or Sheridan Knowles. But the secret of this sort of acting has been lost in England, and no one can blame Miss Thorndike for not having the key. She gives, as always, a consistently interesting performance; and though I, for one, can never forget that

she is acting, her technical proficiency never ceases to delight me. All her performances are exemplary in this respect, and are to be held up as models of what hard work and determination can effect.

Mr. Ainley's Macbeth is so uninspired that his performance becomes of clinical interest to the critic. I can almost worship this actor even when he exhibits himself to his feminine admirers in rubbish like *Prince Fazil.* A few months ago, he and Madge Titheradge made the duel between Beatrice and Benedick a marvel of comedy and of elocutionary style. As with jewelled phrase they thrust and parried, one was breathless with joy at the sheer skill of it. But this Macbeth—oh, Mr. Ainley! The soliloquies and the purple patches he hurries over as if he were ashamed of their unashamed rhetorical beauty. One could hear all the words, but none of their music. Feeling seems frozen in him. He plays with the restraint of a du Maurier in a cocktail comedy. There is no passion, no swirl of emotion, no high hopes or deep despairs, no sense of the value of what he has achieved by murder or lost by it. On the edge of defeat when he cries, "Why should I play the Roman fool?" there is no more feeling of suicidal impulse in his uplifted sword than there is conviction of death when he slays the young prince. Such a reading of Macbeth's character can be defended. There is no Shakespearean Macbeth, there are only the words for each actor to make his part of. But I am certain that so cold, so insensible, a Macbeth arouses but little feeling in return.

I seem to persist in my ungraciousness, having said little yet of praise. Well, by implication, the production is interesting enough to be criticized in detail. I could write pages more about it. And without reserve I can praise Mr. Lewis Casson as producer and stage-manager. There were complaints on the first night, but when I saw the play the twenty-two pictures by

Mr. Ricketts were set and struck with miraculous celerity and lack of noise. All the scene-shifters deserve medals for this production. I liked the grouping of the supers, particularly in the battle scenes, with the exception of one scene in which Mr. Eugene Leahy, as Ross, was perched on a solitary rock as high and narrow as a pillar. From the top of this he addressed the army. My anxiety for his safety on this precarious foothold awoke my sense of humour, for he seemed to me like a cartoon of Nelson on his monument exhorting the Socialist orators beneath him to leave Trafalgar Square. I enjoyed watching Duncan and his attendants enter Macbeth's castle by coming up steps from beneath the stage. This gave one a feeling of being safe within a stronghold. I liked to see Banquo's ghost on its second appearance seated on the throne. This finely symbolizes the prophecy about his descendants. It seemed mistaken ingenuity, however, to make Banquo's spirit vanish from the seat as neatly as in a trick by Maskelyn. This only made me wonder, as at a conjuring entertainment, how the trick was done instead of letting the mind remain on Macbeth's reaction to the apparition. I liked Basil Gill's Macduff. I thought the three witches did their best to thrill us, though I do not understand how any one but a confirmed Elizabethan could be awed by their comical chants and absurd spells made of baboon's blood and finger of birth-strangled babe. Yet would you believe that Mr. Ricketts has placed a pair of large green cat's eyes in the dark background of the witches' cavern, and tries to give us an extra shiver by turning on and off behind them an electric light? In conclusion, I can recommend any reader of this page to visit the Prince's Theatre.—JOHN SHAND.

SUSAN GLASPELL.—Three plays by Susan Glaspell, *The Verge, Inheritors,* and *Bernice*, are published in

book form, in the reverse order, as it happens, from that in which they were written.

The best is the least original, namely, *Inheritors*. It presents a very real situation with distinct bearings upon American life of to-day; the dialogue is good, and it would probably be a most effective play on the stage. That the high idealism of one generation should be degraded in the next is not a new theme of tragedy; but even if an idea be as old as the hills, its age does not matter provided it is treated with newness and power.

We are face to face with a paradox in this book. When Mrs. Glaspell's idea is the least original, then it is that she does her best work. *The Verge* and *Bernice* contain her most original, most profound convictions, all that she really longs to say about life. And it is notable that the one play is the exact complement of the other. In *Bernice* life—Life the ideal—is represented by a dead woman, and in *The Verge* it becomes a flower. In these symbols it shall be, so to speak, incorporated. But it is impossible to imprison the ideal in this way. It is simply an attempt to grasp with the intellect—so finite and logical—a truth which is infinite and illogical. A network of words is spun and the mind becomes more and more obscure in the effort to express in terms of its own, truths that can only be known through intuitive perception of life as it is lived.

No one who has seen *The Cherry Orchard* and come away feeling in his heart that under all the world's sorrow, in fact in some way *because* of that sorrow, an ineffable beauty is always at work on the most perfect pattern, can doubt the real purpose of drama. Here are men and women who live—who speak and move with divine inevitability. It is from watching that we learn, as it were, with the whole of us, a truth which the mind alone is powerless to grasp. These people are subtle in themselves, but their words are not subtle.

What is left unsaid seems always of more importance than what is said. No talking of life, but living. And in their living is their secret.

But in *The Verge* and *Bernice* Mrs. Glaspell's characters have so much to say about life that for living there is no opportunity. They are so hard at work trying to make an intellectual formulation of truth that all which they should simply *be* is petrified into words. We take Claire, the heroine of *The Verge,* as our chief example, for she is the last, the final, character, and was to have said *everything*. If only she could have been instead of saying! But it seems she was not conceived for the purpose of being, but simply as a vehicle for ideas. Her purpose is to tell us such things as these :—

> "Out there—(*giving it with her hands*) lies all that's not been touched—lies life that waits. Back here—the old pattern, done again, again and again. So long done it doesn't even know itself for a pattern—in immensity. . . . And when you make a pattern new you know a pattern's made with life. And then you know that anything may be —if only you know how to reach it."

And her talk of "fartherness," "otherness" and of that new unique flower which she has created called Breath of Life teaches us nothing.

Mrs. Glaspell knows her own weakness. She makes Claire refuse "to nail" the ineffable "on to a cross of words—with brass tacks." Yet the play—and Claire who is the play—keep trying to do this the whole time. To be aware of one's own weakness, however, is not to have conquered it, though it is sometimes said to be the first step on the way. But in a case of extreme intellectualization such as Mrs. Glaspell's we doubt it. At all events, the consequence of her method, up to the present, is simply to make her heroines intolerable people.—Mary Arden.

THOUGHT AND WRITING.—One can only write from three well-heads: memory, imagination, or thought. None of these three sources exists independently. All interact upon and borrow from each other. But they can and do severally preponderate in different productions. To-day, in all forms of writing, thought is being swamped by the two other factors working in collusion. The tendency amongst what are called creative writers towards sense-reminiscence which is to be realistically fragmentary is carrying them far away from thought. Faced with an object, fact or event, they give their memory and imagination free play and burrow in association, reminiscence and sensory by-play, not instinctively as would an untutored savage, but deliberately as an escape from thinking about it. There can be no doubt that this is due to the fact that much of what was considered to be thought has had its independent existence challenged and has been relegated to the position of a process less conscious because more circumscribed by irrational antecedents than would justify our applying to it the term thought, habitually idealized as this terms has been as sovereign and autonomous.

Thinking begins when we attempt to relate the effects on us of sense stimuli, but once the machinery of thought is familiar to us this elementary empiric reasoning surpasses itself and the machinery can be brought into action upon subject-matter created by itself from memory or imagination. Thinking then asserts its independence of external stimulus more and more, until man is tempted to consider the process as purely abstract or innate though individual, with the laws of its being complete within it. Knowing this to be fallacious merely because even the choice of subject-matter can never be made without the influence of non-rational impulses, we might be thrown back to an analysis, not of how we began to think at all, but of how thought

can tend to independence, what are the conditions favourable to such a tendency.

Modern psychology has robbed us of our belief in pure thought as a reality, and the writers of to-day do not introduce theory into their imaginative work, feeling, no doubt, that theory is associated too much with exploded "beliefs." But could not their passion for exercises, for unharmonic scales in music, unrhythmic, meaningless, short lines in verse, light and shade play on unrelated, unreal surface bodies in painting—could not this interest be extended to the cerebral play round a theme or a theory, with, as a sop to their public, a statement to the effect that such a theory was used only arbitrarily because of its unimportance. One feels, however, that such irony would be lost on them, and the necessity for disciplined thought would frighten them.

Mr. Santayana in his recently published *Dialogues in Limbo* is undeniably an artist approaching his themes as a realist would approach a railway accident. Surely, the Neo-Aristotelianism of Avicenna is as good subject-matter as the rain on "noisy coloured grass." Who will free us from the tyranny of far-fetched irrelevancies hastily thrown together in fear of thought?—WILSON PLANT.

"THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD." — *The World of William Clissold* (Benn. Three volumes. 7s. 6d. each.) has been issued and written about and—put on the shelf. The "most important work of the century" has become one of the "best books of the year." It has, in fact, been so extensively dealt with that I would not take it down again to review it merely formally, for by now all readers must know more about its plan, its characters, and its ideas than I have space to tell. Yet as Mr. H. G. Wells's latest and most comprehensive attempt to portray one man's vision of the contemporary world it does demand some attention in

these pages. If it be Clissold's world yet it is Wells's book, and as a revelation of Wells it is, in the final reckoning, of interest and value. A somewhat melancholy interest, for, though undoubtedly he has given of his best, from the only point of view which seems to me to matter very much—that of pure literature—it is hard to believe that he has accomplished anything at all. As a novel it may, like one of Arnold Bennett's characters, " make a fine corpse," but a corpse it is nevertheless.

It has, naturally, brilliancies, felicities, pages of very splendid writing, considerable wit, yet as a whole it is cut off from the vital source of life, it utters no truth of the soul. As D. H. Lawrence puts it, a novel " can't exist without being ' quick.' The ordinary unquick novel, even if it be a best seller, disappears into absolute nothingness, the dead burying their dead with surprising speed." I urged myself into reading " Clissold " a second time; shall I ever want to look at it again?

For Clissold himself appears often no more than a loose bundle of hopes, desires, tendencies, floating always upon the surface of things, irremediably detached from any permanent reality at all. " Fundamentally I am outside life, receiving experiences. I like and want to do things with life; but I am not of the substance of life." That seems true enough; ideas, reactions, scepticisms—take these away, and what remains? Religion he rejects because its substance is "feeling" rather than " facts and statements." Love means nothing to him: " No one has ever been necessary to me. I cannot conceive that anyone should ever be necessary to me." One questions how much even his ideas really mean to him; one doubts whether mentally, any more than sexually, he could ever be constant, whether had he lived he would not presently have thrown over his Open Conspiracy even as he would infallibly have been unfaithful to Clementina. Inconstancy is in his nature; only by change can he escape

boredom long, for it is inherent in his limitations that nothing may satisfy him once the first interest is exhausted. Typically he sets his happiness in the future : " The peace of the world, the just and creative society, and the common peace of the human soul can only come, each with and through the other." In effect—get the ideas right and the soul will be well enough. He rejects completely the fact that peace of soul depends never upon permissive circumstances alone, but altogether upon an inward harmony. The divided self will never achieve content, and Clissold, like Wells, *is* divided within himself.

It may be said that I am simply setting one point of view against another, that just as I reject Clissold's attitude so it is open to him to reject mine, to assert that the soul, in so far as it exists at all, is subordinate to the mind, and that ideas are alone of interest. He might demand to be judged by his own standards. But Wells, at any rate, cannot disown his past, and I have preferred to judge him by the standards of his own best work, written when he *was* an artist, creating intuitively out of immediate apprehension.

In the past, he has set glowing above us not a few bright stars ; the first excitement and admiration of their discovery we shall not easily forget. These shine not less clearly to-day. But a rocket, though by its proximity it may outglare all else, cannot persuade us for a moment that it is more than transitory. Now we have only the stick, a long, a stout, a very interesting stick, for many reasons deserving our examination, but still—a stick.—Geoffrey West.

"THE LION AND THE FOX"

By The Journeyman

COLERIDGE once described Warburton, the eighteenth-century Shakespearean critic, as "idealess but thought-swarming." There are moments when one is tempted to bring Mr. Wyndham Lewis, our latest Shakespearean critic, under the same category. It would be unjust: the contrast between "idea" and "thought" does not apply to him, as it did to Warburton; but something in the nuance of the phrase fits nicely. Mr. Lewis is "idea-swarming."

He is one of the most intellectually brilliant of contemporary writers; yet he is one of the least satisfying, indeed one of the most positively painful, to read. I have emerged from *The Lion and the Fox: the Rôle of Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare* (Grant Richards, 16s. net) with what is called "a feeling of acute distress." The inconsequence with which its often illuminating aperçus are juxtaposed, the absence of any rhythmical progress in his exposition, the sense the book gives of having been composed at odd times, as a series of scattered notes round and about Shakespeare, and then having been bundled together without design—these things drive me to a sort of despairing petulance. *Why* is it that Mr. Lewis, who swarms with brilliant ideas, should be so incapable of the *ordonnance* which makes a book a book and not a steeplechase? Why is it that he, whose writing, partaken by paragraphs and pages, is so admirable in point and energy, should make books that are at once contorted and diffuse. The vice has grown upon him. The bigger his book the more unsatisfying, the more *pénible* the total effect. His

pamphlet *The Caliph's Design* was pungent and enjoyable: *The Art of Being Ruled*, his *magnum opus* of last spring, was so chaotic that after several attempts to review it I had to confess myself incapable.

The declared purpose of *The Lion and the Fox* is to reveal to us something of the mind of Shakespeare. The Lion is the "hero" of Shakespearean tragedy, the Fox the Machiavellian through whom the hero comes to his disaster. We are given large preliminary dissertations on the fascination exerted by a romantic notion of Machiavellism on the Elizabethan mind, which is interesting enough, though probably exaggerated. But this enormous *avant-propos* is not justified by any demonstrable relevance to Shakespeare. Not that we deny that the Italianate "politician" plays a considerable part in Shakespeare's world: it might fairly be held, as Mr. Lewis holds, that Iago is a representative of the type. But it is illegitimate to argue as though the antithesis between hero and Machiavellian, the Lion-Fox opposition, were constant in Shakespeare's tragedy. Not in *Hamlet*, or in *Lear*, or in *Macbeth*, or in *Antony*, is the hero brought to disaster by such an agent. Moreover, there is plenty of evidence that Shakespeare did not take the Machiavellian idea at all seriously. Some of his juniors—Webster, Ford, Tourneur—appear in their different ways to have taken him at face value. But not Shakespeare: the Bastard's various observations in *King John* early reveal him smiling at the bogey of his age. Moreover, to be fair to the intellects of his three juniors, it is doubtful whether they were in reality quite so imposed upon by the Machiavellian as they appear to have been. I have often thought that they were merely struggling with the problem of providing their audience with a different kind of thrill from Shakespeare's; and that they found it in Italy, just as thirty years ago the new bogey of popular

novels and popular drama in this country was bombs, nihilism, the secret service, the knout, and Siberia.

However that may be, the "politician" is distinctly not an important figure in Shakespeare's universe; and it is only by excluding most of the tragedies from real consideration that he can be elevated into one pole of the tragic opposition in Shakespeare, as Mr. Lewis has elevated him. Where the Lion-Fox opposition fits the facts, as in *Othello,* there Mr. Lewis is admirable; where it does not fit them he is irrelevant.

The other main thread of Mr. Lewis's tangled skein is his view that the outspoken cynicism of Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida* is not, as idealistic Shakespearean criticism generally maintains, an exceptional attitude in Shakespeare's plays:—

> "Is it not possible (he asks) to match out of *Lear, Timon, Hamlet, Macbeth* the 'bitterest' that can be found in *Troilus?* The cynical railer, *altofronto* type, is one to which Shakespeare, far from being averse, seems particularly partial. Hamlet or Jaques provide incessant and deeply 'bitter' examples. It seems beyond all contradiction that, however that statement affects your opinion of this gigantic poet, the *altofronto* mood was a permanent and characteristic one with him. That (accepting it as best you can) you have to reconcile it with the 'heroism' of his Antonys, Hectors, and Othellos. No more than you can get a unity of time and place with Shakespeare can you get a unity of soul."

The point was well worth making, if only as a sort of experimental challenge to idealist criticism. But we must observe that Mr. Lewis's concluding sentence is not, as he seems to think it, an argued conclusion. It is based upon an entirely new and quite untenable assumption that unity of soul in a great dramatist depends upon his characters all saying the same thing, or at least all being clearly recognizable functions of the same attitude.

What has happened is that Mr. Lewis, by arbitrarily

ssuming that the cynicism of Thersites is a permanent ersonal mood of Shakespeare himself, has himself lisintegrated Shakespeare's unity of soul. That Shakepeare had a unity of soul must be taken for granted : t is a necessary hypothesis in the case of so great a oet. That this unity of soul was different from that magined by many of his critics and interpreters, more omprehensive and more flexible, seems evident nough ; and Mr. Lewis is quite right in insisting upon he persistence in Shakespeare of various strains which he idealists ignore or deplore ; precisely as, in the maller but kindred case of Keats, they ignore or delore his sensuous and passional nature. But to show, y a necessary emphasis on the facts, that the unity of oul generally ascribed to Shakespeare is inadequate o the elements which must be unified, is quite a different thing from having demonstrated that Shakespeare as no unity of soul at all.

The illusion that these are the same is the fundaental weakness of Mr. Lewis's book. His criticism s essentially destructive and disintegrating. Instead f trying to make a new spiritual synthesis of the Shakepearean elements he contents himself with the declaraion, which he wrongly supposes to be demonstration, hat no such synthesis is possible. And that, soberly onsidered, is an even more ridiculous result to have eached than the "gentle-gentlemanly Will" who aunts most traditional criticism. However inadequate uch a synthesis may be, based as it is on innumerable acit rejections of Shakespearean work, it does at least naintain that the notion of a synthesis is necessary. omehow a unity of soul must be found in Shakespeare, ven by doing violence to him : for without a unity of oul he is an inconceivable monster, a *non-ens*.

The reason why Mr. Lewis takes such evident leasure in rejecting the notion that a unity of soul can e found in Shakespeare peeps out in the strange inco-

herence of his own book. This is not, as Mr. Lewis would like to persuade himself and us, a Shakespearean incoherence being necessarily manifested in an interpretation of Shakespeare; on the contrary, it is an incoherence in the interpreter being projected on to the object interpreted. To analyse, to find causes for, this painful incoherence of Mr. Lewis's dazzlingly brilliant mind, lies beyond our scope. Behind it, one suspects some potent frustration; for the immediate and final impression of his book is of a fierce but *baffled* intellectual energy. Perhaps a clue might be found in the gross and palpable extravagance of Mr. Lewis's praise of Chapman. In Chapman there is also a fierce intellectual energy, a constant lack of control and purposeful co-ordination, a sense of smouldering grievance against and contempt for others, and above all an utter inability to come to any sort of terms with the society in which he lived.

Shakespeare made terms with his age: hard terms. Hard terms were the best a Shakespeare could get in days when the quality of a player was removed only by a hair's breadth from the status of a vagabond. But he smiled at Jonson's notion that kings should bow to a man of letters, replied to Chapman's angry abuse and mighty pretensions with the perfect lines:—

> "He, nor that affable familiar ghost
> That nightly gulls him with intelligence . . . ;"

stuck to his fourth part of the moiety of the "Globe," rebuilt the house at Stratford, wrote himself down *armigero*, and proceeded from *Hamlet* to *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Mr. Lewis is right: Shakespeare is a dangerous man; but not dangerous in the way Mr. Lewis would persuade us—not Chapmanesquely dangerous—" with ho! such bugs and goblins in my life!" Shakespeare's is the danger not of a new chaos, but of a new order.

THE LIFE OF JESUS

By John Middleton Murry

CHAPTER XX.—*continued.*

THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

This crude imagination Jesus sought at every opportunity to correct on his last journey. When the disciples would have prevented the little children from being brought to him, he was angry, and said:

"Let the children come to me: do not prevent them. For the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to such as they. Truly I tell you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a child, shall never enter into it." And he clasped them in his arms, and blessed them, laying his hands upon them.

It was not easy to understand; it never will be easy to understand: and even those who come near to understanding it often err in insisting upon an element of childishness. Not to the childish, but to the childlike and to the child, belongs the Kingdom: to those born whole, and to those re-born into wholeness. But the essential which Jesus sought to impress upon his disciples was that entry into the Kingdom was a condition and an experience. It is, indeed, to make the same mistake as did his disciples to imagine that this condition and this experience were but the qualification for entrance into the Kingdom. The condition and the experience were all in all; but it followed of necessity that those who partook of it must enter into another order of existence. The Kingdom of God was, at one and the same time, a condition of soul within men, and an order of existence outside them, a universal order of a new world yet to be.

The story of the rich young man, which belongs to this same journey, has a like import. As Jesus took the road again from Capernaum the young man ran towards him and fell on his knees.

"Good Master," he said, "what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

"Why do you call me good? No one is good save God. You know the commandments: Do no murder, Commit no

adultery, Do not Steal, Bear no false witness, Do no injus
Honour your father and your mother."

"All these commandments I have kept since a boy, Maste

Jesus looked at him, and loved him.

"One thing is lacking. Go, sell all that you have and it to the poor and you shall have treasure in heaven: then c hither and follow me."

His face fell at the word, and he went away sad, for he many possessions.

Those are right who maintain that these words of J contain no absolute injunction of poverty. It was, indeed, the rejection of his wealth as such that was "the one t lacking" to the young man whom Jesus loved, but his rejec of his attachment to his wealth. It was *possible* that a might be rich and inherit eternal life; but yet in truth it wa but impossible. To have riches and not be attached to th to keep possessions and yet be ready to surrender them word; to be wealthy and live as though one had no wealth a —this was almost beyond human power. If the young man said, "Master, I will," Jesus would have called him back such a willingness the act was not necessary.

Jesus watched the young man going sadly away: the said to his disciples:

"How hard it is for those who have riches to enter Kingdom of God!"

He meant precisely what he said: that it was terribly for a rich man to attain that complete surrender to the of God which was the sign of belonging to the Kingdom thought ran on:

"How hard it is to enter the Kingdom of God! It is ea for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man to enter the Kingdom of God."

Once more it was not an absolute impossibility that Jesus proclaiming, even though it is in fact impossible for a ca to pass through a needle's eye; it was rather a task of su human difficulty, that no man should set himself. The discip says Mark, were completely astonished, and said to themsel "Who then can be saved?" Certainly it was not any decl tion that it was impossible for a rich man to enter the King that thus astonished and perplexed them. Jesus had preac poverty often enough, and they themselves were really peasants. There were plenty of poor to be blessed and sa Their question was "What rich man then can be savec And this was the question which Jesus answered.

"With men it is impossible, but not with God. With all things are possible."

It was beyond the power of a man so to hold himself towards his riches as to be completely detached from them. Yet Jesus could not accept the thought that the young man whom he had looked on and loved should be excluded from the Kingdom. He as man could see no way for him: but God might. Nay, God would. For Jesus would become God's deputy and Judge.

Peter said: "See, we have left everything and followed you."

Jesus answered the unspoken question:

"Truly, I tell you, there is no one who has left house or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children or lands for my sake and the good news, who shall not receive a hundredfold now in this world—houses and brothers and sisters and mothers and children and lands—with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life. And many first shall be last, and many last first."

Surely the irony is unmistakable, even though the sting has been duly removed by Matthew and Luke. A hundredfold—with persecutions. The Kingdom had nothing to do with rewards, either in this world or the next: in the Kingdom all justice was transcended.

The thought is hard, perhaps almost as hard to-day after centuries of Christianity as it was when Jesus tried to make it clear to his disciples. They did not understand; not many after them have understood. It is easier to smile at the crudely material imaginations of James and John when they asked that one might sit on his right hand and the other on his left in his glory than to think how simple peasants could otherwise conceive the high knowledge of Jesus. And Jesus' answer is the only one: "You do not know what you are asking for."

It would be vain indeed to seek to determine how far Jesus gave to his knowledge and his expectation a material embodiment. To say what he desired to say, he had to appeal to a familiar scheme; but it is certain that the material elements of his teaching are precisely those which were exaggerated by the evangelists. The memory and the interpretation of Jesus' words is ultimately derived from those disciples whose lack of understanding he so often rebuked: to men who, after all Jesus' efforts to disabuse them, disputed to the last over the question which of them should be the greatest in the Kingdom. What is wonderful is not that Jesus' teaching should have been coarsened here and there, but that in the main the pure spirituality of his thought concerning the Kingdom should have been so astonishingly preserved. It was saved, we may guess, by its strangeness and its authority. The strangest of Jesus' words were those he uttered most evidently with the certainty of the son of God.

"You do not know what you are asking for," he said to the importunate sons of Zebedee. "Can you drink the cup that I drink, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

"We can."

"You shall drink the cup that I drink; and you shall be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with. But to sit on my right hand and my left is not mine to give, but to those for whom it has been prepared."

There was for Jesus always an unknown element in the Kingdom. The Kingdom as condition he knew; the Kingdom as realization he did not know, and openly confessed his ignorance. He did not know how a rich man could enter it; he did not know the day on which it would be established by his coming as the Son of Man; he did not know who would sit on his right hand and his left. These were things that the Son did not know, only the Father. And yet, even of these three things that Jesus did not know, one became known to him. When he spoke his final parable of the Sheep and the Goats, he knew how a rich man could enter the Kingdom.

Therefore we may say, using a crude analogy, that Jesus knew, and came to know completely, the natural laws of the Kingdom; the only thing he did not know was the details of its realization. Or we may say, perhaps more exactly, that he knew the Kingdom as the master-artist knows his masterpiece to be when he is on the brink of taking up his pen or his brush. He sees it wholly, perfectly with the eye of the soul; but the concrete vision which can come only when the work is achieved and done is denied him. And Jesus (if we may follow the image) stood now towards his disciples as the master-artist who should seek to explain his masterpiece to be, which earthly circumstance forbids him to begin. They want to know what it will be *like*. He shakes his head in despair. It will be like nothing on earth: it will be utterly new—the perfect realization of all that whereunto the whole creation groans and travails. Not like this, not like that; you will not say, "It is here," or "It is there"; you cannot ask who will sit here, who there. These things have no meaning. It is a different *kind* of existence. To be able to conceive it you must be changed. The Kingdom is within you, it will not come by watching: for to conceive it now, or enter it hereafter, you must have passed beyond all thought of greater and less, of reward and punishment.

The disciples were very angry with James and John. Jesus called them to him and said:

"You know that those who have the reputation of ruling the heathen lord it over them, and their great ones have authority

over them. Let it not be so among you. But whoever wishes to be great among you must be your servant, and whoever wishes to be first among you must be the slave of all. For the Son of Man himself did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many."

To those who would carry impossible and irrelevant logical distinctions into the living centre of Jesus' teaching, and would assert that Jesus was speaking here not of the Kingdom, but of the conduct of his true disciples in this world, let it be said once again that there is no essential distinction between life in this world and life in the Kingdom. The line that is drawn by much modern criticism is arbitrary and false. For the member of the Kingdom, the life of the Kingdom begins here and now, and in every true member of the Kingdom who lives in this world, the Kingdom also exists. That the moment was soon to come when this world would be changed, and a new order of things begin, was assuredly a part, and an essential part, of Jesus' belief: but the new order of things was but the necessary fulfilment of the new order of being. That new order of being could be, must be, touched here and now. The end of the world was only the completion of its setting. Or, more simply, to know the mystery of the Kingdom involved a profound change in the nature of man's thoughts and acts: he lived, as it were, from a new centre. He was reintegrated.

To this, the spiritual essence of Jesus' teaching concerning the Kingdom, eschatology is irrelevant. The teaching of Jesus remains ever new and ever true in complete independence of eschatology. But Jesus' life cannot be divorced from his eschatology, for the eschatology determined his chosen destiny. Eschatology solved the awful problem of Jesus: how he was to bring men, who would not compel the Kingdom to come by their own native act of soul, into the Kingdom. To understand Jesus the man we must understand his eschatology; but even then it is *his* eschatology that we must understand, not the eschatology of the pious Pharisee or the pious peasant of Jesus' day. Nothing is more fatal, more contrary to the spirit of true history or true criticism, than to seek to subdue Jesus to the conceptions of his contemporaries. He used their conceptions to express *his* knowledge. It is to his knowledge, not to their conceptions, that we must go.

Something of Jesus' effort to convey to his disciples the true meaning of his message appears in the two parables which are recorded as definitely belonging to this journey—the Parables of the Talents, and of the Labourers in the Vineyard. Luke says of his version of the Parable of the Talents that "Jesus spoke this parable because he was near Jerusalem, and because they

thought that the Kingdom of God would appear immediately "; and Matthew convincingly connects the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard with the disciples' desire to know what their reward would be for forsaking all their possessions.

"A certain nobleman," he said, "went away to a distant country to assume royal power and to return. And calling his servants he handed over his property to them: to one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one, to each according to his ability. Then he went away.

"The servant with the five talents immediately went and traded with them and gained another five. Likewise he with the two talents gained another two. But he with one digged a hole and hid his lord's money.

"After a long while his lord returned, having assumed his royal power, and called his servants to account. He with the five talents brought the other five and said: 'My lord, you gave me five talents. See, I have gained another five." His lord said to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant, you were faithful in little, I will set you over much. Enter into the joy of your lord." He with the two talents came forward and said: 'My lord, you gave me two talents. See, I have gained another two.' His lord said to him: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, you were faithful in little, I will set you over much. Enter into the joy of your lord.'

"Then he with the one talent came forward and said: 'My lord, I knew that you were a hard man, reaping what you did not sow, and gathering where you did not scatter. I was afraid and went and hid your talent in the earth. See, you have your own.' His lord replied: 'You wicked and idle servant, you knew that I reap where I did not sow and gather where I did not scatter. You should have given my money to the bankers and then when I came I should have received my own with interest. Take the talent from him and give it him that has ten. For to every one that hath it shall be given, in superfluity. And from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' "

The concluding words, which must have been often on Jesus' lips—"To him that hath it shall be given . . ."—contain, as we have seen, the inmost essence of Jesus' teaching of the mystery of the Kingdom. And here they are used, not to point the moral of the parable, but as it were to sound a note by which the parable should be understood. For the Parable of the Talents is a statement of the mystery of the Kingdom, as modulated by Jesus' destiny as Messiah-to-be. During his absence—long or short the Son knew not, but only the Father—the secret of the Kingdom must be at work incessantly in the

souls of his true disciples. By its growth within them they would be judged. He, who now departed to become King indeed, had given them the word, according to their capacity to receive it. If they had received it truly it must grow within them: the talent would be doubled, the seed become a tree. They would realize the Kingdom in themselves. True, its final manifestation would be by the fiat of the Father and the judgment of his Son; but, to pass that judgment victoriously, they must see to it that the Kingdom grew within them, here and now.

So, in the second parable by which he sought to lift the scales from the disciples' eyes so that they should see the mystery of the Kingdom, other words, familiar and repeated, which also belong to the inmost of the mystery, were used to sound the dominant tone: "The first shall be last, and the last first." As before he had striven to drive from their minds the thought that the Kingdom was merely a miraculous creation of God and to show that it must be created equally by the souls of men, now he sought to stamp out of their minds the ineradicable notion that membership of the Kingdom was a reward for services done, or sacrifices made. The parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard was spoken in final reply to Peter's unspoken expectation: "See, we have left everything and followed you." First, he had ironically promised them in this world a hundredfold of what they had sacrificed—"with persecutions"—and in the world to come, eternal life. Eternal life, simply, with no distinction of place or person. Now with an extreme of paradox, yet not strained one hairsbreadth beyond his true meaning, he strove completely to banish from their minds the idea of justice as a law of the Kingdom.

"The Kingdom of Heaven," he said, "is like a master of a house who went out at dawn to hire labourers for his vineyard. And having agreed with them at a shilling a day he sent them into his vineyard. He went out again at the third hour and saw others standing idle in the market-place and said to them: 'Go you also into the vineyard and I will pay you what is just.' And they went. And he went again out at the sixth hour, and at the ninth hour, and did the same. Going out at the eleventh hour he found others standing, and said to them: 'Why do you stand thus idle all the day?' They say to him: 'Because no one has hired us.' He said to them: 'Go you too into the vineyard.'

"When evening came the master of the vineyard said to his foreman: 'Call the workers and give them their wages, beginning from the last and going on to the first.' When those of the eleventh hour came they received each a shilling. When the first came they thought they would get more. But they too

received each a shilling. And, having got their money, they murmured against the master, saying: 'Those who came last have worked one hour, yet you make them equal to us who have borne the blazing heat and the burden of the day."

"He spoke to one of them and said: 'Friend, I do you no wrong. Did you not agree with me for a shilling? Take that which is yours and go your way. It is my will to give to this last the same as I give to you. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own? Or is your eye evil, because mine is good?'

"Thus shall the last be first, and the first last."

It is one of the profoundest of all the parables: its pure transparency opens on to illimitable depths of meaning, and the true import of the frequent phrase: "The last shall be first, and the first last," can be grasped only by its means. In the parable there is an absolute equality of reward: the conception of first and last therefore falls completely away. Yet those of the eleventh hour are paid their equal wage before those of the ninth; and those of the first hour are paid last. To ruffle into a final beauty the surface of this absolute equality of condition in the Kingdom has come the breath and influence of perfect love—that which Jesus so often and so unforgettably expressed, in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and in the words: "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine which need not repentance"—that element in Jesus' imagination and knowledge of God which differentiates it for ever from other imagination and knowledge of God. This was completely his own: out of it grew all he did and was.

For in the Kingdom as Jesus knew it, though there is neither first nor last, yet the last are first. It is a paradox and a contradiction: but it is the truth. For it is a Kingdom of love. It could not be otherwise: love imagined, love created it. In the Kingdom of love, those who belong to it find their supreme felicity in yielding to the latest comers. "There is more joy in heaven," for heaven itself is but the blessed company of the sons of God.

Such was the teaching of the grim journey to Jerusalem, when Jesus broke the silence wherein he walked alone, ahead of his frightened followers.

BOOKS TO READ

Palmerston. By Philip Guedalla. (Benn.) 25s. net.

His idiosyncracies a little modified, his method stiffened by much research, and his knowledge brought gracefully enough into full play, Mr. Guedalla has written his best book. He gives us a new Palmerston for the old, who had not been well served by biographers. Even now we do not trust the method; there is too much of the ironic showman, the exhibitor of picturesque curiosities about it. He sees "Pam" as a true, and the last, representative of the 18th century. We do not believe that he has done all that could be done for that long and varied career; and, rightly or wrongly, he has not made Palmerston an attractive, nor—outside the narrowly political sphere—a vital, figure. The very ease of his elaborate presentation of the external leaves us uneasy: a historian, whatever his own view of the deeper impulses of the human spirit, cannot simply ignore them.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By H. I'Anson Fausset. (Cape.) 12s. 6d. net.

We read Mr. Fausset with respect, but with some difficulty. This considerable book, not untouched with humour and the fashionable irony, is mainly biographical. Here there is little new ground to break (Coleridge's personality found little practical expression: his "hold on things" was indeed "faint"); a more adequate examination of his inner philosophical development, his relation to contemporary thought, and, above all, his criticism, would have been welcome. Mr. Fausset's æsthetic speculations are a little sporadic, and he has not yet taken the high place as a critic for which his sensibility and philosophic capacity qualify him.

Thiers and the French Monarchy. By John S. M. Allison. (Constable.) 18s. net.

Professor Allison has done a great deal of hard work; his subject is a difficult and uninspiring one ("strange combination," said Metternich, "of revolutionary doctrines, journalistic audacities and governmental despotism"), and reservations about his book positively imply recognition of how much it valiantly undertakes. It is not wholly his fault that Thiers eludes us. Grappling with masses of intricate facts, he gives us not quite a biography, nor in the full sense history—the outlook is too circumscribed—but political biography, at best an unattractive muse. He has not a lucid style, does not convey his effects clearly: the trees hide the wood, *perspective* is wanting. The Thiers of the July and the bourgeois Monarchy (about which his biographer is unduly depressing) is a kind of dusty chameleon—and directly the words are written, the brilliant exponent of an *idée fixe*! The smallest of great men—or a supreme political genius wanting only in greatness. Professor Allison promises us the later career and the triumph of '70 in a second book. It is a pity his literary memory took such a riotous outing on the first page of this one.

The Roman Spirit. By A. Grenier. (Kegan Paul.) 16s. net.

Professor Grenier's scholarly work, one of the *Evolution de l'Humanité* series, stands in Mr. M. R. Dobie's translation even above the high level of "The History of Civilisation" books. It deals with religion, thought and art; and the history of Rome, thus narrowed, is still a large theme and more difficult for the narrowing. The author is intriguingly independent of English scholarship, which has probably nothing so good on the same lines as his work. His approach is really individual, notably in the treatment of *origins* and the especial and measured attention given to the Etruscan element. He has a clear view of the evolution of the Roman mind: particularly commendable in his account of the "turn" from Alexandria in poetry.

The Culture of Ancient Greece and Rome. By F. Poland, E. Reisinger and R. Wagner. (Harrap.) 21s. net.

Mr. J. H. Freese has translated from the German this semi-popular work, which seems rather to fall between two stools as to any audience for whom it can have been designed. It is fairly comprehensive, and tolerably abreast of modern scholarship, though not always reliable critically and less full on Roman than on Greek culture. The printing and illustrations of the book are notably handsome, considering the price.

A STUDY OF SWINBURNE. By T. Earle Welby. (Faber & Gwyer.) 16s. net.

The monographers of Swinburne are becoming rather numerous, but Mr. Welby writes too readably, too scrupulously and too sympathetically to be denied a seat among them. Had he been able to view the poet's work with more detachment and in a wider perspective, he might have made a real addition to the subject. As it is, his book has a severely limited interest.

SOME GREAT ENGLISH NOVELS: STUDIES IN THE ART OF FICTION. By Orlo Williams, M.C. (Macmillan.) 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Williams here gives us almost wholly *applied* criticism. His judgments have the advantage of being soundly based, and his admirably written essays on *Tom Jones, Martin Chuzzlewit, Pendennis, The Egoist* and *Emma* are just and catholic interpretative studies. In his eulogistic chapter on *Adam Bede* he seems less sure; and we wonder if the weakness he stresses is the chief one, which some might think has more to do with Dinah than with Hetty. "A Little Classic" seems below the level of his second-best: the preamble on "the evanescence of laughter" has very doubtful applications.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALIAN ART. By Adolfo Venturi. Translated by Edward Hutton. (Macmillan.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is a competent and comprehensive work: it has detail controlled by outline, both historical and differentiative. Being well translated, it should be of special service to English readers. The author's grasp of his theme is of the objective kind; he is a careful guide and as such avoids personal digressions.

THE FORMATION OF THE GREEK PEOPLE. By A. Jardé. Translated by M. R. Dobie. "History of Civilization" Series. (Kegan Paul.) 16s. net.

Those, if they still exist, who enjoy novels for their beautiful descriptions of scenery, should throw them away and see Greece through the eyes of Professor Jardé. They will find "nothing misty, or smudged, or vague as in the lands of the North," no fog in Greek landscape and none in the Professor's mind. They will find in few and very simple words the essentials of all that is known of the Hellenes and their forerunners; they will see the faults and virtues of the Ancient Greeks clearly but not over emphasized, and will have an admirable bird's-eye view of their history. They will read slowly, for they must refer to the map on every page; and if they please they may look up the source of almost every statement that the author makes. To say that the English translation is exceptionally good is an understatement. Author and translator should be grateful to one another and we to them. The blend of finest French and finest English is altogether delightful.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By Osbert Burdett. (Macmillan.) 5s. net.

Mr. Burdett handles Blake in a manner suitable to the tradition of the *English Men of Letters* series; though there is little originality in his book. On the whole balanced, his study gives no great critical stimulus. To him, the artist overweighs the poet, and a biographer can hardly avoid this position. He is helpful when he elaborates the effects of the want of humane education on Blake's literary genius; and on page 101 he gives the gist of a coherent view of that genius. He does not always write lucidly—what does this mean: "You cannot, I believe, recast the thought of a poet which is more than usually lyrical, which, indeed, is more truly a lyrical gift (disguised in intellectual terms) than thought, as it is found in certain of the poets, singing"?

THE MIND AND CHARACTER OF HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND. By the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttleton, D.D. (Mowbray.) 10s. 6d. net.

We are so much in sympathy with Dr. Lyttleton's piety, his patient zeal, his schoolmasterly decorum, his striving towards "optimism" and a sense of humour, even his quaint austerity of colons that we are sorry to find his book unenlightening. We fear that, as he says of Holland and (less happily) of Euclid, he "began with his conclusion and worked backward." He aims "not at satisfying but at provoking curiosity"; but he has succeeded too literally. So far as the "Character" goes, he does indeed send the curious back to Stephen Paget's sketch. On the "Mind,"—in its purely theological aspect—he is much more elaborate, but cloudy. His inquiry lacks acumen, and struggles not quite successfully for detachment. He remarks with earnest satisfaction "we are now out of earshot of the level on which Renan moved." We are.

THE FIFTEEN JOYS OF MARRIAGE. (Routledge.) 7s. 6d. net.

This amusing work, usually ascribed, on rather slight evidence, to de la Sale is one of the later products of mediæval misogyny. It could hardly have deserved inclusion in the "Broadway" series but for the patience and skill with which Mr. Richard Aldington has rendered it in a very appropriate archaic English.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES. By Ralph Volney Harlow. (Cape.) 30s. net.

Professor Harlow's useful book is chiefly for the use of University students; and, no doubt for this reason, is history in the narrowest sense of the word. It is competent, judicious, and founded on thorough knowledge of the domestic politics of *all* the States. The treatment of modern times is less satisfactory; and might perhaps have better been omitted. The book seems rather expensive, for a students' book, but the field covered justifies its length: there is no diffuseness.

THE POLITICAL PRINCIPLES OF SOME NOTABLE PRIME MINISTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. (Macmillan.) 12s. 6d. net.

These lectures are—with two exceptions, not the best—much alike, yet sufficiently *ex parte* to give a rather unenlightening clash of views. Again, they do not fulfil their general title: but perhaps neither of these circumstances was avoidable. We have been most interested by the illustrations of how the eighteenth century inspired or survived in three of these statesmen. Professor Ramsay Muir is good on Gladstone as non-doctrinaire and non-democrat and on his brief foreign policy. But the palm should probably go to Mr. W. F. Reddaway's *Lord John Russell.*

FAMOUS TRIALS OF HISTORY. By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C. (Hutchinson.) 21s. net.

This book is interesting enough to make us wish it were better. It is, saving some looseness of pronouns, clearly and tersely written, but its chief merit is simply great legal experience. It does not deal very fully with actual "Trials," and those who love subtleties of evidence and contention are stinted. The historical cases are adequately "set" historically; but not presented with great attractiveness. The paper on the Edmundbury Godfrey mystery has little for those who have read Sir John Hall. Eugene Aram (again!) inspires the most interesting chapter. Lord Birkenhead gives judicious summaries of nine cases from his own practice, reviving past interests, for most readers, in useful perspective.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

SUMMER STORM. By Frank Swinnerton. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

While it has—as one would expect—many of the qualities of a good novel, *Summer Storm* seems to lack a sufficient *motive*; and it is weakened by mystifying digressions and reticences. Mr. Swinnerton's character-drawing is always apt and unforced; but in this book one or two of the major figures are not so interesting nor so satisfying as the lesser. Abel and his Pyrrhic victory leave the reader at sea.

NOTABLE NOVELS—*continued.*

The Field of Mustard. By A. E. Coppard. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Coppard is perhaps the finest of our younger writers of the short story *as such*. The title-piece and "The Old Venerable," here, are perfect successes. Several others have the same sensitive quality a little marred by an element of unsureness; and two seem to us failures. Mr. Coppard is not at his best in humour, or with sophisticated characters. "The Two Wretches," in a different vein from the others, has one rare satirical scene to compensate the feeling that the author is not at home.

Lord Raingo. By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

For all its irritating features, this book is far above what a newspaper serial by Mr. Bennett might be. He reproduces divers close observations of war-time politics with vivacity. The Cabinet is perhaps a little *outré*; the amour, on the contrary, is very human. The tale is, in fact, precisely that: it is human. The sympathetic study of the millionaire minister, undistinguished, kindly, competent, assures this. Even his unconscionable time a-dying is almost justified by its revelation of character.

Mr. Gilhooley. By Liam O'Flaherty. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

There is vigour in Mr. O'Flaherty's portrayal of a sordid aspect of the capital of the newly-formed Free State (rarely is a character sober); but his artistic power is shown chiefly in the unfolding and "evolving" of one personality up to a point. For we wish he had left the tale at the moving close of chapter twelve. The further study of incipient madness and the "Othello" climax are not happily executed.

Stories and Dramas. By Leo N. Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Lydia Turin, Mrs. H. M. Lucas and C. J. Hogarth. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net.

Hitherto published only in the original Russian in Paris, these thirteen pieces—only one of them, a play, of any length—were written at times varying from Tolstoy's extreme youth to his last year. They are slight workings-up—often very able—of quaint conceptions: they add a little, in short, to our knowledge of Tolstoy without enriching our experience of him. In several of them, notably "How Love Dies," a familiar Tolstoyan mood is clearly, rather crudely, explicit.

Debits and Credits. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

The bulk of this book ranks midway between Mr. Kipling's best and his worst; which means that it is worth reading. Odd though it sounds, he is an extremely subjective writer his ex-soldiers, schoolmasters and boys (who people most of the stories) are of types peculiar to their author. They live, but in a world whose reality has only the range of Mr. Kipling's self-projection. His technical mastery, marred only by an almost defiant crypticism, is shown best in *A Madonna of the Trenches*. His verses we rank lower, but two are rather good.

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THE FLOWER-WAGGON

By The Editor

THE prevailing pestilence has laid me low and emptied my head of all save elementary thoughts and elemental desires. I am possessed by a longing for the spring.

Since I cannot have it, I will print in this place a poem on Spring which reached me some months ago. It is the work of a young American girl—how young I will not say, lest it should not be believed; and anyhow it does not matter. The point is that there is Spring in her poem, essentially the same Spring as that which I long for, though it happened in a country where, besides sky-scrapers and Chautauquas, they have such lovely and dream-provoking things as flower-waggons. Flower-waggons!—

> O Proserpina,
> For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
> From Dis's waggon!

I suppose it is from there that comes the secret enchantment of the word. The memory is a test indeed of the quality of the poem. I think its naive purity will stand the trial.

The Early Spring Sun

By Julia Carlie

In the Country.

Young slender birch trees are gleaming silver
In the early spring sun,
A river steel-blue runs through the snowfield,
Slated with slabs of translucent ice,
Shimmering streaks of ice, iridescent, serene, floating
In the early spring sun.

In the City.

In the city, children are laughing, bareheaded,
In the early spring sun,
With a quiver they feel the crisp breezes
Ruffling their hair and cooling their faces ;
A man is walking down the street in his shirtsleeves,
Whistling a gay thin air
That breathes the lilt of spring ;
Two women with copper-coloured hair and eyes
Are filling the air with the warm music
Of a foreign tongue ;
Suddenly there is a creaking and a jolting on the
cobblestones,
All turn and stand suddenly still.
Now there seems to be nothing but the blue sky
And the flower-waggon passing.
The flowers do not seem to be fading in the distance,
Their bright colours have melted into the shining air,
Filling the street with their rain-scented fragrance.
Yes, they are there ! Tho' the waggon is jolting
Down the next long road.
Flowers of spring ! Jonquils and tulips, fragile white
hyacinth,
All crowded into one vivid mass of colour,
Hanging, hanging in mid-air,
In the early spring sun !

The Schoolboy.

It is warm and heavy and dark in the schoolroom,
The boy leaning over his book
Feels suddenly sticky and grubby and sad
When a whiff of garden fragrance
Comes floating up to the window,
And a patch of sunlight quivers on the floor.
He leans on his elbow and thinks
Of long sandy beaches and a bright sky,
And the joy of sinking deep into the water,
Down, down into the cool, green depths
With a feeling of non-existence,
Of only an endless drifting. . . .

Spring Thoughts Alone.

Lying on my back on the top of a warm rock
I see only the endless sea of blue above me,
Endless and deep and quiet-breathing.
Over my body sheds the warm spring sunlight,
Stealing into my veins, warming my bones.
I lie there thinking of infinite things,
Of Life, and Death.
" This is rather like dying now," I think,
" Death with its warm strong hands stealing over you,
Unfolding your petals, drawing you up, beautiful and
free,
Into the sun.
Death and Life, two great experiences,
Yet all there is to be known about them may be seen
In a flower, in a sunrise, in a clear sky.
Oh, this strange other world to which we live so close
And yet so seldom see !
Oh, the eternities of beauty we miss !
How mortal and undivine we seem
While God is waiting always,
In the pale sky and the early spring sun ! "

Well, well—I cannot help thinking that that poem on the early spring sun is better than anything I might have to say while I am waiting to see it.

QUICK MARCH!

By Helen Thomas

CHRISTMAS had come and gone, and the snow which had first fallen at the end of October lay deep and frozen under the beech and oak trees of Epping Forest, where on the hilltop stood our hideous jerry-built cottage, exposed to the merciless wind which had not changed for weeks. The sky, day after day, was grey with snow that fell often enough to keep the surface white, and to cover again and again the bits of twigs, and sometimes large branches that broke from the heavily laden trees. We wearied for some colour, some warmth, some sound, but desolation and despair seemed to have taken up her dwelling place on the earth, as in our hearts she had entered, do what we would to keep her out. I longed with a passionate longing for some sign of life, of hope, of spring, but none came, and I knew at last would not come.

The last two days of David's leave had come. Two days and two nights more we were to be together, and I prayed in my heart, "Oh, let the snow melt and the sky be blue again!" so that the dread which was spoiling these precious hours would lift.

The first days had been busy with friends coming to say good-bye, all bringing presents for David to take out to the front—warm lined gloves, a fountain pen, a box of favourite sweets, books.

This was not a time when words of affection were bearable; so they heaped things that they thought he might need or would like. Everyone who came was full of fun and joking about his being an officer after having had, as it were, to go to school again and learn

mathematics, which were so uncongenial to him, but which he had stuck to and mastered with that strange pertinacity that had made him stick to all sorts of unlikely and uncongenial things in his life. They joked about his short hair, and the little moustache he had grown, and about the way he had perfected the Guards' salute. We got large jugs of beer from the inn near by to drink his health in, and an end to the War. The hateful cottage became homely and comfortable under the influence of these friends, all so kind and cheerful.

Then in the evenings, when just outside the door the silence of the forest was like a pall covering too heavily the myriads of birds and little beasts that the frost had killed, we would sit by the fire with the children and read aloud to them, and they would sing songs that they had known since their babyhood, and David sang new ones he had learnt in the army—jolly songs with good choruses in which I, too, joined as I busied about getting the supper. Then, when the baby had gone to bed, the eldest girl would sit on his lap, content just to be there, while he and Merfyn worked out problems or studied maps. It was lovely to see those two so united over this common interest. Until now there had been very little understanding between the boy and his father.

But he and I were separated by our dread, and we could not look each other in the eyes, nor dared we be left alone together.

The days had passed in restless energy for us both. He had sawn up a big tree that had been blown down at our very door, and chopped the branches into logs, the children all helping. The children loved being with him, for though he was stern in making them build up the logs properly, and use the tools in the right way, they were not resentful of this, but tried to win his rare praise and imitate his skill. Indoors he packed his kit and polished his accoutrement. He loved a good piece

of leather, and his Sam Browne and high trench boots shone with a deep, clear lustre. The brass, too, reminded him of the brass ornaments we had often admired when years ago we had lived on a farm and knew every detail of a plough team's harness. We all helped with the buttons and buckles and badges to turn him out the smart officer it was his pride to be. For he entered into this soldiering he hated in just that same spirit of thoroughness of which I have spoken before. We talked as we polished of those past days: "Do you remember when Jingo, the grey leader of the team, had colic, and Turner the ploughman led her about Blooming Meadow for hours, his eyes streaming with tears because he thought she was going to die? And how she would only eat the hay from Blooming Meadow, and not the coarse hay that was grown in Sixteen Acre Meadow for the cows? And do you remember Turner's whip which he carried over his shoulder when he led Darling and Chestnut and Jingo out to the plough? It had fourteen brass bands on the handle, one for every year of his service on the farm." So we talked of old times that the children could remember.

And the days went by till only two were left. David had been going through drawers full of letters, tearing up dozens and keeping just one here and there, and arranging manuscripts and note-books and newspaper cuttings all neatly in his desk—his face pale and suffering while he whistled. The children helped and collected stamps from the envelopes, and from the drawers all sorts of useless odds and ends that children love. Merfyn, who was sixteen, knew what it all meant, and looked anxiously and dumbly from his father's face to mine.

And I knew his agony and he knew mine, and all we could do was to speak sharply to each other. "Now do, for goodness' sake, remember, Jenny, that these are the important manuscripts, and that I'm putting

them here, and this key is for the box that holds all important papers like our marriage certificate and the children's birth certificates, and my life insurance policy. You may want them at some time, so don't go leaving the key about." And I, after a while, " Can't you leave all this unnecessary tidying business, and put up that shelf you promised me? I hate that room, but a few books on a shelf might make it look a bit more human." " Nothing will improve that room, so you had better resign yourself to it. Besides, the wall is too rotten for a shelf." " Oh, but you promised." " Well, it won't be the first time I've broken a promise to you, will it? Nor the last, perhaps."

Oh, God! melt the snow and let the sky be blue.

The last evening comes. The children have taken down the holly and mistletoe and ivy, and chopped up the little Christmas-tree to burn. And for a treat the girl and the baby are to have their bath in front of the blazing fire. The big zinc bath is dragged in, and the children undress in high glee, and skip about naked in the warm room, which is soon filled with the sweet smell of the burning greenery. The berries pop, and the fir-tree makes fairy lace, and the holly crackles and roars. The two children get into the bath together, and David scrubs them in turn—they laughing, making the fire hiss with their splashing. The drawn curtains shut out the snow and the starless sky, and the deathly silence out there in the biting cold is forgotten in the noise and warmth of our little room. After the bath David reads to them. First of all he reads Shelley's *The Question,* and *The Chevy Chase,* and then for the baby a favourite Norse tale. They sit in their night-gowns listening gravely, and then, just before they kiss him good-night, while I stand by with the candle in my hand, he says: " Remember while I am away to be kind. Be kind, first of all, to Mummy, and after that be kind to everyone and everything." And they all

assent together, and joyfully hug and kiss him, and he carries the two girls up, and drops each into her bed.

And we are left alone, unable to hide our agony, afraid to show it. Over supper we talk of the probable front he'll arrive at, of his fellow officers, and of the unfinished portrait-etching that one of them has done of him and given to me. And we speak of the garden, and where this year he wants the potatoes to be, and he reminds me to put in the broad beans directly the snow disappears. "If I'm not back in time you'd better get someone to help you with the digging," he says. He reads me some of the poems he has written that I have not heard—the last one of all called *Out in the Dark*. And I venture to question one line, and he says, "Oh no, it's right, Jenny, I'm sure it's right." And I nod because I can't speak, and I try to smile at his assurance.

I sit and stare stupidly at his luggage by the wall, and his roll of bedding, kit-bag, and suit-case. He takes out his prismatic compass and explains it to me, but I cannot see, and when a tear drops on to it he just shuts it up and puts it away. Then he says, as he takes a book out of his pocket, "You see, your Shakespeare's Sonnets is already where it will always be. Shall I read you some?" He reads one or two to me. His face is grey and his mouth trembles, but his voice is quiet and steady. And soon I slip to the floor and sit between his knees, and while he reads his hand falls over my shoulder and I hold it with mine.

"Shall I undress you by this lovely fire and carry you upstairs in my khaki overcoat?" So he undoes my things, and I slip out of them, then he takes the pins out of my hair, and we laugh at ourselves for behaving as we so often do, like young lovers. "We have never become a proper Darby and Joan, have we?"

"I'll read to you till the fire burns low, and then

we'll go to bed." Holding the book in one hand, and bending over me to get the light of the fire on the book, he puts his other hand over my breast, and I cover his hand with mine, and he reads from "Anthony and Cleopatra." He cannot see my face, nor I his, but his low, tender voice trembles as he speaks the words so full for us of poignant meaning. That tremor is my undoing. "Don't read any more. I can't bear it." All my strength gives way. I hide my face on his knee, and all my tears so long kept back come convulsively. He raises my head and wipes my eyes and kisses them, and wrapping his greatcoat round me, carries me to our bed in the great, bare ice-cold room. Soon he is with me, and we lie speechless and trembling in each other's arms. I cannot stop crying. My body is torn with terrible sobs. I am engulfed in this terrible despair like a drowning man by the sea. My mind is incapable of thought. Only now and again, as they say drowning people do, I have visions of things that have been—the room where my son was born; a day, years after, when we were together walking before breakfast by a stream with hands full of bluebells; and in Wales sitting with him in a collier's kitchen, and I happy in his pride of me. David did not speak except now and then to say some tender word or name, and hold me tightly to him. "I've always been able to warm you, haven't I?" "Yes, your lovely body never feels cold as mine does. How is it that I am so cold when my heart is so full of passion?" "You must have Bronwen to sleep with you while I am away. But you must not make my heart cold with your sadness, but keep it warm, for no one else but you has ever found my heart, and for you it was a poor thing after all." "No, no, no, your heart's love is all my life. I was nothing before you came, and would be nothing without your love."

So we lay, all night, sometimes talking of our love

and all that had been, and of the children, and what had been amiss and what right. We knew the best was that there had never been untruth between us. We knew all of each other, and it was right. So talking and crying and loving in each other's arms we fell asleep as the cold reflected light of the snow crept through the frost-covered windows.

David got up and made the fire and brought me some tea, and then got back into bed, and the children clambered in, too, and we sat in a row sipping our tea. I was not afraid of crying any more. My tears had been shed, my heart was empty, stricken with something that tears would not express or comfort. The gulf had been bridged. Each bore the other's suffering. We concealed nothing, for all was known between us. After breakfast, while he showed me where his account books were and what each was for, I listened calmly, and unbelievingly he kissed me when I said I, too, would keep accounts. "And here are my poems. I've copied them all out in this book for you, and the last of all is for you. I wrote it last night, but don't read it now. . . . It's still freezing. The ground is like iron, and more snow has fallen. The children will come to the station with me; and now I must be off."

We were alone in my room. He took me in his arms, holding me tightly to him, his face white, his eyes full of a fear I had never seen before. My arms were round his neck. "Beloved, I love you," was all I could say. "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny," he said, "remember that whatever happens, all is well between us for ever and ever." And hand in hand we went downstairs and out to the children, who were playing in the snow.

A thick mist hung everywhere, and there was no sound except far away, in the valley, a train shunting. I stood at the gate watching him go; he turned back to wave until the mist and the hill hid him. I heard his

old call coming up to me: "Coo-ee!" he called. "Coo-ee!" I answered, keeping my voice strong to call again. Again through the muffled air his "Çoo-ee." And again my answer like an echo. "Coo-ee" came fainter next time with the hill between us, but my "Coo-ee" came out of my lungs strong to pierce to him as he strode away from me. "Coo-ee!" So faint now it might be only my own call flung back from the thick air and muffling snow. I put my hands up to my mouth to make a trumpet, but no sound came. Panic seized me, and I ran through the mist and the snow to the top of the hill, and stood there a moment dumbly, with straining eyes and ears. There was nothing but the mist and the snow and the silence of death.

Then, with leaden feet that stumbled in a sudden darkness that overwhelmed me, I groped my way back to the empty house.

MORNINGS IN MEXICO

Walk to Huayapa.

By D. H. Lawrence

Curious is the psychology of Sunday. Humanity enjoying itself is on the whole a dreary spectacle, and holidays are more disheartening than drudgery. One makes up one's mind: on Sundays and on fiestas I will stay at home, in the hermitage of the patio, with the parrots and Corasmin and the reddening coffee-berries. I will avoid the sight of people " enjoying themselves "—or trying to, without much success.

Then comes Sunday morning, with the peculiar looseness of its sunshine. And even if *you* keep mum, the better half says : " Let's go somewhere."

But thank God, in Mexico at least, one can't set off in the " machine." It is a question of a meagre horse and a wooden saddle : or a donkey : or what we called as children " Shanks's pony," the shanks referring discourteously to one's own legs.

We will go out of the town. " Rosalino, we are going for a walk to San Felipe de las Aguas. Do you want to go, and carry the basket? "

" *Como no, Señor!* "

It is Rosalino's inevitable answer, as inevitable as the parrot's *Perro*: " *Como no, Señor!* "—" How not, Señor ! "

The Norte, the north wind, was blowing last night, rattling the worm-chewed window-frames.

" Rosalino, I am afraid you will be cold in the night."

"*Como no, Señor!*"
"Would you like a blanket?
"*Como no, Señor!*"
"With this you will be warm?"
"*Como no, Señor!*"

But the morning is perfect, in a moment we are clear out of the town. Most towns in Mexico, saving the capital, end in themselves, at once. As if they had been lowered from heaven in a napkin and deposited, rather foreign, upon the wild plain. So, we walk round the wall of the church and the huge old monastery enclosures that is now barracks for the scrap-heap soldiery, and at once there are the hills.

"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my strength." At least one can always do *that,* in Mexico. In a stride, the town passes away. Before us lies the gleaming, pinkish ochre of the valley flat, wild and exalted with sunshine. On the left, quite near, bank the stiffly pleated mountains, all the foot-hills that press savannah-coloured into the savannah of the valley. The mountains are clothed smokily with pine, *ocote,* and like a woman in a gauze rebozo, they rear in a rich blue fume that is almost cornflower-blue in the clefts. It is their characteristic that they are darkest blue at the top. Like some splendid lizard with a wavering, royal-blue crest down the ridge of his back, and pale belly, and soft pinky-fawn claws on the plain.

Between the pallor of the claws a dark spot of trees and white dots of a church with twin towers. Further away, along the foot-hills, a few scattered trees, white dot and stroke of a hacienda, and a green, green square of sugar-cane. Further off still, at the mouth of a cleft of a canyon a dense little green patch of trees, and two spots of a proud church.

"Rosalino, which is San Felipe?"

"*Quien sabe, Señor?*" says Rosalino, looking at the villages beyond the sun of the savannah with black,

visionless eyes. In his voice is the inevitable flat resonance of aloofness, touched with resignation, as if to say: It is not becoming to a man to know these things. Among the Indians it is not becoming to know anything, not even one's own name.

Rosalino is a mountain boy, an Indian from a village two days' walk away. But he has been two years in the little city, and has learnt his modicum of Spanish.

"Have you never been to any of these villages?"

"No, Señor, I never went."

"Didn't you want to?"

"*Como no, Señor!*"

The Americans would call him a dumb bell.

We decide for the farthest speck of a village in a dark spot of trees. It lies so magical, alone, tilted on the fawn-pink slope, again as if the dark-green napkin with a few white, tiny buildings had been lowered from heaven and left, there at the foot of the mountains, with the deep groove of a canyon slanting in behind. So alone, and as it were detached from the world in which it lies, a spot.

Nowhere more than in Mexico does human life become isolated, external to its surroundings, and cut off tinily from the environment. Even as you come across the plain to a big city like Guadalajara, and see the twin towers of the cathedral peering around in loneliness like two lost birds side by side on a moor, lifting their white heads to look around in the wilderness, your heart gives a clutch, feeling the pathos, the isolated tininess of human effort. As for building a church with one tower only, it is unthinkable. There must be two towers, to keep each other company in this wilderness world.

The morning is still early, the brilliant sun does not burn too much. To-morrow is the shortest day. The savannah valley is shadeless, spotted only with the thorny ravel of mesquite bushes. Down the trail that

has worn grooves in the turf—the rock is near the surface—occasional donkeys with a blue-hooded woman perched on top come tripping in silence, twinkling a shadow. Just occasional women taking a few vegetables to market. Practically no men. It is Sunday.

Rosalino, prancing behind with the basket, plucks up his courage to speak to one of the women passing on a donkey. "Is that San Felipe where we are going?" "No, that is not San Felipe?" "What then is it called?" "It is called Huayapa." "Which then is San Felipe?" "That one!"—she points to her right.

They have spoken to each other in half-audible, crushed tones, as they always do, the woman on the donkey, and the woman with her on foot, swerving away from the basket-carrying Rosalino. They all swerve away from us, as if we were potential bold brigands. It really gets one's pecker up. The presence of the Señora only half reassures them. For the Señora, in a plain hat of bluey-green woven grass, and a dress of white cotton with black squares on it, is almost a monster of unusualness. *Prophet art thou, bird, or devil?* the women seem to say, as they look at her with keen, black eyes. I think they choose to decide she is more of the last.

The women look at the woman, the men look at the man. And always with that same suspicious, inquiring, wondering look, the same with which Edgar Allan Poe must have looked at his momentous raven.

Prophet art thou, bird, or devil?

Devil, then, to please you! one longs to answer, in a tône of Nevermore.

Ten o'clock, and the sun getting hot. Not a spot of shade, apparently, from here to Huayapa. The blue going thinner on the mountains, and an indiscernible vagueness, of too much light, descending on the plain. The road suddenly dips into a little crack, where runs

a creek. This, again, is characteristic of these parts of America. Water keeps out of sight. Even the biggest rivers, even the tiny brooks. You look across a plain on which the light sinks down, and you think: Dry! Dry! Absolutely dry! You travel along, and suddenly come to a crack in the earth, and a little stream is running in a little walled-in valley bed, where is a half-yard of green turf, and bushes, the palo-blanco with leaves, and with big white flowers like pure white, crumpled cambric. Or you may come to a river a thousand feet below, sheer below you. But not in this valley. Only the stream.

"Shade!" says the Señora, subsiding under a steep bank.

"*Mucho calor!* says Rosalino, taking off his extra-jaunty straw hat, and subsiding with the basket.

Down the slope are coming two women on donkeys. Seeing the terrible array of three people sitting under a bank, they pull up.

"*Adios!*" I say, with firm resonance.

"*Adios!*" says the Señora, with diffidence.

"*Adios!*" says the reticent Rosalino, his voice the shadow of ours.

"*Adios! Adios! Adios!*" say the women, in suppressed voices, swerving neutral past us on their self-contained, sway-eared asses.

When they have passed Rosalino looks at me to see if I shall laugh. I give a little grin, and he gives me back a great explosive grin, throwing back his head in silence, opening his wide mouth and showing his soft pink tongue, looking along his cheeks with his saurian black eyes in an access of *farouche* derision.

A great hawk, like an eagle, with white bars at the end of its wings, sweeps over us, looking for snakes. One can hear the hiss of its pinions.

"*Gabilan!*" says Rosalino.

"What is it called in the *idioma?*"

"*Psia!*" He makes the consonants explode and hiss.

"Ah!" says the Señora. "One hears it in the wings! *Psia!*"

"Yes," says Rosalino, with black eyes of incomprehension.

Down the creek, two native boys, little herdsmen, are bathing, stooping with knees together and throwing water over themselves, rising gleaming dark coffee-red in the sun, wetly. They are very dark, and their wet heads are so black, they seem to give off a bluish light, like dark electricity.

The great cattle they are tending slowly plunge through the bushes, coming up stream. At the place where the path fords the stream a great ox stoops to drink. Comes a cow after him, and a calf, and a young bull. They all drink a little at the stream, their noses delicately touching the water. And then the young bull, horns a-branch, stares fixedly, with some of the same Indian wonder-and-suspicion stare, at us sitting under the bank.

Up jumps the Señora, proceeds uphill, trying to save her dignity. The bull, slowly leaning into motion, moves across-stream like a ship unmoored. The bathing lad on the bank is hastily fastening his calico pantaloons round his ruddy-dark waist. The Indians have a certain rich physique, even this lad. He comes running short-step down the bank, uttering a bird-like whoop, his dark hair gleaming bluish. Stooping for a moment to select a stone, he runs athwart the bull, and aims the stone sideways at him. There is a thud, the ponderous, adventurous young animal swerves docilely round towards the stream. *Becerro!* cries the boy, in his bird-like piping tone, selecting a stone to throw at the calf.

We proceed in the blazing sun, up the slope. There is a white line at the foot of the trees. It looks like

water running white over a weir. The supply of the town water comes this way. Perhaps this is a reservoir. A sheet of water! How lovely it would be, in this country, if there was a sheet of water with a stream running out of it! And those dense trees of Huayapa behind.

"What is that white, Rosalino; Is it water?"

"*El blanco? Si, agua, Señora!*" says that dumb bell.

Probably, if the Señora had said: Is it milk? he would have replied in exactly the same way: *Si, es leche, Señora!*—Yes, it's milk!

Hot, silent, walking only amidst a weight of light, out of which one hardly sees, we climb the spurs towards the dark trees. And as we draw nearer, the white slowly resolves into a broken, whitewashed wall.

"Oh!" exclaims the Señora in real disappointment. "It isn't water! It's a wall!"

"*Si, Señora! Es panteón!*" (They call a cemetery a panteón down here.)

"It is a cemetery!" announces Rosalino, with a certain ponderous, pleased assurance, and without afterthought. But when I suddenly laugh at the absurdity he also gives a sudden broken yelp of laughter. They laugh as if it were against their will, as if it hurt them, giving themselves away.

It was nearing mid-day. At last we got into a shady lane, in which were puddles of escaped irrigation water. The ragged semi-squalor of a half-tropical lane, with naked trees spouting into spiky scarlet flowers, and bushes with biggish yellow flowers sitting rather wearily on their stems, led to the village.

We were entering Huayapa. *I^a Calle de las Minas*, said an old notice. *I^a Calle de las Minas*, said a new, brand-new, notice, as if in confirmation. *First Street of the Mines*. And every street had the same old and

brand-new notice : First Street of the Manolia ; Fourth Street of Enrique Gonzalez : very fine !

But the First Street of the Mines was just a track between the stiff living fence of organ cactus, with poinsettia trees holding up scarlet mops of flowers, and mango trees, tall and black, stonily drooping the strings of unripe fruit. The Street of the Magnolia was a rocky stream-gutter disappearing to nowhere from nowhere, between cactus and bushes. The Street of the Vasquez was a stony stream bed, emerging out of tall, wildly tall reeds.

Not a soul anywhere. Through the fences, half-deserted gardens of trees and banana plants, each enclosure with a half-hidden hut of black adobe bricks crowned with a few old tiles for a roof, and perhaps a new wing made of twigs. Everything hidden, secret, silent. A sense of darkness among the silent mango trees, a sense of lurking, of unwillingness. Then actually some half-bold curs barking at us across the stile of one garden, a forked bough over which one must step to enter the chicken-bitten enclosure. And actually a man crossing the proudly labelled Fifth Street of the Independence.

If there were no churches to mark a point in these villages, there would be nowhere at all to make for. The sense of nowhere is intense, between the dumb and repellent living force of cactus. But the Spaniards, in the midst of these black, mud-brick huts, have inevitably reared the white, twin-towered magnificence of a big and lonely, hopeless church ; and where there is a church there will be a plaza. And a plaza is a *Zócalo,* a hub. Even though the wheel does not go round, a hub is still a hub. Like the old Forum.

So we stray diffidently on, in the maze of streets which are only straight tracks between cactuses, till we see *Reforma,* and at the end of *Reforma* the great church.

In front of the church is a rocky plaza leaking with grass, with water rushing into two big oblong stone basins. The great church stands rather ragged in a dense forlornness, for all the world like some big white human being, in rags, held captive in a world of ants.

On the uphill side of the plaza a long, low white building, with a shed in front, and under the shed, crowding, all the short-statured men of the pueblo, in their white cotton clothes and big hats. They are listening to something : but the silence is heavy, furtive, secretive. They stir like white-clad insects.

Rosalino looks sideways at them, and sheers away. Even we lower our voices to ask what is going on. Rosalino replies, *sotto voce,* that they are making *asuntos*. But *what* business ? we insist. The dark faces of the little men under the big hats look round at us suspiciously, like dark gaps in the atmosphere. Our alien presence in this vacuous village is like the sound of a drum in a churchyard. Rosalino mumbles unintelligibly. We stray across the forlorn yard into the church.

Thursday was the day of the Virgin of the Soledad, so the church is littered with flowers, sprays of wild yellow flower trailing on the floor. There is a great Gulliver's Travels fresco picture of an angel having a joyride on the back of a Goliath. On the left, near the altar steps, is seated a life-size Christ—undersized : seated upon a little table, wearing a pair of woman's frilled knickers, a little mantle of purple silk dangling from his back, and his face bent forward gazing fatuously at his naked knee, which emerges from the needlework frill of the drawers. Across from him a living woman is half hidden behind a buttress, mending something, sewing.

We sit silent, motionless, in the whitewashed church ornamented with royal blue and bits of gilt. A barefoot Indian with a high-domed head comes in and kneels

with his legs close together, his back stiff, at once very humble and resistant. His cotton jacket and trousers are long-unwashed rag, the colour of dry earth, and torn, so that one sees smooth pieces of brown thigh and brown back. He kneels in a sort of intense fervour for a minute, then gets up and childishly, almost idiotically, begins to take the pieces of candle from the candlesticks. He is the Verger.

Outside the gang of men is still pressing under the shed. We insist on knowing what is going on. Rosalino, looking sideways at them, plucks up courage to say plainly that the two men at the table are canvassing for votes: for the Government, for the State, for a new governor, whatever it may be. Votes! Votes! The farce of it! Already on the wall of the low building, on which one sees in blue letters the word *Justizia,* there are pasted the late political posters, with the loud announcement: Vote For This Mark—◎! Or another, Vote For This Mark—⊙?

My dear fellow, this is when democracy becomes real fun. You vote for one red ring inside another red ring and you get a Julio Echegaray. You vote for a blue dot inside a blue ring, and you get a Socrate Ezequiel Tos. Heaven knows what you get for the two little red circles on top of one another— 8. Suppose we vote, and try. There's all sorts in the lucky-bag. There might come a name like Peregrino Zenon Cocotilla.

Independence! Government by the People, of the People, for the People! We all live in the Calle de la Reforma, in Mexico.

On the bottom of the plaza is a shop. We want some fruit. *Hay frutas?* Oranges or bananas?—*No, Señor.*—No fruits?—*No hay!*—Can I buy a cup?—*No hay.*—Can I buy a jícara, a gourd-shell that we might drink from?—*No hay!*

No hay! means *there isn't any*, and it's the most

regular sound made by the prevailing dumb bells of the land.

"What is there, then?"—A sickly grin. There are, as a matter of fact, candles, soap, dead and withered chiles, a few dried grass-hoppers, dust, and stark bare wooden pigeon-holes. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Next door is another little hole of a shop. *Hay frutas?—No hay! Qué hay?—Hay tepache!*

"*Para borracharse!*" says Rosalino, with a great grin.

Tepache is a fermented drink of pineapple rinds and brown sugar: to get drunk on, as Rosalino says. But mildly drunk. There is probably mescal, too, to get brutally drunk on.

The village is exhausted in resource. But we insist on fruit. Where, *where* can I buy oranges and bananas? I see orange on the trees, I see banana plants.

"Up there!" The woman waves with her hand as if she were cutting the air upwards.

"That way?"

"Yes."

We go up the Street of Independence. They have got rid of us from the plaza.

Another black hut with a yard, and orange-trees beyond.

"*Hay frutas?*"

"*No hay!*"

"Not an orange, nor a banana?"

"*No hay!*"

We go on. *She* has got rid of us. We descend the black rocky steps to the stream, and up the other side, past the high reeds. There is a yard with heaps of maize in a shed, and tethered bullocks: and a bare-bosom black-browed girl.

"*Hay frutas?*"

"*No hay!*"

"But yes! There are oranges—there!"

She turns and looks at the oranges on the trees at the back, and imbecilely answers:

"*No hay!*"

It is a choice between killing her and hurrying away.

We hear a drum and a whistle. It is down a rocky black track that calls itself the street of Benito Juarez: the same old gent who stands for all this obvious Reform, and Vote for ⊙.

A yard with shade round. Women kneading the maize dough, masa, for tortillas. A man lounging. And a little boy beating a kettle-drum sideways, and a big man playing a little reedy wooden whistle, rapidly, endlessly, disguising the tune of *La Cucuracha*. They won't play a tune unless they can render it almost unrecognizable.

"*Hay frutas?*"

"*No hay!*"

"Then what is happening here?"

A sheepish look, and no answer.

"Why are you playing music?"

"It is a fiesta."

My God, a feast! That weary *masa*, a millstone in the belly. And for the rest, the blank, heavy, dark-grey barrenness, like an adobe brick. The drum-boy rolls his big Indian eyes at us and beats on, though filled with consternation. The flute man glances, is half appalled and half resentful, so he blows harder. The lounging man comes and mutters to Rosalino, and Rosalino mutters back, four words.

Four words in the *idioma*, the Zapotec language. We retire, pushed silently away.

"What language do they speak here, Rosalino?"

"The idioma."

"You understand them? It is Zapoteca, same as your language?"

"Yes, Señor."

"Then why do you always speak in Spanish to them?"

"Because they don't speak the *idioma* of my village."

He means, presumably, that there are dialect differences. Anyhow, he asserts his bit of Spanish, and says *Hay frutas?*

It was like a *posada*. It was like the Holy Virgin on Christmas Eve, wandering from door to door looking for a lodging in which to bear her child: Is there a room here? *No hay!*

The same with us. *Hay frutas? No hay!* We went down every straight ant-run of that blessed village. But as last we pinned a good-natured woman. "Now tell us, *where* can we buy oranges? We see them on the trees. We want them to eat."

"Go," she said, "to Valentino Ruiz. He has oranges. Yes, he has oranges, and he sells them." And she cut the air upwards with her hand.

From black hut to black hut went we, till at at last we got to the house of Valentino Ruiz. And lo! it was the yard with the "fiesta." The lounging man was peeping out of the gateless gateway as we came, at us.

"It is the same place!" cried Rosalino, with a laugh of bashful agony.

But we don't belong to the ruling race for nothing. Into the yard we march.

"Is this the house of Valentio Ruiz? *Hay naranjas?* Are there oranges?"

We had wandered so long, and asked so often, that the masa was made into tortillas, the tortillas were baked, and a group of people were sitting in a ring on the ground, eating them. It was the fiesta.

At my question up jumped a youngish man, and a woman, as if they had been sitting on a scorpion each.

"Oh, señor," said the woman, "there are few

oranges, and they are not ripe, as the señor would want them. But pass this way."

We pass up to the garden, past the pink roses, to a little orange-tree with a few yellowish-green oranges.

"You see, they are not ripe as you will want them," says the youngish man.

"They will do." Tropical oranges are always green. These, we found later, were almost insipidly sweet.

Even then I can only get three of the big, thick-skinned, greenish oranges. But I spy sweet limes, and insist on having five or six of those.

He charges me three cents apiece for the oranges—the market price is two for five cents—and one cent each for the *limas*.

"In my village," mutters Rosalino when we went away, "oranges are five for one cent."

Never mind! It is one o'clock. Let us get out of the village, where the water will be safe, and eat lunch.

In the plaza the men are just dispersing, one gang coming down the hill. They watch us as if we were coyote, a zopilote, and a white she-bear walking together in the street.

"*Adios!*"

"*Adios!*" comes the low roll of reply, like a roll of cannon-shot.

The water rushes down-hill in a stone gutter beside the road. We climb up the hill, up the Street of the Camomile, alongside the rushing water. At one point it crosses the road unchannelled, and we wade through it. It is the village drinking supply.

At the junction of roads, where the water crosses, another silent white gang of men. Again: *Adois!* and again the low, musical, deep volley of *Adios!*

Up, up wearily. We *must* get above the village, to be able to drink the water without developing typhoid.

At last, the last house, the naked hills. We follow

the water across a dry maize-field, then up along a bank. Below is a quite deep gully. Across is an orchard, and some women with baskets of fruit.

"*Hay frutas?* calls Rosalino, in a half-voice. He is getting bold.

"*Hay!*" says an old woman, in the curious half-voice. "But not ripe."

Shall we go down into the gully into the shade! No, someone is bathing among the reeds below, and the aqueduct water rushes along in the gutter here above. On, on, till we spy a wild guava-tree over the channel of water. At last we can sit down and eat and drink, on a bank of dry grass, under the wild guava-tree.

We put the bottle of lemonade in the aqueduct to cool. I scoop out a big half-orange, the thick rind of which makes a cup.

"Look, Rosalino! The cup!"

"*La taza!*" he cries, soft-tongued, with a bark of laughter and delight.

And one drinks the soft, rather lifeless warmish Mexican water. But it is pure.

Over the brink of the water-channel is the gully, and a noise, chock! chock! I go to look. It is a woman, naked to the hips, standing washing her other garments upon a stone. She has a beautiful full back, of a deep orange colour, and her wet hair is divided and piled. In the water a few yards up-stream, two men are sitting naked, their brown-orange giving off a glow in the shadow, also washing their clothes. Their wet hair seems to steam blue-blackness. Just above them is a sort of bridge, where the water divides; the channel-water taken from the little river and led along the top of the bank.

We sit under the wild guava-tree in silence, and eat. The old woman of the fruit, with naked breast and coffee-brown naked arms, her under-garment fastened on one shoulder, round her waist an old striped sarape for a

skirt, and on her head a blue rebozo piled against the sun, comes marching down the aqueduct with black, bare feet, holding three or four chirimoyas to her bosom. Chirimoyas are green custard-apples.

She lectures us, in slow, heavy Spanish :

" This water, here, is for drinking. The other, below, is for washing. This you drink, and you don't wash in it. The other you wash in, and you don't drink it." And she looked inquisitively at the bottle of lemonade cooling.

" Very good, we understand."

Then she gave us the chirimoyas. I asked her to change the peso : I had no change.

" No, Señor ! " she said. " No, Señor. You don't pay me. I bring you these, and may you eat well. But the chirimoyas are not ripe : in two or three days they will be ripe. Now, they are not. In two or three days they will be. Now, they are not. You can't eat them yet. But I make a gift of them to you, and may you eat well. Farewell. Remain with God."

She marched impatiently off along the aqueduct.

Rosalino waited to catch my eye. Then he opened his mouth and showed his pink tongue and swelled out his throat like a cobra, in a silent laugh after the old woman.

" But," he said, in a low tone, " the chirimoyas are not good ones."

And again he swelled in the silent, delighted, derisive laugh.

He was right. When we came to eat them, three days later, the custard-apples all had worms in them, and hardly any white meat.

" The old woman of Huayapa ! " said Rosalino, reminiscent.

However, she had got the bottle. When we had drunk the lemonade, we sent Rosalino to give her the

empty wine-bottle, and she made him another sententious little speech. But to her the bottle was a treasure.

And I, going round the little hummock behind the wild guava-tree, to throw away the papers of the picnic, came upon a golden-brown young man with his shirt just coming down over his head, but over no more of him. Hastily retreating, I thought again what beautiful, suave, rich skins these people have, a sort of richness of the flesh. It goes, perhaps, with the complete absence of what we call " spirit."

We lay still for a time, looking at the tiny guavas and the perfect, soft, high blue sky overhead, where the hawks and the ragged-winged zopilotes sway and diminish. A long, hot way home. But *mañana es otro dia.* To-morrow is another day. And even the next five minutes are far enough away, in Mexico, on a Sunday afternoon.

Goethe on Purism

I detest all negative purism that enjoins that we must not use a word of another language and in which much, or more definite, content is included.

I like positive purism, which is creative and starts from the question : " Where do we have to use circumlocution, and our neighbour possesses a decisive word ? "

Pedantic purism is an absurd refusal of a further extension of sensibility and spirit.

No word stands still ; by use it moves constantly from its original place, rather down than up, rather towards the worse than the better, the narrower than the wider, and in the wandering nature of the word can the wandering nature of the idea be recognized.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

By G. W. Knight

[The quality of the comments upon the problem from *Julius Cæsar* was extraordinarily high. Not one of them failed to display some real subtlety of discrimination, and a deep interest in fundamentals of Shakespeare criticism. I regret that it is impossible to print more than one of the essays, and I regret still more that there is no periodical where such absorbing questions of Shakespeare interpretation can be adequately treated.

On the simple issue whether the " he " of " He should not humour me " was Brutus or Cæsar, opinions were about equally divided. On the more complex question of the characters of Brutus and Cassius, a strikingly large majority were in agreement that Cassius is essentially the finer and more human spirit, and the one with whom Shakespeare himself felt the truer sympathy: which is my own opinion.

For convenience of reference the passage is repeated:

> Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet I see
> Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
> From that it is dispos'd: Therefore it is meet
> That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
> For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
> Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
> If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius
> He should not humour me.

J. M. M.]

" Thy honourable metal may be wrought from that it is disposed." I do not think this contains the idea of honour becoming dishonour. " The honourable metal " may be *wrought* (cp. *Othello*) to substitute a new line of action in the name of honour from the one to which it has been disposed or directed before. A thing cannot well be said to be wrought from its essential nature. And seduce=deflect, without a derogatory

sense, i.e., " Who cannot be shaken in his convictions of what is right?" Up to this the speech suggests that men of principle have only to be convinced that an act is morally necessary for them to sacrifice their instincts: exactly what happens here. After generalizing on Brutus' character Cassius turns to his own, contrasting their motives. Two things stand out boldly in Cassius throughout the play: envy, and intense desire for friendship. Darkness and light are intermittent in his soul, and so he walks abroad when " the cross blue lightning seemed to open the breast of heaven": and as he early presents himself in " the aim and very flash of it," so later he presents his breast to his own dagger in the loved Brutus' hand. Deep, though perhaps unconscious, symbolism. After the storm scene Shakespeare knew his Cassius. Dark envy is shot with the lightning of love: frustrated, he has vision; he is of the company of lost angels.

I take the " he" in " He should not . . ." to be Brutus, and do not think the line " Cæsar doth . . ." therefore dislocated from its successor: rather it is an essential to this reading. By itself, " If I were . . . humour me," is a weak periphrasis adding nothing to " I would not be influenced by Brutus." But if the " Brutus" in it throws back to the Brutus preceding, it means, " If we were to change places in Cæsar's affection." " If Cæsar loved me I should not be persuaded to betray him." Cassius would not betray love.

This speech illustrates and is illuminated by Cassius' character which to me dwarfs the other figures. He is not free from the taint of Elizabethan stage villainy. But beside his envy is a heart " dearer than Plutus mine, richer than gold." This confession is wrung from him in tears, and, whatever his actions, such things are not said into futility. I see Cassius as a man thwarted by life, embittered, lonely; but with a passionately loving heart. As the play progresses he stands out with in-

creasing humanity and so dignity: in the quarrel the rights and wrongs (Cassius' of course) are forgotten as we watch his darkened soul in agony at Brutus' righteous taunts. Schemes, expert efficiency, are gone: love for the man so coldly aureoled in high principle that he seems of another order, unreachably pinnacled on righteousness—this only is at stake. "I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart." When at last he has drunk his fill of Brutus' love, he will not argue about strategy: though on the brink of military disaster, he has another prize.

Brutus is cold. He binds his soul in fetters. His wife compares herself to "his harlot" and after her death (contrast its effect on Cassius), and after Cassius' death, he has so much "in art" that he disgusts us. Shakespeare vents an almost personal spite on the Brutus who would not qualify for tragic honours, whose ice would not catch fire. But Pindarus is free "yet would not have it so." Titinius sobs the greatest poem in the play over Cassius' dead body and then dies for him. No other personal touch in the play moves me as "my sight was ever thick." It is right that Cassius, in a scene whose atmosphere trembles between two worlds, dies for friendship.

Julius Cæsar is unique in Shakespeare's progress. I once exercised the privilege of an ardent Shakespearean to smile forgivingly at *Henry V.*, *Much Ado*; and though I now know better and blush at the remembrance I still feel something static in them. Their poetry is facile, with the blazing facility of a Shakespeare. I suggest he reviewed the fact and deliberately tried a new style. Whereas the magnificence of *Henry V.* is packed with metaphor, *Julius Cæsar* is in *most* speeches almost devoid of it: nowhere else is his language so *thin*, and so amazing a contrast must have been due to deliberation. Did he forgo his chief instrument to see what might push itself to the surface? Groping for the

new thing, that had not come, but must be made to come? This is what came :—

> You are my true and honourable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart.

and,

> O setting Sun,
> As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
> So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
> The sun of Rome is set.

There are many more ; the organ notes of tragedy ; the movement that surges to the final half-line and breaks. The voice is new, if not the form. And with this power Shakespeare no longer refused the metaphor which became the dazzling glory of Cleopatra.

Shakespeare now saw disclosed the riches of human souls as human souls. Cassius the envious, storm-lover, but whose heart *because it is a heart* is dearer than Plutus mine, in the passage we discuss stops his scheming thought to watch for a moment his own soul-bitterness and then considers that other soul-yearning in himself which no principles could conquer. He has begun to justify himself artistically in Shakespeare's eyes. And though others press chaotically for chief consideration in this tentative transitional play, to me, I think to Shakespeare, the last two acts are Cassius' tragedy pointing Shakespeare to the un-moral poetic-humanism of his greatest work. Once the true light of poetry settles on such a character it will not leave him. Nor is it strange. It happened sixty years later to another lost angel.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WORDSWORTHIAN TOPICS.—Let me for a moment call up a very respectable eighteenth-century clergyman —if I can properly pronounce his Welsh-Christian name —Archdeacon of Derby, Canon-Residentiary of Lichfield, Dr. Sneyd Davies. But it is not his sermons I am after. This Davies was also a poet, styled by Anna Seward—let me call her up too—" the gentle, the elegant Davies." How much the injustice of those epithets wounded the feelings of George Hardinge, Esq., the poet's adoring biographer, with what italics and capitals he complained to the literary world (then shocked by the first rumours of Keats and Shelley), it would be too phantasmal to recapture. Rest assured, Mr. Hardinge had skill to complain. His hero, however, was doomed ; the shades of night fell particularly fast ; and now it is not easy to call up Sneyd Davies, as I desire, in connection with the poems of William Wordsworth.

The connection is not close, but curious. In a few pages of Davies' biography, two poems occur entitling the archbishop to be called, not a forerunner, but perhaps a forewalker, of the man who wrote " Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey " and three ecclesiastical sonnets, " Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge." Davies was an Eton boy, about the year 1726, when he was officially requested to write verses on Henry the Sixth, and his choice led him to the Chapel.

" No cumbrous *Gothic,* of enormous size,
Heaves into air, and swells the aching eyes ;
In graceful symmetry the piles advance,
With chaste reserve, and simple elegance ;
Here soften'd stones the downy rose express,
And figur'd glass can *Raphael's* touch confess ;
Contending arts their magic have displayed,
Self-balanc'd hangs the roof, and scorns the pillar's aid."

There is a sweetness in the thought, and the stonework "glimmers" in the tinge of the downy rose. "Self-poised," says Wordsworth, a century later, gazing at that magic roof.

It was 1742, and the Eton boy had become a Welsh clergyman, when he took, and berhymed, "A Voyage to *Tintern Abbey* in *Monmouthshire,* from *Whitminster* in *Gloucestershire.*" Already the pleasures of landscape had taken the fancy of young England. The Picturesque Spirit had some of the bards in thrall. They scarcely knew why, not being prophets, but they were the early voices of natural piety. Davies was delighted with his Abbey and the way thither,

> "The shady rocks and precipices green";

he arrived, conscious of a still sad music, if not of omnipresent motion and spirit.

> "At length our pilgrimage's home appears,
> Her venerable fabric *Tintern* rears;
> While the sun, glancing in its calm decline,
> With his last gilding beautifies her shrine.
> Enter with reverence the hallow'd gate,
> And trace the aweful relicks of her state,
> The meeting arches, pillar'd walks admire,
> Or musing listen to the fancied choir.
> Encircling groves diffuse their solemn grace,
> And dimly fill the opening window's space,
> While pitying shrubs, on the bare summits, try
> To give the roofless pile a canopy."

Here, he says, he would "look back upon the world," and has the good sense to limit his reflections on that theme to four lines. Perhaps the world cut them short; for another tourist of the eighteenth century says that "As we left the abbey, we found the whole hamlet at the gate, either openly soliciting alms, or covertly," a most unpicturesque appendage.—EDMUND BLUNDEN.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—While engaged in the pleasant labour of reading through the prose works of

Thomas Hardy, I have discovered what is possibly a unique instance of self-plagiarism. In the case of an author so widely read it is remarkable that no one has noticed it before, for Hardy has copied a whole passage of description from one novel and used it again in another. Whether this plagiarism was committed deliberately or not it is for readers to decide after the facts have been placed before them. Certainly, one would like the author's own opinion; but, of course, he may be as surprised to learn about it as I was to discover it.

Desperate Remedies was Hardy's first novel, and was published in 1871. It is a tale with a very complicated plot, written under the influence of Wilkie Collins, and it is safe to say that it would now be in oblivion but for the fame of the author. On page 254 of the Wessex Edition of *Desperate Remedies,* is the following description of a somewhat unusual sunset:—

> "On the right hand the sun, resting on the horizon line, streamed across the ground from below copper-coloured and lilac clouds, stretched out in flats beneath a sky of pale, soft green. All dark objects on the earth that lay towards the sun were overspread by a purple haze, against which a swarm of wailing gnats shone forth luminously, rising upward and sailing away like sparks of fire."

Seven years after the publication of *Desperate Remedies* there came a masterpiece in the shape of *The Return of the Native.* On page 244 of the Wessex Edition (the pagination of which I use in every quotation) is the following description of a somewhat unusual sunset:—

> "They stood still and prepared to bid each other farewell. Everything before them was on a perfect level. The sun, resting on the horizon line, streamed across the ground from between copper-coloured and lilac clouds, stretched out in flats beneath a sky of pale, soft green. All dark objects on the earth that lay towards the sun were overspread by a purple haze, against which groups of wailing gnats shone out, rising upwards and dancing about like sparks of fire."

Except for the alteration of "groups" for "a swarm," "out" for "forth," "dancing about" for "sailing away," this passage is, word for word, a copy of the first. Now it is possible that the author wished to save a jewel from a book which he thought would be forgotten and to use it as an additional adornment of the masterpiece. The closeness of the parallel points to this solution. On the other hand, this strange sunset may have been engraved upon his mind by some intense personal experience, so that he used it again unconsciously, noticing only perhaps that his pen was finding the right words rather easily. Or it may be it was not so much the actual sunset which he so vividly remembered, as the spectacle of the level rays gilding the dancing gnats and "all dark objects on the earth that lay towards the sun." This is suggested by the fact that on page 3 of *A Laodicean,* published in 1881, there is this passage :—

> "The graveyard being quite open on its western side, the tweed-clad figure of the young man and the tall mass of antique masonry which rose above him to a battlemented parapet, were fired to a great brightness by the solar rays, that crossed the neighbouring mead like a warp of gold threads, in whose mazes groups of equally lustrous gnats danced and wailed incessantly."

And in *Life's Little Ironies,* published 1884, in a short story called "On the Western Circuit," the favourite image appears once again :—

> "A smoky glare, of the complexion of brass-filings, ascended from the fiery tongues of innumerable naphtha lamps affixed to booths, stalls, and other temporary erections which crowded the spacious market square. In front of this irradiation scores of human figures, more or less in profile, were darting athwart and across, like gnats against a sunset."

In this case the image is positively dragged in, for it is hardly an appropriate simile for crowds moving against a background of lights, though one quite sees

how the association of the two things was suggested to the writer. The whole matter is, of course, more curious than important. But it may be of interest to readers of Thomas Hardy, and even to the author himself, if he is not already aware of it.—JOHN SHAND.

SUNDAY MORNING.—It is Sunday morning. We breakfast late on Sundays, and this morning are rather later than usual. As I finish my second piece of toast the church bells begin to ring. They sound very clearly; that means the wind is still in the north-east. How I hate that north-east wind in February, it chills one's vitals and makes one uncharitable. Shall I go down to church?

I was brought up a Nonconformist; in my early days we were accustomed to go to the chapel, a mile from home, twice or three times every Sunday, whatever the weather. It is many years since I went into such a chapel. On the last occasion that I did so a lay-preacher occupied the pulpit; he said he believed the Bible from cover to cover, and if he had been told there that Jonah swallowed the whale he would have believed it. It is difficult to retain one's enthusiasm for Dissent in a small village.

For some time past I have attended service at the parish church, more often than not for the sake of my two children. There are other ways of worshipping God which satisfy my need. However, the children are at boarding school now so there is no need to go this morning on their account. A bright fire is burning in the sitting-room, and there on the table is that new book of M.'s. When the postman brought it last night I did just glance at the title page, but the leaves are still uncut. There go those bells!

Our bellringers rather fancy themselves. They tour about the country, frequently putting in three and a-half hours' solid work ringing the changes on triple bob

major ; and all for love of the job. They are successful this morning, anyway, in dragging me from the fireside and the book.

As I pass through the lych gate the bells change their rhythm and break into a sort of tumbling-over-one-another scale downward, like a party of rowdy boys cascading downstairs. All the élite of the parish come to the morning service, it is the thing to do. The evening congregation will be of a totally different make-up. There are a score of motor cars about the entrance. It is by way of being a dress parade ; apart from any other consideration there may be something to be said for it on that score.

Finding my way into the usual pew, I kneel and pray that I may meet with God. The organist is improvising quite well, a special gift I have always coveted, but the organ is a ramshackle old instrument and ought to have been on the scrapheap a generation ago. Such an inefficient piece of mechanism would not be tolerated in a second-rate cinema. The church is lit by gas ; this is necessary even on a summer morning, as the interior, very beautiful in form, is grimy to a degree that would not be endured in the homes of any of the worshippers. Moreover, the daylight is excluded by gaudy stained-glass windows, none of which has any claim to artistic merit. The atmosphere of the church is uncomfortably chilly, but stuffy nevertheless. Is it merely my fancy that the whole affair is depressing? There seems to be none of that general expectancy one experiences in a west-end theatre when waiting for the curtain to go up.

The people rise as the choir comes in followed by the vicar and the new curate. I endeavour to concentrate on the service as it proceeds. The first lesson is from Genesis, the story of the Fall. What glorious stuff there is in the Bible to read aloud ! Why don't the clergy take a few lessons in elocution? The reader is mouthing his words, evidently quite satisfied with his

performance, but half the beauty of the old story is lost. The congregation look about, fidget, and cough; they show no signs of being interested. The prayers are intoned; beautiful prayers; I try to enter into the spirit of these beautiful expressions of devotion. There are a few special prayers by the Bishop, designed to meet topical needs. They have little reference to the world I know. Probably it would be considered irreverent to address the Almighty in modern speech.

The new curate is the preacher this morning. He is one of those post-war parsons who has been hustled through his college training to fill a gap; I am told there are thousands of such gaps still unfilled. He has passed all his examinations with flying colours, and it is said that he will go far, though it is not stated in what direction. A Board-school teacher before the war, he still retains a didactic and rather overbearing manner. He has that kind of insistent voice which makes one's sense of hearing retire into its shell. He takes as his text "They put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved," and sets out to show that the Church of England is the new bottle into which the new wine of the gospel of Jesus Christ has been poured. I should be sorry to think that the Word of God could be contained in so small a vessel. I cannot pay consistent attention to the sermon, my mental eye turns inward to review a host of ideas, not all of them quite fitting to the time and place. Fortunately the sermon is brief. The closing hymn is an "old favourite," it recalls forgotten associations; a little of the glamour of bygone days comes back into my heart.

> Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small.

And yet, just now, I doubt if I mean all that.

The service over, I hurry through the crowd, light a cigarette and set off home at a good pace. I begin

to feel more cheerful : life holds some pleasant things. After all there will be a good dinner waiting ; I hope I am not gross, but Sundays are Feastdays all the year round. Then there is that book of M.'s. A girl friend is coming to tea and has promised to bring some songs of Brahms. If the rain holds off, and there surely can't be much rain with this wind blowing, my wife and I may find time before our guest arrives to slip down the lane and look for primroses. There are often some to be found in sheltered nooks hereabouts, even in February.

To Be Or Not To Be : School-Boy Opinions. —The December number of The Adelphi arrived as I was busy preparing questions for the end-of-term examinations. The title of the editorial attracted me particularly, for the play chosen for study this term by my middle-school form was *Hamlet*. I sat down immediately to read Mr. Murry's article, and I am speaking with reserve when I say that it threw a broad beam of light on what has always been to me a very dimly understood passage.

A schoolmaster has, if he choose, unique opportunities of seeing into the minds of the boys or girls whom he teaches. After reading The Adelphi article I decided to apply to my English class for further information on the subject of Hamlet's deliberations ; I put into their examination paper the question : " What is the drift of Hamlet's speech commencing ' To be or not to be ? ' "

The class consists of twenty-eight boys whose ages range from thirteen and a half to fifteen and a half. It is an ordinary secondary school class of medium ability, considered much stronger in mathematics and science than in English and allied subjects. No " explanation " of the speech had been given by me to it ; we had studied *Hamlet* almost exclusively by acting it scene by scene in the school hall. The ideas contained in the excerpts

given below must therefore be considered original to the authors.

About a dozen boys attempted the question. Three or four answers were merely indifferent paraphrases of Hamlet's words, and three held that suicide was the subject of the soliloquy. The following excerpts from six papers, while containing many crudities of expression and of thought, show clearly the agreement of the writers with Mr. Murry.

The first is from the boy who throughout the term took the part of Hamlet :—

> He is trying to make up his mind whether it is better to take the risk of the ghost being the devil in disguise, and believe it, and kill the King and be King himself, or whether to shrink from the terrible task and live in semi-obscurity as Prince and not King of Denmark.

The crude English of the second yet leaves the writer's meaning plain.

> " Hamlet wonders whether it is better for him to suffer in the mind than to oppose the King and Queen and courtiers, especially to kill the King. The drift of the speech goes towards killing the King . . ."

The third is interesting as an example of a schoolboy's conception of the character of Hamlet.

> Hamlet, urged by his spirited nature, decides to kill Claudius, but then he simmers down, and then comes the great question, " To be or not to be? " Shall I kill the King or not? . . . Hamlet turns the question over in his mind.

The next discusses the speech in the light of " an eye for an eye." The writer made use of this quotation, but only the strictly relevant portions of his answer are quoted here.

> " . . . whether it is better to take his revenge on King Claudius or to let Heaven take it. . . . Hamlet does not know whether to kill the King in revenge for his father's death . . . although he hates Claudius he can never till

> the end of the play make up his mind whether it is 'To be or not to be.'"

The following answer is strictly materialist in thought :—

> . . . he is thinking very deeply on the fact that he has been told by the ghost to kill King Claudius . . . during this speech he does not know when, where, or how to kill the King. He has to think of himself, because if he kills the King he would get into trouble.

The last is the vaguest positively, but it distinctly shows that the writer has no sympathy with the suicide theory.

> Hamlet wonders whether it would be noble to suffer what fate has in store for him, or to go out and fight against it.

In view of Mr. Murry's statement that " I have never discussed the speech with any person, however educated, however familiar with Shakespeare, without finding that he was convinced that 'To be or not to be' means 'To live or not to live,' and that the whole soliloquy is a debate on the pros and cons of suicide," a statement which I for one would have been prepared without doubt to defend, the number and positiveness of these boyish opinions seem to me truly remarkable.—H. C. DENT.

BODYSNATCHERS OF LITERATURE

By John Shand

If I were the censor of plays, I would make a private law which would compel me to prohibit all dramatizations of famous novels. The habit of adapting masterpieces of fiction for the stage is one that deserves every discouragement from the discerning playgoer. The mental make-up of those who engage in these ghoulish tasks might even be investigated by competent psychologists, and the results published. The first thing one notices about these adaptations is that almost invariably they make bad plays, and therefore have not even a remote excuse for their existence. They generally succeed in making the worst of two worlds, and irritate the reader without pleasing the playgoer. And the most boring results, dramatically, are achieved by those who try hardest to give a faithful impression of the novel they are dismembering. One of the very worst plays last year was Mr. John Drinkwater's attempt to dramatize *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. The sincerity of his effort was as obvious as the completeness with which he failed. On the other hand, when something that resembles a play is constructed from a novel, the result, while more satisfying as entertainment, is less satisfactory as a dramatic equivalent to the original. Indeed, the better the adaptation is as a play the greater travesty it will be of the book.

I am led to make these remarks by an adaptation of *Crime and Punishment* by Miss Lena Ashwell and Mr. Roger Pocock, which they produced during Feb-

ruary at the Century Theatre. Were it not the cas that such dramatizations are constantly being made would not bother to argue the question, for, from a artistic point of view, they are quite indefensible. Th very idea of translating into dramatic terms a satisfac tory equivalent to a work of art already completed in different medium of expression is too preposterous. Bu as there are evidently many people who do not agre with this point of view, one must try to reason witl them ; and the two authors in question must excuse m if I make them my scapegoats. We will agree, befor we start, that there are exceptions to every rule. Fo example, *The Constant Nymph,* which is now runnin at the New Theatre, is not only one of the most enter taining plays that have been given in a year of Londo productions, but also gives a fairly approximate idea o the original novel. But I beg to point out that man parts of it have been vulgarized for the sake of stag effect. Also, that *The Constant Nymph,* though o unusual merit for a best-seller, is not great literature And what I wish to save from the theatrical body snatchers are the masterpieces of literature. I do no care a button if the London stage is littered with play taken from the novels of the intellectual or the socia pantry. But when I see such books as *The Mayor o Casterbridge* or *Crime and Punishment* butchered with out even providing the audience with a good play, I fee that the culprits cannot be too heartily chastised.

It is a long time since I read *Crime and Punishment* but in order to attack the adaptation presented at th Century Theatre there is no necessity to criticize th details. All those who have read the book have th more important scenes for ever impressed upon thei minds, and the main theme is capable of being clearl stated to those who have not read it. In the first si chapters the author lays bare the mind and characte of Raskolnikov, the tragic hero of the story. Thi

clever but neurotic student imagines that he is a sort of superman with a great mission in life. In order to prove to himself that he is above the herd, he plans to commit a murder. He selects for his victim an old hag who keeps a pawnbroker's shop. It is his opinion that this woman's trade is a vile one, made all the viler by the exorbitant profits she sucks from her helpless customers. He prepares his plans very carefully, but having persuaded himself that the murder *will not be a crime,* his only care is whether his resolution will fail him at the crisis. He succeeds in murdering the woman with a hatchet, but the unforeseen happens, and he has to kill the woman's servant in order to escape. He does escape. The larger portion of the book pictures in unforgettable scenes his gradual disintegration by fear and conscience. But the remorse that finally drives him to confess is chiefly for the second murder.

In the stage version there is a short prologue in which Raskolnikov murders the pawnbroker almost before the audience are settled in their seats. He bargains for a few moments with the old woman over the price of a cigarette case. He tells her that he is starving and desperate, that he will do anything to get some money. And having worked himself into a fury he uses the chopper. That is, the impression conveyed to the audience is directly opposite to Dostoevsky's intention. Instead of a coolly planned and calmly executed murder we are shown the frenzied action of a desperate man. And there is no mention of the second murder, which *was* the violent act of a fear-stricken man. What can be said for dramatization if it does this sort of thing in the first quarter of an hour? I admit that the task of adapting *Crime and Punishment* is an impossible one. But why, then, in the name of art and sense, attempt it?

The first act added insult to injury. Almost the whole of it was farce of the crudest kind. The scene was

Raskolnikov's garret, and the fun was provided by the conversation of a fellow-student, Razoumikhin. This character was "translated" into a young man capable of making by the dozen remarks like these: "Put down your foot, old man, and show the holes in your socks." "I shall have to pawn the family plate—I mean my aunt's false teeth." Such lines cannot be accepted as the English equivalent to Dostoevsky's idea of humour. O Dostoevsky, how thou art translated!—which reminds one that Bottom's headgear might well crown the heads of all adapters of famous novels. Had there been any serious intention on the part of the dramatizers of *Crime and Punishment* to realize in terms of the theatre at least the main part of the book—the fine analysis of a diseased mind—that first act was a flagrant waste of time, besides being an unpardonable travesty. But there could have been no such intention, for it has only to be formulated in order to make plain the impossibility of realizing it.

Do I waste time, then, on what does not call for comment? Not while masterpieces of fiction can thus be desecrated Besides, these dramatizations call up other important issues. It will be granted, for instance, that of two famous books *The Three Musketeers* is more easily turned into a play than *The Golden Bowl*. That is to say, a novel of physical incident is more easily dramatized than a novel of subtle mental reactions to "points of view." Which is to imply that the drama is essentially a coarser medium of expression than the novel. Well, did not Charles Lamb firmly contend that Shakespeare was reduced to the level of Banks and Lillo by stage production? Shakespeare's finest qualities are reserved for the reader alone, he argued. What dangerous questions, you see, are started into being at first thought by the adapters! But there is no space to proceed further, and, in the case under examination, those who "have done the deed" need

a moment's consideration. Miss Lena Ashwell and her companies rightly pride themselves on their pioneer work for better drama. They are theatrical missionaries who take the gospel of good drama into the cinema-haunted regions of darkest London. Is this play from Dostoevsky good drama or good anything? Why, ironically enough, the cinema itself has given a truer version of the book than the stage has done.

TRUTH AND ART.—Oh, if only artists could understand, once and for all, this "true," there would be no more musicians of the future or the past: no more "verist," realist or idealist painters: no classic or romantic poets: but true poets, true painters, true musicians. (*Verdi.*)

DARWIN AND ARISTOTLE.—Darwin possessed an unrivalled knowledge of the facts of nature? Precisely: and the wonderful thing is that his facts *annihilate his theory,* though he never sees it. Innumerable facts adduced by himself and others show that, somehow or other, by some organic chemistry mysterious to us, organic beings possess the power of originating abrupt and considerable modifications in their own structure. And geology harmonizes with this. Now this formative organic power is exactly what Aristotle means by "Nature." And though by reason of his limited experience Aristotle believed this power to be more fixed and invariable than perhaps it is, he is none the less perfectly right in the main. . . . Darwin's thesaurus of facts testifies to the *organic* power of nature; his theory strives impotently to reduce her to *mechanics,* a kind of blasphemy congenial to the present age, which does not understand the old wisdom of Aristotle. (*F. W. Bain: On the Realization of the Possible.*)

THE LIFE OF JESUS

By John Middleton Murry

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Jesus had determined the nature of his entry into Jerusalem. "Behold your king cometh meek, and riding upon an ass," ran the prophecy; and he had determined to fulfil it.

When they were approaching Jerusalem towards the Mount of Olives and had come as far as the village of Bethany, which lay off the road, Jesus said to two of his disciples:

"Go into the village yonder, and just as you enter it you will find an ass's colt tethered, on which no man has ever sat. Untie him and bring him here. And if anyone ask you: 'Why are you doing this?' say, 'The Master needs it, and he will straightway send it back to you again.'"

They went away and found a colt tethered outside a door opening on the by-road, and they untied him. Some men standing by said to them: "What are you doing, untying that colt?" They said what Jesus told them to say, and the men let him go.

It is clear from Mark's subsequent story that Jesus had at least one friend in Bethany—Simon the Leper—at whose house he dined on the night before the Last Supper. Moreover, Bethany was his headquarters during his days in Jerusalem. From Bethany he set out in the morning, to Bethany he returned in the evening. Probably it was at Simon the Leper's house that he lodged.

Probably, too, it was Simon who had provided for him the unbroken colt. It is not necessary to suppose that Jesus' acquaintance with Bethany was of long standing. Simon may have been one of those in Judæa who heard of Jesus' fame and came to follow him. Jesus must have had many such scattered disciples on whose loyal assistance he could call.

We may suppose that when his decision to come to Jerusalem had been taken, Jesus sent word to Simon in Bethany, telling him the day when he would reach Jerusalem, and bidding him have ready an unbroken colt for his entry. Nothing was more evidently prearranged in Jesus' life than his journey to

Jerusalem: the day of his entry was fixed long beforehand, as was the day of his death.

Jesus had determined to enter Jerusalem as the Messiah, but as the Messiah of his own conception. It was no part of his purpose, indeed it was a sheer impossibility, that he should be recognised by others than his own close disciples as Messiah; and his own near disciples could not understand the conception of the Messiah which he had created. It may be doubted whether they even understood the meaning of his chosen entry, for Jesus was fulfilling prophecies that he alone had connected and understood. He had fashioned the Messiah that he was to be from the compulsion of his own consciousness and circumstance: where the prophets helped him he availed himself of their help; where they could be obeyed, he obeyed them.

In the late afternoon the ass was brought to Jesus. His disciples put their cloaks upon it for a saddle-cloth; and Jesus seated himself. Some spread their cloaks on the road before him; others strewed branches and leaves. Jesus rode in the midst of the company. Before and behind him they cried out "Hosanna!" as they went along.

What were the actual words of the acclamation we cannot say. Those given by the evangelists have, unfortunately, been reshaped to accord with their belief that Jesus entered Jerusalem openly as the Messiah, which is impossible. Jesus entered Jerusalem to the outward eye as a prophet alone. "When he entered Jerusalem," says Matthew, "the whole city was agog, saying, 'Who is this?' And people said: 'This is the prophet Jesus from Nazareth in Galilee.'"

But there was that in the acclamation which offended the eager ears of Pharisees in the crowd. That Jesus should be acclaimed even as a prophet was intolerable to them: their minds had no place for another prophet. The revelation had been, and it was not to be added to. They bade Jesus rebuke his disciples. He replied:

"I tell you if they were silent, the very stones would cry out!" And Luke, who tells us this, tells us also that when Jesus came in sight of the city he wept and cried:

"If only thou knewest this day the secret of peace! But now it is hidden from thine eyes!"

At the first moment of his encounter with Jerusalem the spiritual tension of Jesus was extreme. His lonely and bitter journey at the head of his uncomprehending followers, his superhuman resolution, his acceptance of his created destiny, had worked a kind of sublime intoxication on his soul. He had lifted himself by the sheer intensity of his insight, his courage and his love, above the ways of mortal men. Jerusalem had become for

him a city of the spirit, a symbol, the bowl for the blood of prophets, the sacrificial altar of God's only son. That it was: that he made it to all time.

But it was a place of earth, earthly. Its mighty temple to the ineffable God, gleaming with silver and gold, built mountain-high on pillared stones over the valleys of Jerusalem, was a second Babylon. Like Babylon it was one of the wonders of the world, like Babylon its seething population uttered the ever-lasting materiality of creation. Seething, huckstering, chaffering crowds filled its courts, with a babel of chattering voices and the steam of rank humanity. What had those crowds scrambling for profit out of piety to do with the ineffable One? Sons of what Father were they?

Jesus seems for a moment to have recoiled. He looked round the Temple Courts in the evening of his entry, and returned to Bethany: "because it was already late," says Mark. But there is that in his immediately following narrative which tells a different story. There was a moment of recoil. On his grim journey to Jerusalem Jesus, who knew so well the things that are, had forgotten them. He had needed to forget them and to remember only himself and God.

The sight of the seething Temple recalled him with a shock to reality, yet recalled him only half-way. He was poised midway between two worlds, distraught between two certainties, as a ship will shiver in the meeting place of wind and tide.

With an effort of will he asserted his inward certainty against the outward. God and Himself were real: Jerusalem and the Temple a dream. "Destroy this Temple," he said, as he looked round its crowded courts, "and I will raise it again in three days." The curious crowd that had followed the Galilean prophet from the gates of the City marked his words.

What did he mean? Nothing at that moment of sudden tension, but what he said. He was possessed by a sense of omnipotence. Now or never God must be with him, filling him with power. But what he meant was nothing but the extreme assertion of the truth to which we who so passionately scrutinize his history are the unconscious witnesses—that the spirit is mightier than the world of things. At that moment, we doubt not, Jesus meant that a more glorious Temple would arise at his creative word. Whether with great stones and roofs of gold, or simply in the consummation of that unity of man and God which he knew—who can say? Could Jesus himself at that moment have said?

He had but uttered his exultant sense that the things of earth and the great city of Jerusalem were as a dream compared with God's power that worked in him and had borne him

to this encounter. He had reasserted his inward certainty against the outward fact: it had triumphed, at a price. The effort of the tense will was to betray itself.

He returned to Bethany and passed a night of wakeful and tremendous expectation: the very thought of food was forgotten. As he journeyed in the morning back to Jerusalem a sudden hunger possessed him. In the distance he saw a fig-tree in leaf. He went to it: it had no fruit. Among the forgotten things of earth he had forgotten that he was not now in gentler Galilee, where figs were early. Near Jerusalem "it was not the season of figs." And he turned on the fig-tree:

"May no one ever eat fruit from thee for ever!"

The disciples heard him. Peter surely did, and told the queer and vivid story to Mark years after. It tells us something precious for the understanding of Jesus' state of soul as he went to the doing of the most outwardly striking act of his life—the Cleansing of the Temple. For that was—to use the word precisely—the most *deliberate* act of his life. Here for a moment he seems not to be obeying some inward and inevitable compulsion, but as it were imposing an act upon himself by force of will. This thing stands out from among the certain actions of his life as one that he might not have done. It is not inevitably his own: neither is the cursing of the fig-tree. They belong together, and belong together to one particular moment of his destiny—the last final clash of spiritual certainty and material fact.

In his lonely concentration on the things that are not yet he had forgotten the things that are—and the sudden awareness of them created in his tense soul a strange exasperation. He was omnipotent, and he was not; things were, and they were not. For a moment by an act of will he would make them other than they were. He came to the Temple and imperiously drove out before him the buyers and sellers from the Court of the Gentiles; he overturned the money-changers' tables and the stools of the dove-sellers; he stopped and turned back the carriers who made the Temple Courts their thoroughfare; and he cried:

"Is it not written, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the Gentiles?' And you have made it a thieves' kitchen."

For an instant he had succeeded. He had flung himself along against the vast materiality of the Temple, and it had yielded. The eager crowd behind him, avid to see the doings of the Galilean prophet, his own faithful and enthusiast company from Galilee, had frightened the market-keepers for a day: but only for a day.

But it was not that which awakened him. Rather a sense of his own exasperation; a knowledge that his own anger, being anger, was wrong. He had been caught unawares where wind and tide meet, and the tiller had trembled in his hands. Such, it seems, is the thought contained in the words he spoke on the next day as they came out again from Bethany.

Peter saw that the fig-tree was withered. I do not pretend to know how it happened: a cold wind, a frost, anything. It was a poor fig-tree and a solitary one. But it *was* withered. Jesus had forgotten all about it: it was the last thing he would have remembered at that moment. Peter reminded him.

" Look, Master, the fig-tree you cursed is withered ! "

Peter was surprised. The disciples, like the modern historian and probably for the same reason, could not get used to miracles.

Perhaps Jesus also was surprised; but he was not in a mood to be surprised at anything. His words belong to a different order of thought.

" Have faith in God," he said. " Amen, I say to you that whoever shall say to this mountain : ' Be lifted up and cast into the sea,' and shall not doubt in his heart, but believe that what he says shall be, it shall be done for him. Therefore, I say to you—all that you pray for and ask for, believe that you have already received it, and it shall be done unto you. And when you stand praying, if you have anything against anyone—forgive him, that your Father in heaven may forgive you your failings."

Why should Jesus speak now of forgiveness as the essential to prayer? Surely because the memory of his own exasperation pressed hard upon him. When he had most greatly needed to be one with God, the perfect instrument of God's purpose, he had been warped by anger. Anger for God, no doubt: but if God could not be angry, how could his son be? By anger God's son ceased to be his son.

" Love your enemies, and pray for them that do you harm. That thus ye may become sons of your father : for he makes his sun to rise upon good men and bad, and his rain to fall upon the just and the unjust."

This was the secret. And prayer consisted in man's knowledge of his union with God, of the son's identity with his Father. Such prayer, which alone Jesus taught, is not a petition, but a condition, a condition of which anger was the negation—a vision of all things with the serene eye of the Creator-God. To such prayer all things were possible, for the son was one with God: yet by such prayer nothing could be demanded, for it was a complete and open-eyed submission to God's will. In such a condition, to believe that you have received a thing is

indeed to have it, for you can believe that you have received only that which it is God's will that you should receive.

So Jesus' anger ebbed away. Henceforward he appears as perfectly calm.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Disputes in the Temple.

The cleansing of the Temple was a bold act: but, though Jesus had done it as his Father's son, it was not more than the people expected of a prophet. And to prove that the people were on his side we need not the express word of Mark that all the common people were astonished and thrilled at his teaching: without the open enthusiasm of the people he could not have accomplished his cleansing of the Temple. Those vested interests would not have retired at the command of a prophet, even though the prophet were Jesus of Nazareth. They gave way to a man on whose words the people hung.

The chief priests and the Pharisees, the members of the great Sanhedrin, were quickly aware of this threat to their authority and to the priestly revenues. On the next day when Jesus was walking and teaching in the precincts, some of them came to him and asked: "By what authority do you do these things? Who gave you the authority to do them?"

Jesus, surrounded by his eager listeners, replied:

"I will ask you a single question. Answer me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things. The baptism of John—was it from heaven or from men? Answer me!"

At first it seems a masterly evasion. But indeed Jesus' question went straight to the heart of the matter. John's baptism had been crucial in his life: with his baptism had come that knowledge of God and of his own relation to God, by which all his subsequent acts had been determined. From his baptism a straight road led to the place where he now stood, in the central shrine of Judaism, doing battle with the champions of the Law in their own citadel. John's baptism may mean little enough to us to-day: as we see it, it was only the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace which Jesus would have conquered without it. But it meant, and it must have meant, much to Jesus: to him the inward event and the outward occasion were inseparably one. And the early Christians did well and truly in making baptism the primary sacrament of the Christian Church, though Jesus himself baptized no one. By baptism, as by no other sacrament, a man is fitly dedicated to the following of the man Jesus.

On John's baptism, as the outward sign of the inward elevation, Jesus felt that his authority did truly rest. Was it divine

or human, from God or from men? For John's baptism of Jews was new in the history of Judaism. It was the creation of the prophet who had believed in the imminence of the Wrath to Come—a mark set upon those who verily repented of their sins and thus escaped the stern justice of God. Jesus knew well that neither the priestly aristocracy of the Sadducees nor the Pharisees, the fervid worshippers of the Law, could admit the divine appointment of John or his sacrament. For both of them, the means of purification was sacrifice and the place of purification the Temple where they stood. But there were the people, crowded about Jesus, listening to his teaching: they believed that John was veritably a prophet ordained by God and Jesus his true successor.

Jesus' claim, implicit in his question, was simply this: that he was indeed a prophet, upon whom the mantle of John had fallen at his baptism. And this was the only claim to an outward and visible authority that he could make. The rest, the very substance, of his authority was inwardly derived—it shone in what he said and did and was. Had he tried to prove it to men blind, by conviction and interest, to these things, what words could he have used save that he was sent by God. Directly to claim God for the source of his authority before Sadducees and Pharisees would have been madness. He claimed no more than to have been consecrated to his mission by the baptism of John.

"Was it from heaven or from men?" They could not say "Yes"; they dared not say "No." They replied that they could not say: they did not know.

Jesus answered: "Neither will I tell you by what authority I do these things."

At no moment in his career does the swift and subtle, yet strangely simple, *genius* of Jesus appear so evidently as in his conflicts with his great and learned adversaries. The gesture of his mind, become the perfect instrument of his spirit, has the beauty of finality. His words are become so familiar to us from children that it is hard for our adult intelligence to stand away from them and see that they might have been other than they were. They have acquired, through the ages, the simplicity of predestination.

Yet, if we can surprise ourselves into unfamiliarity, and hear them as though they were uttered for the first time to-day, one quality shines out from them above all others. These are not the words of a visionary or a dreamer; they are the words of a man who lived completely in this world of men—and lived in it the more completely because his spirit breathed another air. The fundamental detachment he had conquered gave him a

more certain command of the mundane reality, as though he saw it distinctly and fully from a mountain-top. He reckons his adversary and his situation in an instant, lets fly his arrow, as softly and swiftly as if it were a smile; and the victory is his. The carpenter of Galilee was the Man of men.

The members of the great Sanhedrin "were afraid of him." They might well be: he was invulnerable. "They sought how they might destroy him." There was nothing else that they could do: they could only vanquish his body. His spirit had vanquished theirs, and vanquished it for ever. For these replies of his could never be forgotten: they had in them a mastery which was indelible from the memory of even the simplest mind. Against such a man the great ones could compass but one thing—his bodily death: thereby they were to set the seal upon his victory. Yet even that was not easy for them to compass. He had done no wrong, spoken no blasphemy. He knew his adversaries and their powers: what they could do and what they could not do. He made no claim that they could seize upon. Until he chose, they were impotent against him: he was the master of his destiny.

He turned to the members of the Sanhedrin, and said:

"What is your opinion? A man had two sons. He went to the first and said: 'My son, go and work in the vineyard to-day.' He answered: 'I will go, sir,' and did not go. The man went to his second son and said the same. He answered: 'I will not,' but afterwards he repented and went. Which of the two did his father's will?"

They answered: "The second."

Jesus said:

"Verily I tell you that the tax-gatherers and harlots will go before you into the Kingdom of God. For John came to you to declare the road to righteousness, and you would not believe him. But the tax-gatherers and the harlots believed him. But you, when you saw that, did not repent afterwards and believe him."

So Jesus drove home the significance of John the Baptist. For himself, as the last and greatest figure in the succession of Jewish prophets, it was tremendous. Not merely had the divine inheritance passed more fully to him through John's baptism; but his own destiny as Messiah depended upon the recognition of John as a prophet and more than a prophet—as Elijah which was for to come. In the mind of Jesus himself, who had recognized him, first as a prophet when he sought his baptism, and then, as his own solitary and sublime destiny began to take shape in his soul, as more than a prophet, John's position legitimized his own. As he had grown since John

baptized him, so John had also grown, until at last, at the moment he himself became Messiah, John became Elijah. An imprisoned and beheaded Elijah, for a suffering and crucified Messiah—it was well.

But this thought was for himself and his nearer disciples alone. He was content to vindicate John as a prophet as he stood now before the people and the members of the Sanhedrin. For the rest he would speak in parables. Out of his question concerning the sons in the vineyard sprang to his need the vision of a greater vineyard. He said:

" A man planted a vineyard, and set a ditch round it, and digged a wine-press and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went to live abroad. At the appointed time he sent a servant to the husbandmen, that he might receive his due of the fruits of the vineyard. They took the servant and thrashed him and sent him away empty. Again he sent another servant to them. Him they beat on the head and dishonoured. He sent another. Him they killed: and many others—some they beat, and some they killed. He had but one remaining—a son whom he loved. At the last he sent him to them, saying: ' They will have regard to my son.' But those husbandmen said to themselves: ' This is the heir. Come let us kill him,' and they threw his body out of the vineyard.

" What will the lord of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy those husbandmen and give the vineyard to others."

After a pause he said:

" Have you never read this in the Scriptures?

" ' *The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner:*

This is the Lord's doings: and it is a wonder in our eyes.'

Therefore I say to you: The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you and shall be given to the heathen who bears the fruits of the Kingdom."

And he added mysteriously:

" Whoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken in pieces; and on whomsoever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder."

Mysteriously: because his words had no immediate connection with the previous thought, or with the meaning he had given his quotation from the 118th Psalm. The rejected stone had been not himself, but the heathen who should inherit the Kingdom. But the words have the ring of authenticity. And for Jesus now the rejection of the Kingdom and of himself who would have led the way thither were indeed the same: he *was* the Kingdom, now that he was Messiah-to-be. He who had been the son seeking brothers to enter the Kingdom with him,

having found none, had become the ineffable Judge who should establish it *with power*. Those mysterious words were the murmur of his secret knowledge.

Then the members of the great Sanhedrin went away. Their plan had been to expose and discredit Jesus before the people who heard him gladly; it had failed, and they instead had been discomfited. When they had gone, Jesus spoke another parable:

"A man prepared a great banquet, and invited many. When the time of the banquet was come he sent his servant to say to the invited guests: 'Come now, for all is ready.' And they all began with one accord to excuse themselves. The first said to the servant: 'I have bought some land, and I must go out and inspect it. Pray let me be excused.' Another said: 'I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I am going to try them. Pray let me be excused.' Another said: 'I have married a wife: therefore I cannot come.' And the servant came to the lord and told him this. Then the master of the house was angry, and said to his servant: 'Go out quickly into the squares and alleys of the city, and bring in hither the poor, the beggars, the blind and the lame.'

"And the servant said: 'What you commanded is done, my lord, and there is still room.'

"And the lord said to the servant: 'Go into the roads and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be full to overflowing. For I tell you that none of those men who were invited shall taste of my feast.'"

That is Luke's version of the parable; he more closely represents the original than does Matthew, whose version is a mixture of two, or even three, different parables. Jesus was concerned at this moment with the rejection of his message and of the Kingdom by the leaders of Jewry: the common people and the heathen would be the chosen guests of the Lord. He could speak with knowledge, for he as Messiah would choose them.

But the members of the Sanhedrin had not given up their hope of entangling him in argument. On another day they tried to force out of him a declaration of hostility to the Roman power. They had failed to elicit from him a blasphemy on which they themselves might condemn him, with popular approval; now they sought to make him declare himself a revolutionary and bring him under a Roman condemnation. They said to him:

"Master, we know that you are true, and have no respect of persons. For you do not regard men's outward: but you teach the way of God in truth. Is it right to pay tribute to Cæsar or not? Shall we give or not give?

He answered:

"Why do you tempt me? Bring me a shilling that I may see it."

They brought it.

He said:

"Whose is this image and this inscription?"

They said:

"Cæsar's."

He said:

"Give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, and to God what is God's."

Then they brought before him a woman taken in the act of adultery, and they said to him:

"Master, this woman was caught in the act of adultery. In the Law Moses commands us to stone such creatures. But what say you?"

Jesus bent down and began to write with his finger on the ground. But they stood there and asked again. Then he raised himself up and said to them:

"Let the sinless one among you cast the first stone at her."

He bent down again and wrote on the ground.

Then they went away, one by one, beginning with the older men, till Jesus was left alone with the woman standing before him. Then Jesus lifted himself up, and seeing the woman alone, said to her:

"Woman, where are your accusers? Did none of them condemn you?"

"No one, sir."

"Neither do I condemn you. Go your way, and sin no more."

The story does not belong to the original text of the Fourth Gospel. It is a fragment of the primitive tradition, which surely bears its authenticity written upon it.

(*To be continued.*)

BOOKS TO READ

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN: 1914-18. By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Bart. Two vols. (Cassell.) £2 10s. net.

Field-Marshal Robertson does not treat theoretically the problem—as old as War itself—implied in his title, and it will be ever insoluble unless the ideal soldiers arise who shall also be statesmanlike. But being himself an intelligent soldier and an able administrator, he does, in revealing intimate and interesting facts about the Whitehall control in the Great War, illustrate the problem, and seems to present a tacit case. Going back over twenty years of English and German military conditions, he shows our terrible unpreparedness, and traces its consequences. He sheds a ruthless light on the tragic Dardanelles enterprise, and elsewhere implies at least one serious indictment of the War Cabinet.

FRANCE. By Sisley Huddleston. (Benn.) 21s. net.

Following the aim of the "Modern World" series, to explain the present state of a country by its past as well as in terms of sociology, economics (not Mr. Huddleston's strongest point), politics and the rest, this book—the more for its balance and its huge amassment of facts—defies fair judgment or description in a review. It might be a better, a more illuminating book, without doing so much; but, in view of all it does, one could hardly expect it to be better. The French are the most paradoxical of peoples; and their history and institutions, reflecting this, do not admit of treatment in one volume if the author would both convey a unified impression and—as Mr. Huddleston does—see all sides. Mr. Huddleston is notably strong on the historical opposition between autocracy and feudalism; and on the colonial question. He is disappointing on religion and literature.

THE HUMAN ADVENTURE. By James H. Breasted and J. Harvey Robinson. Two vols. (Harper.) 16s. net each.

These agreeably produced and lavishly illustrated twin volumes form a history of the world. It is elementary in aim, but with so much material to be summarized in so limited a space, the reservation means little. Prof. Breasted in "The Conquest of Civilisation" brings the story down to the Middle Ages and, since he starts right at the beginnings, keeps a unity in view, and writes very readably, we prefer his book to Prof. Robinson's perhaps more heroic struggle with "The Ordeal of Civilization," which, though fully equal in scope, is rather marred by prejudice, inferior style and a failure to achieve entire proportion.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF MODERN BRITAIN: THE EARLY RAILWAY AGE, 1820-1850. By J. H. Clapham. (Cambridge University Press.) 25s. net.

This is a work of great research, discreetly handled; and is perhaps not more difficult to read than its nature impels. The theme is dingy with the squalor of the "good old times"; and only the description of the coming of the railways is attractive—which, again, must be so. The period covered is one of transition, and it extends from the darkness of the time when there were no serviceable statistics to a point when an England recognizably like our own had emerged: an industrial England of reforms and economic centrality. So this extensive survey is in a sense a pioneer work. It is impossible for an economic history on such a scale to be perfect: to give everything, to know what to omit, or to attain absolute proportion and perspective. Dr. Clapham will have laid many ghosts, stabilized much hitherto scattered and misread information, and set a standard for his fellows.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY. By W. H. R. Rivers, F.R.S. (Kegan Paul.) 15s. net.

The late Dr. Rivers was a pioneer in the provinces of both psychology and ethnology and one of the most brilliant workers that either field has ever claimed. His interest, however, as Prof. Elliot Smith states in his excellent introduction to this volume, lay primarily in the former science, and in his hands anthropology became essentially a unique material source for the comparative study of human custom and belief. The present collection contains several of Rivers' formerly inaccessible papers, together with his invaluable discussion of the psychological functions of symbolism and of the doctrine of cultural diffusion, to which he finally gave his own allegiance.

NOTABLE NOVELS

Go She Must! By David Garnett. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

The subtly artificial restraint of Mr. Garnett's limpid style appears to be concealing a significance that rather eludes us. His skill is unquestionable, and it may be that the faintly old-fashioned savour he gives to quite modern life enables one to see certain essentials better than does the more common, intricate, undisciplined manner of the day. But this miniature novel, about the "going"—to Paris, of course—of a not entirely interesting daughter of the vicarage, lingers in the mind, if at all, for many passing felicities; not for any completeness conveyed.

Skin-Deep. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

The expectations aroused in us by *The Housemaid* are disappointed in this novel, which, though it has many incidental graces, is far more superficial and less thoughtful. Were its quality higher, the casual construction and the disorderly presentation of the action—which starts near the finish, moves sometimes forwards and more often backwards over thirty years and never stays long in the same decade—might be endurable; but the theme, the psychology and the very language are often quite unconvincing.

Beatrice. By Arthur Schnitzler. (Werner Laurie.) 7s. 6d. net.

As one cannot but feel that Schnitzler has been excellently served by the present (and other) translators, his European reputation seems rather disproportionate, for he appears to be a master hardly even of the second rank. His imaginative comprehension covers only the sexual—for want of a better word—the sexual motive in human life; his subtlety and control derive mainly from this limited approach; and even here an English critic might challenge him were it possible to question that an utterly foreign "tradition" of amatory feeling may be as true in itself as it is strange to us. Of the shorter stories here appended to *Beatrice*, *His Hour of Fame* is the best, two others are moving, one is a mere thesis, and *The Wife of the Wise Man* a psychological enigma.

From Man to Man. By Olive Schreiner. (Benn.) 7s. 6d. net.

Not a great novel, even were it completed; further from greatness than *The Story of an African Farm*, not in conception, but in grasp of the conception; equally humourless, and even more given to misplaced digression; marred less by failure to cope with the innumerable intricacies of the underlying motive than by the bias in what unity it has, this fragment yet holds some quality peculiar to its author and outside the "European tradition." The beauty of the "Prelude" is unchallengeable. None of the characters, save Rebekah and Baby-Bertie, is *full*—yet what women they are, what an epic of sisterhood might here have developed! The almost deliberate slowness and quietness of Olive Schreiner's style, her mastery of pathos, tend to conceal that this prodigious synthesis of her impressions, which was preparing over nearly half-a-century, is given us in a fluid state. In justice to a rare spirit it must be recognized that she was consciously groping—for something, we believe, of great price. Here was the material, but (in her own words) "perhaps only God knew what the lights and shadows were."

INDEX: 1923-1925

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The Adelph

VOL. IV. NO. 10. APRIL, 19

AN APOLOGY FOR A SERMON

By The Editor

YOU are accustomed to hear from this place* th words of men who are preachers. I am non I ask you to remember that, and not to expe from me what I cannot give. And that warning an apology sets me thinking on the more anxious problem What *can* I give?

For evidently I am here to give something. I shoul not have accepted the invitation to speak here, had I no at one moment believed that I might have something t give. But in the long weeks that have elapsed betwee the promise and the fulfilment, the momentary beli that I might have something to give has had time t evaporate. A man for whom a sermon is an utterl exceptional thing has too many opportunities to thin about what it is he is going to do. It would—it must— seem fantastic to you, who are accustomed to hear i this place every week eloquent and accomplishe preachers, if I were to tell you how deep a heart-searc ing the promise to deliver this single sermon has cause me. My mind has been divided like the mind of Brut

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* Trinity Church, Glasgow, where this address was give February, 1927.

while he meditated his act of justice—or his act of murder.

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
> The genius, and the mortal instruments,
> And then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.

I, too, have been suffering the nature of an insurrection—and for so slight a cause. You must think it ridiculous.

It is not ridiculous to me. It is very real, so real that it has driven me to the resolution that this must be the last time I shall try to speak from a pulpit to a congregation. It is not because I know I have not the gift of eloquence; if I had, I should only be afraid of it. I should be afraid of becoming as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal in my own ears. There is that element in my nature, for better or worse, which listens in a cold and stony silence to the words I speak and write and asks "Do you *really* believe that?" If I cannot answer, from the depth of my heart, "Yes, I do," then I am straightway dumb as the demon in the parable. And I cannot say, like the man with the little epileptic son, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" I do not want to make any act of faith. My unbelief is as precious to me as my belief; they are so deeply interwoven that I cannot separate them. Each conditions the other and gives it its quality. So far as I can tell, my faith (if it can be called faith), and my scepticism (if that is the name for it), have attained some sort of living harmony. I have tried to be loyal to both. It is as impossible for some men to suppress their doubts as it is to deny their belief. Therefore, my belief without my doubt, and my doubt without my belief would be equally untrue. I cannot confess the one without the other.

Such are the thoughts that have brought me to the resolution that this must be the last time I shall speak from a pulpit to a congregation. I have done so now perhaps a half-dozen times in my life, and with each occasion there has come upon me an increasing sense of some fundamental incompatibility between a pulpit and myself. A pulpit is, I feel, a place where a man should utter certainties : I possess no certainties. And nothing fills me with a more profound and painful misgiving than the fear that I may be suggesting to others that I am certain, when I am not. Moreover, in practice I have found that it is extremely difficult not to suggest much more than one's own true meaning. Beliefs are as subtle and shadowy as they are important : they have their home somewhere between the definite and unsatisfying world of factual knowledge, and the equally definite and perhaps equally unsatisfying world of dogma. A belief lies in between a measurable fact and a comprehensible idea : it is like the light on the landscape, tremendously real, terribly evanescent : it is the bloom on the ripeness of reality, and for that very cause mobile, unstable, incapable of fixity. One becomes, therefore, more and more reluctant to talk directly about one's beliefs : one feels that they should be whispered rather than proclaimed, and implied rather than whispered.

Perhaps the cause of all this hesitation and misgiving, which has now grown within me to the strength of a positive inhibition, is that I am simply a man of letters. That is to say that my mind has long inhabited a world in which downright and positive assertions concerning the nature of things have singularly little place. In the world of literature tremendously significant revelations of the nature of reality are made without anyone being able to say what they are. When we reach the final catastrophe of *Othello* or the quiet end of Tolstoy's *War and Peace,* we feel that we know something of momentous meaning for our lives : yet what we know,

ho can say? A peace descends upon our souls, a peace at does indeed pass all understanding, that serene quiescence in mortal destiny of which the great Rusan writer Tchehov so magically speaks, when he says at in its calm " All things are forgiven, and it would strange not to forgive." The world of literature is world where this mysterious and simple miracle, in nall things and in great, is for ever happening : where, the bright and steady mirror of the soul of genius, ıman pain is justified and human disaster transmuted to victory. And it is of no avail to say, as the coolinded rationalists say, that this is an illusion. If we e deceived in this, we are deceived in everything that as spiritual importance for our lives : if we are deceived this, then there is indeed no such thing as spiritual nportance at all.

Of course, it is hard, it is indeed suicidal, for the pure tionalist to admit that there is a whole category of velations of the intimate nature of reality which can y no means be translated into direct assertions of fact. Nevertheless, they exist and are real, and they have to e reckoned with : and a man whose life has been largely pent, as mine has been spent, in a kind of communion ith these revelations of the nature of reality, a man ho has been accustomed to order and to value the orks of genius in accordance with the fullness of evelation which they bring, must inevitably have his ind tempered and his attitude shaped, by his constant ense of the incompatibility of revelation and assertion.

Such a one, I think, is inevitably bound to shrink from ne rigours of religious assertion. The reality, of which uch unforgettable glimpses have been vouchsafed him y the great men of genius, seems to him far too rich ver to be confined within the clauses of a credal formula. The formula may serve as a symbol or hint of the eality ; but it can never be more, and it may become nuch less—it may become a barrier interposed between

the faculty of worship and the infinite richness of the concrete world in which worship should find its sustenance. If revelation of God there is, it is in the things which are : if we cannot find it there we shall find it nowhere.

Let me try to explain what I mean. My hero of heroes is Jesus of Nazareth. I do not believe he was God : I do not believe any man ever has been or ever will be God. I speak like a fool, no doubt, but theological subtleties concerning the union of the divine and human nature leave me cold. I can understand them, I believe, as well as most men : but they are to me a poor theoretical substitute for the sheer, pulsing humanity of Jesus of Nazareth, the man of surpassing love and transcendent imagination, who was not God but was something more wonderful—the creator of God.

Now, to believe what I believe concerning Jesus—that he was simply and wholly man, has one immediate and inevitable consequence. His death on the Cross was, humanly speaking, complete and utter disaster. No resurrection mitigated it. There, hanging pale and cold on Golgotha, was all that remained of the Prince of Men : the God in whom he had believed, to whom he had wholly dedicated himself, had failed him at the last—left him, as his disciples had left him, lonely, desolate, and dying.

It is not easy—it is a terrible pain—merely to face this death of Jesus. Do not think, I implore you, that we for whom Jesus is simply and wholly man, have chosen the easy way. It would be far, far more comfortable for us to believe in the joyful resurrection. All our simple human nature, wrought to I know not what fervour of passionate adoration, cries out no less than others', perhaps more eagerly than some, that this man of men should be spared the blackness of utter defeat. This agony is intolerable, not to be borne : from this revelation of the brutality and pain of life we

must turn away. But it cannot be : it is not Jesus our simple human nature cries to save, but itself. We resist the temptation : we make the effort that life demands we should make, and we do not turn away. We endure to the end. *Consummatum est.* It is finished.

And then, suddenly, strangely, out of the chaos, the despair, the agony of this contemplation, rises a voice like the singing of a solitary bird after the terror of a storm. Some mysterious song of triumph rises and swells within our darkened souls, to tell us that though here is terror, here is beauty no less surpassing : that here is indeed a victory over death, not in the joyful resurrection of the body, but in the immortal wonder of such transcendent tragedy as this. Here is a beauty that cannot die : that not only lives, but gives life. What are the keenest of our woes, the bitterest of our trials, the most fearful of our pains, compared with this man's woe and trial and pain? Never on earth was disaster like this, nor ever will be again. The loneliest hero can never go lonely to his agony again : he will have the memory of that man to comfort him.

What can you call such an attitude as this? Is it a faith? I do not know. I am not at all sure that I know what a faith is. But what this attitude quite certainly is, is an experience : a true and profound experience. Not isolated, not something which happens once and may be remembered or forgotten : but an experience which can be repeated and renewed whenever we have the strength and the will to relive that life again. Every time we will face the agony, the triumph awaits us—some high and certain knowledge that in the utter disaster of the bravest and most beautiful soul that has visited this earth, is the supreme revelation of the beauty and the purpose of life.

Believe me, I am not talking paradoxes : neither am I talking literature. And if I am talking as a man of letters, it is simply as one who has found in the great

works of genius many of his most vital and memorable experiences, the glimpses whereby

> the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened. . . .

To such a one the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth is the archetype of all tragedy : and the experience which comes through the unflinching contemplation of that life and death, is the experience in which all tragic experience culminates. What we know when we read *King Lear* to the bitter end, that we know, more fully and more deeply, when we have followed Jesus of Nazareth to his last despairing cry.

I am not suggesting that this attitude is an attitude for all men. I do not believe it is : and I am sorry with the regret that any man must feel when he finds that his most intimate and precious convictions are meaningless to others. Still, I have long since made up my mind that my way of looking at some important things is very much my own : and I would not now have thrust it upon you, if it had not seemed necessary to make some explanation of myself. As I said, the pulpit seems to me the place where a man should utter certainties. I said also : I do not possess any certainties. That was not true : but I could not then have told the truth without misleading and mystifying you. I do possess certainties, my certainties. But the trouble with my certainties is that I cannot express them directly without doing them a violence from which I shrink. For such a man, I freely acknowledge, there is no place in a pulpit. At one time, fired with an unhoped for victory over my own despairs, I thought there might be. But I was mistaken : and I have taken my lesson to heart.

For what can such a man honestly do? To him the tragic experience is the ultimate revelation of the hidden nature of things, and the most perfect and complete

tragedy is the life and death of Jesus. In contemplating it, something of infinite importance is revealed to him, but what that something is, he cannot say. It is not a simple question of a personal incapacity : for he knows, by the very nature of the revelation, that if he could say what it is that is revealed, it would not be true. It could not be true. " What is revealed, cannot be spoken."

There I must leave it. I am as conscious as anybody that it is an unsatisfactory attitude in a world which demands definite statements, definite questions, definite answers. Is there, or is there not, a God? Was Jesus, or was he not, divine? To such questions I have no answers : and, what is more, I should find no satisfaction in having answers to them. On the contrary. The fact is that this unsatisfactory attitude of mine is, at all events, satisfying to me : in it I have found whatever peace of soul I am capable of finding. And do not think that this faith, or this knowledge, or this experience of mine, is to me, as it no doubt seems to others, a poor and shadowy substitute for the tremendous assertions of orthodoxy. If I have failed to communicate anything of its quality to you—its power to comfort and sustain one man at least—the cause lies in my own disabilities, not in its poverty. This faith, tried by the experience of which it is the outcome, has a strength and richness of its own. It does not demand that I should do violence to my own nature and my capacities of understanding. Further, it tells me that the " burden of the mystery " can be lightened, and that, in the last resort, all is well. I may not be able to see with my own unaided eyes that all is well : but I have seen and can see again, whenever I will pay the price, that the most fearful defeat that ever man suffered was yet man's most glorious victory. And again, it tells me that the one thing needful in this life of ours is that a man should be true to himself : the man who is true to himself will not fail to make a good end.

Perhaps that seems little enough—too little to be

dignified by the name of religion. I cannot tell. It is enough for me: I can live by it, and that is more important to me than that it should enable me to make reverberating professions. And yet I should be dishonest if I did not say that I believe that, for all its reticence and hesitation, it *is* a religion, and a real one. Nor do I think it utterly remote from that noblest of all religions—the religion which Jesus taught the unheeding world of men. Of course, it has not the splendour and the audacity of that transcendent faith: it cannot have. But it has at least one fundamental of that faith—a sense of loving wonder at the mysterious beauty of the things that are. And if I may be bold and use the words of Jesus to lend loveliness and majesty to a creed so modest as mine, the words I would use are these:—

"Love your enemies, and pray for them that do you harm. That thus ye may be sons of your Father: for he makes his sun to rise upon good men and bad, and his rain to fall upon the just and the unjust."

THE POWER OF THE GOOD.—A little does it, a little of the *good* nature overpowers a world of *bad*. One cordial honest laugh of a Tom Jones absolutely clears the atmosphere that was reeking with the black putrifying breathings of a hypocrite Blifil. One homely expostulating shrug from Strap, warms the whole air which the suggestions of a gentlemanly ingratitude from his friend Random had begun to freeze. One "Lord bless us!" of Parson Adams upon the wickedness of the times, exorcises and purges off the mass of iniquity which the world-knowledge of even a Fielding could cull out and rake together. (*Charles Lamb: Essay on Hogarth.*)

DEATH IN THE SAND

By **Francis Langer**

I.

In the first weeks of the war the Russians took th prisoners eastwards via Moscow and Petrograd, that by an unnecessarily long route. But it was desiral that the inhabitants of the big towns should see so evidence of the great victories which had been w and for this reason almost all the first prisoners to taken were obliged to tread the streets of Moscow a Petrograd before reaching the steppes of Siberia a Turkestan. But at about the end of August chol began to appear among the prisoners. The triumph processions ceased instantly, and the prisoners w sent to their destinations by the shortest possible rou

So that the cholera should not spread, a quaranti station was instituted on the boundary of the Gove ment of Turkestan. The Governor had decreed t it was to be of such and such a size, situated not from the railway line, but nevertheless some dista from any inhabited district, and that everybody who w suspected of having the disease was to be sent th instantly. He issued his instructions, they were pass on to a lower official, and finally reached the Pol Superintendent of the appropriate district at the fr tier, who proceeded to execute them. Barracks, which was adjoined a small hut for the guard, w erected about twenty miles from the first railway stati in the Government of Turkestan, in the middle o waste of sand.

As soon as the barracks were complete, th prisoners who were suspected of having cholera had

be quartered in them. This had to be done so that tl Police Superintendent could exhibit " zealous activity.

Therefore, as soon as the transport of prisone arrived towards the end of August, the Superintende appeared at the station and ordered everybody to g out of the train. There were a number of civilian pa sengers besides the prisoners, and they also were oblig to obey the order. The guards arranged the prisone in four files and the Superintendent, followed by tv soldiers, passed along them. When he had reached tl end and had made a guess, by looking at them, at tl number remaining, he waved his hand and the soldie led the first detachment of prisoners back into tl waggons, while all the rest at a sign from him we made to remain standing on the platform. In tl manner were selected those who were suspected having this terrible disease, and who, consequentl were to live in the special barracks.

There were about forty of them, Germans, Hu garians, Poles, one old Turk, a fisherman who had be captured in the Black Sea while quietly pursuing l occupation in ignorance of the war, and about t Czechs. Continually insulted and mocked at by tl Austrians, Germans, and Hungarians during the whc journey from the front, they had grouped themselv together from the first day of captivity and avoided t rest. They never thrust themselves forward, and fate kept them together at the end of the train prisoners in this little station of an Asiatic town. B hind them were the civilians, driven out of the train, variegated company, who had unfortunately joined th fate to that of the prisoners.

There was a Russian, an Old Believer, with a bea already gray, long, undulating, and almost white. I was tall and broad-shoulderd. He was on some sort business journey, and now waited patiently to see wh was to happen to him.

There was a Sard, a townsman, who to begin with, looked at everybody in astonishment, and when he had realized the situation, sat down on the ground and did not speak a word to anybody.

There was a Jew in a kaftan with two bundles wrapped up in red check handkerchiefs, tall and thin, with sunken cheeks, but still young. He ran about in great agitation, cried, and forced his way to the Superintendent, but one of the guards threw him back so roughly that he fell over. Then he tried to crawl under the train and make off, but one of the guards noticed him and kept him under supervision.

There was a busy little man, no bigger than a boy of fourteen, with a round, close-cropped head, a small moustache and a little beard, and narrow, artful eyes from which radiated fans of wrinkles. His legs were crooked, and he wore check trousers and new yellow American boots. His coat was like anybody's coat, but on his head he had a comic round hat with a peak, fastened under his chin with a piece of elastic. He had been a clown in a circus, and had travelled half over the world with some performing fox-terriers. He made jokes in French, tried to speak to the Poles in Polish, and to the Germans in German, so that everybody should understand the gibes which he was making at the Superintendent.

The train containing the rest of the prisoners steamed away and a few moments afterwards arrived two young soldiers, led by a bearded N.C.O., who took the remainder of the prisoners off the hands of the guard. They carefully counted them twice over for certainty, and then the party set off. They crossed the railway line and found themselves on the road leading to the desert.

The desert was on the edge of the steppe, where there was still something growing, but even the patches of short, dry grass or spiked and burned-up bushes soon

gave place to a monotonous desert of sand. Wherever there was a pool of water it was surrounded by thin grass, while a clump or two of dry bushes recalled the plants and trees of more fortunate parts of the world. Wherever the eye looked, there was nothing to be seen but the sandy Turkestan steppe, devoid of both animal and vegetable life.

It was a hot day, and the prisoners were scarcely able to drag themselves along under their knapsacks, although these contained little enough: some linen, bread, sausage, and tea, perhaps some tobacco and sugar, bought on the way. Nobody wished to eat, but only to drink, and whenever—this always at intervals of several hours—they reached a pool they threw themselves thirstily down upon its warm and dirty water. The Jew pulled a tin mug out of one of his bundles, filled it and gave several people to drink. Others drank from their palms or their caps, or knelt down and drank like animals. The Sard waited until all the others had satisfied their thirst and then, just as the party was leaving, took a palm full of the water, which by this time had become quite muddy, moistened his lips and followed the others.

The dry, pleasantly cool night was spent in the midst of the sand.

The barracks were reached late in the afternoon of the next day. The prisoners were herded into two rooms, the Germans, Poles and Hungarians into the larger one, the Czechs, the Turk, the Old Believer, the Sard, the Jew and the clown into the smaller. They lay down on the boards side by side, so close that if one moved he disturbed the next man.

It was inordinately hot. It was as if the Turkestan sun had concentrated all its beams on this little house. One did not breathe air, but heat. One felt that ten yards away there must be standing an enormous stove with its doors wide open. Nevertheless, everyone

quickly settled down, and, exhausted by the journe slept for the rest of the day and through the followi night.

The Russian soldiers were quartered in a little hou specially built for them a short distance away. The were always two of them sleeping, while the thi marched round the barracks with his rifle on l shoulder.

The following day a cart arrived with provisions f ten days. It was driven by a fourth soldier, also qui a lad. He brought with him a sack of dried fish, a tı of vegetables and some enormous loaves of black brea He deposited all these stores with his friends, stay with them for two days and then left.

The day following the arrival of the prisoners, the appeared an army doctor, commissioned to inspect t barracks. He had come over from a little village abo eight miles away in a two-wheeled cart, following invisible path in the sand. He went round the barrack asked everybody if they were well, and then offered buy the prisoners anything they wanted in the villag They gave him money for white bread, sausages, te sugar, and tobacco, while the Czechs also asked f papers. Then he left. He had arrived before the sı got up and went off before it was too hot.

After that he appeared twice weekly, bringing wi him the things which he had purchased. Sometimes l looked at a man's face suspiciously, but never stay long; he soon made his way to the guardhouse whe the soldiers entertained him with tea, after which l returned to the village. The things which he boug were bad and expensive; he exploited the prisoner but they were thankful for even the little which the received.

He was the only visitor whom they ever saw, ar for this reason his arrival was always an importa event. The Russian soldiers, who were really no mo

free than the prisoners, on the days when he was due made tea for him even while it was still dark. When he appeared they all came out in front of the house and only retired to sleep again when the dusty wheels of his cart disappeared behind the undulating sand. The prisoners woke one another up and there were always several faces stuck to the scratched, dirty windows to witness his arrival. They were aware that he exploited them, never examined anybody, never asked anybody about his health and that nobody dare complain to him about his illness ; nevertheless, they watched for him to come.

He was the emissary of something which was now for everybody ever so far away, beyond the boundaries of the desert, or even farther, something which only existed in dreams and recollections. He was a sort of symbol of the fact that people were still going from one place to another, moving about the country, making long journeys. And when they looked at him he seemed to them to be something miraculous, a man endowed with marvellous strength, with wonderful and knightly power, a power which raised him infinitely above all of them : that of Freedom.

II.

They had been living in the barracks for about a week.

The days were insufferably long and monotonous. Scarcely had the sun appeared above the horizon than the beams of which the hut was built began to heat up, until finally the resin ran out of the cracks. From that moment the torture began. The air inside was absolutely motionless, although both the windows and the door were open. There was not the slightest breath of air to be felt. Outside it was no better. The building threw a short shadow which moved with the sun from west to east. From early in the morning this

shade was filled with Germans and Hungarians who crawled with it round the barracks. The other prisoners remained lying on their beds even during the day. Although they never moved the sweat poured from them in an uninterrupted stream. They lay almost completely undressed with a cloud of flies covering them. Sometimes a hand was raised to drive them away; every such movement only increased the flow of sweat, so everyone lay as if they were dead. The whole building was filled with the bitter smell of human sweat, and the beams on the ceiling were as moist as if they had been dipped in water.

Some days later the two-wheeled cart again arrived with provisions. Once more fish, greens, bread and raw turnips. But nobody ate the soup, which was boiled by the prisoners at the orders of the N.C.O. in a cauldron set up not far from the guardhouse. The fish they threw away. They ate the bread, leaving the crusts, clotted with flies, on the window sills and benches for days at a time. Nobody had any desire to eat.

They experienced nothing but terrible, insatiable thirst. Every day at dusk a detachment was sent out with two tubs to fetch water from the dirty, smelling pools along the road about half an hour away. Two prisoners pulled the cart, while a third sat with the tubs, and they all returned completely exhausted, supporting themselves on the shafts like tired-out horses. By twelve o'clock on the following day the water was drunk up and everybody had to lie with dry lips until evening came again.

They took it in turns to fetch the water. When it arrived, all the prisoners gathered round the tubs. The arrival of the water was the most important moment in the whole day. The Jew always waited with his mug, filled it, ran a short distance away, and gulped the water down in little mouthfuls, with the delight of a gourmand. The Clown always followed him, and with a comically

ceremonious gesture asked him to lend him the mug. But the Jew never answered, and went back to replenish it from the tub. The rest, who were for the moment refreshed, watched them as if they were actors. The Turk produced a small wooden dish from somewhere in his clothing, where he stored all his possessions. The Czechs made themselves tea, which kept them cool until morning. They were afraid of water which had not been boiled, although from time to time one of them was unable to hold out until the time for tea and drank the ordinary water like the others.

Meanwhile it grew dark.

Refreshed by the muddy, turbid water, they all felt that the flame of life had not quite died out in them. The Czechs went out in front of the building and walked about with long strides. If a cooling wind had sprung up with the evening they tried to do a few physical exercises. Naturally, this did not last for long, as every breath of air brought with it quantities of sand, which filled the mouth and nostrils. Through this lack of food and exercise they were all weak and nothing but bones and skin. But they forced themselves to take as much physical exercise as they could. It was as if they were preparing themselves for a way of life which was to last for a long time and to be accepted as a regular mode of existence. They must keep their limbs from rotting. In the early evening singing was to be heard from the adjoining room—the Poles. Or else there were quarrels.

But as soon as it was dark the guards drove everybody back into the barracks. How pleasant it would have been to spend the night outside! But, in spite of all appeals, all demonstrations of the unnecessary severity of this regulation, the guards answered invariably with the words: "I have no instructions."

The weary days dragged on in this way, and anyone who did not keep count of them would have felt that

they had been there for months and years. After two more visits the army doctor ceased to appear. Even he was sick of the monotony.

But at last he turned up again. When they asked him when they would be allowed to leave the barracks he shrugged his shoulders.

"We're all healthy, you see. Only weak through the heat and not having enough to eat. But we're healthy."

Again a shrug of the shoulders.

"Report to your superior that we're all well! Why don't you do that?"

And the doctor answered, like the soldiers:

"I have no instructions."

He knew of no other answer and of no other procedure. Possibly they had forgotten to order him to report regarding the condition of the prisoners in the barracks, and he did not dare to do so on his own initiative. Possibly his superior was glad that everything was in order and did not want to disturb things by making inquiries. At times the prisoners simply raged at this interpretation of his orders.

The Turk and the Sard accepted their fate with dull indifference. They lay side by side at the end of the room near the wall. The Turk only got up from his place three times during the day: when the water was brought and at sunrise and sunset. On both these last occasions he went out of the building, spread some sort of rag, which served him as a carpet, cloak, and coverlet, on the ground, kneeled down on it facing the East, and said a number of prayers punctuated with bowings. Otherwise he never moved, not even troubling to look for lice when they began to infest the barracks. The Sard spent most of the time squatting on his heels, his arms round his knees, staring in front of him for hours at a time without moving a muscle. At other times he crossed his legs, tailor fashion, and, swinging back and

forward slightly, sang to himself in a scarcely audible voice. He always sang the same melody. It consisted only of a few tones, and he hummed it like a hymn for hours at a time, swinging backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards. His eyes were closed, and it seemed almost as if he were sleeping. But the Jew had become nervous. There were times when, in the middle of the greatest heat, he began to pace up and down the room and complain to one person or another about the injustice which had been done him, asking them why he was still kept there. He enlarged upon the work which was awaiting him at home, his various business enterprises, and the fact that at home he had a wife and four children who had no idea what had happened to him (but he had already sent a letter by the doctor). He considered that he ought to be released at the earliest possible moment. One day he opened one of his bundles, drew out paper, pen, and ink, and, seated on the ground, wrote a demand four pages long addressed to the Governor, asking for permission to return home. Then he took to writing the same demand nearly every day, asking the doctor to send them on. He even offered him money for his service. The clown passed the time as best he could. Sometimes during the day, but chiefly of an evening, he used to sing songs in all the European languages. At other times he amused himself by imitating the Turk at his prayers, caricaturing the nervousness of the Jew, making fun of the Sard, and trying to make the Old Believer lose his temper. Towards evening he performed various tricks, followed by a complete little entertainment: whistling through his fingers, drumming on his distended cheeks and various old circus jokes, after which he invited the esteemed public to patronize his entertainment in Taskent, where he would appear later with his eleven trained fox-terriers. He cleaned his yellow boots every day with some sort of polish, and carefully brushed his

coat and trousers. He always went about with his cap on his head, and apparently even slept in it. Everybody regarded him with a certain amount of contempt, but with the great tolerance with which men in such a position always treat a jester. The only laugh which was to be heard from time to time within those walls was his.

The Old Believer was a man of a different type. He had not the same indifference to his fate as the Turk or the Sard, it did not disquiet him; and what was more, he did not, like the others, feel angry with those who were responsible for his condition. For all the rest life in the barracks was an unhappy temporary conjuncture, but for him it was simply a part of life like anything else. He reacted to it fully; in fact, one could almost say that he accepted it, that it had a sort of richness for him. He fought against the heat and immobility, gained control of himself, and won the battle. When he saw how much the others were suffering during the hot afternoon he would sometimes go and fetch water himself, although with only one tub, as he had not enough strength to take two. He would see to it that the others cleaned the benches and the floor, often taking the broom in his own hands. He dug a hole some distance from the barracks in which he threw the pieces of dry bread and stinking fish. His conversation, too, was dedicated to the good of the rest. He listened to the complaints of everyone, asked them questions and endeavoured to console them. In the fate of each individual he saw the will of God: " It is God's will that we should suffer. God knows why it is necessary, and his plan for us is a wise one." Few of them realized the significance of his words. But each man would sit down and speak with him—the Jew, the Pole, the Czech; all were glad to receive his living sympathy. (Incidentally he was the only man who had any desire to talk. The others never spoke to one another unless it

was necessary.) He also referred to himself, his home, his work, his little business in cloth in a Turkestan village. But he talked of everything with clarity and calmness, as if he had only left his home the day before and was to return there the next day. It was evident that for him this life was only one part of the flow of existence and that he regarded it as being as much a gift of God as the whole of his past; it was also clear from his words and actions that everything in his life was cemented together through the power of his faith, a faith which carried him through everything and maintained him as rigid as a rod of steel.

(*Translated by Laurence Hyde.*)

(*To be continued.*)

" THE ENEMY."—Mr. Wyndham Lewis has just issued the first number of a periodical which is, practically speaking, wholly written by himself. It is *very* good. To my mind Mr. Wyndham Lewis is at his best as a destructive critic. Then his prose seems to take fire; then I am inclined to say of him, as Keats said of Hazlitt, " he hath a demon." Men with demons are scarce nowadays. Constructively, I confess I do not know what Mr. Lewis wants. Perhaps he doesn't know himself. But certain things annoy him; and the things that annoy him are generally bad things. When he has finished with them not much remains. " The Revolutionary Simpleton," which fills the greater part of this number, is a masterpiece of vituperative prose. It is as good, for sheer sentence to sentence vitality, as anything of Thomas Nashe; and the masterly criticism of " Ulysses "—by far the best thing yet written on that portentous and significant book—is something clean beyond Nashe's compass. Further, for downright value for money *The Enemy* is amazing. It costs only 2s. 6d.: Mr. Lewis must have found a tame millionaire. So much the better. There is certainly not a better half-crown's worth of modern prose to be had, and it can be had easily from W. H. Smith's bookstalls.

STORM

By Lovel Mack

WILL CUTTING, a sea captain, lived ashore between two warehouses in a rough way called Sea Brow. After dark the only light over the uneven paving came from the lamp of the " Red Lion," and there during open hours, in the bow-shaped window of the newsroom, Will Cutting arranged the goings and comings of a coasting vessel, the " John and Mary," his property. The " John and Mary " was seventy-five tons net register.

Evening, and in this room sat Will Cutting, leaning over a table. Through a swing door sounded shufflings and voices of frequenters at the bar.

A man pushing the door thrust his head round, but at the table the bent figure of the Captain, scratching across paper with a long pen, sat absorbed. Looking in doubtfully from the doorway the face stayed—its skin red with network of surface veins. Presently with his foot he tapped the door. The writer looked up.

" Busy? " said the newcomer.

Cutting shook his head and continued writing.

" I don't want to interrupt," said the other.

As he crossed the middle of the floor he paused, his eye at long range fixed on the paper spread over the table.

" Be finished in a minute," Cutting exclaimed, waving again towards empty leather-covered seats. " Talk then."

The other stopped. " You're not selling her? "

Cutting was bent down intent over the paper, a bill of sale. He read not hearing. " Whether a sailing or a steam ship . . ."

" You're not selling the ' John and Mary ' ? "

." Horse power of engines . . ." " You're interrupting," said Cutting. " Length from forepart of stem under the bowsprit to the aft side of the head of the stern post." He wrote carefully, " Ninety-five feet."

The newcomer had walked round and now looked over the captain's shoulder,

" We . . ." The fist holding the pen wrote here largely, " Will Cutting " . . . " the undersigned having our principal place of business at "—" Red Lion," wrote in the hand—" . . . do hereby transfer all sixty-four shares in the ship above and in her boats, guns, ammunition, small arms, and appurtenances to the said . . ."

" Him ! " The newcomer sat down.

" In witness whereof we have hereunto affixed our common seal." The Captain paused : " Will Cutting," he wrote again. " Haven't a seal," he said. " In the presence of . . ." and he looked at the newcomer.

" No," said the other, " I'll be no party."

Captain Cutting pushed the table, picked up the sheet, and crossed over to a door at the other side. " Annie ! " he shouted down a passage.

" If I had 've known I needn't have come," said the man sitting, hands in pockets, on the long leather seat, and he gazed at the floor.

The Captain opened the door wider. " Annie ! "

The man on the seat looked up. " She's out. Least I think I saw her just now."

Captain Cutting let the door close behind him and walked over to lean his back to the mantelpiece. " Almost as much trouble to get her sold as to keep her going."

"It's about that, it's about keeping her agate of going that I come to see you." The newcomer's voice rose plaintively.

Cutting: "Have you a cargo?"

"Yes. Least I had. Well I have now, but . . ."

"What d'you mean, you have and you had?"

"Well, I'm not going for to give it to him."

"You won't give it to anyone except me. She's mine till I get the money. Where's the cargo?"

"At Port Madly! It's—— Oh, I know as it's not much of a freight. I was a-going to ask it more as a favour than anything. Least it's someone as I'd be doing a favour to here. I wouldn't get anything out of it, it wouldn't be no favour for me," he laughed quietly and sadly. "You bet your life."

Captain Cutting was gazing through the window-panes at the fading light.

"They grab it up," Cutting said.

"Ay, like this."

"You can see the water running off the grab, and the stuff's alive when it gets into the hold."

"O, I know. That gravel holds the water longer than what the sand does."

"There's been one or two boats lost that way," said Cutting.

"Yes, you remember the 'Canidy'? That was a similar case."

"No, I forget—the 'Canada'?"

"We lost the 'Canidy' like that. That was a similar case."

"Did her cargo shift?"

"Yes. That was a similar case."

Cutting nodded. "The Salt Company, I know, lost a boat in the same way. She fell in with a breeze and the cargo shifted and she went."

"Ay, but there was a big trial in James's Hall

over that, you remember. She was lost on Falcombe shore."

They both were silent.

"You see, the 'John and Mary's' got very big pumps," said the man on the seat. "And it'd be doing a very big favour. I wouldn't 've asked anyone only you."

"Her skipper's young."

"Oh," the man on the seat again gave his low laugh, "he's sound enough. . . . And he's got his pumps," he added energetically. "Why, Capt'n Cutting——"

"Luckily it's not winter," said Cutting, and "She'd otherwise have to come back light. . . . Yes," he continued, "she'll get no other cargo."

"That's what I was thinking. She's out in that direction. Port Madly's on her way home."

§

On the following evening four men sat by the window in the newsroom of the "Red Lion." From the water of the harbour, vapour, after a hot day, was rising. Above the town through broken sky a low sun shot a glint of pale gold on to low mist, above which spires, masts, and chimneys, rising from an unseen base, took shape at the demand of the strange light. In the newsroom the men sat with their backs to the closed window.

"He's late, isn't he?" asked a crimson-veined, lean-cheeked man with a grey moustache, Cutting's companion of the previous night.

Will Cutting raised his shoulders. "Any time, any night, day or night will suit me."

A white-faced man spoke. "Expecting business friends to-night, Captain? If so——"

Cutting waved his right hand from side to side. "Stay where you are, don't move for me. Any business done by me is done in public."

Above the continuous subdued movement of the bar-customers beyond the door sounded a quick tread, and the door swung open.

The late-comer, Mr. Daniels, excused himself, smiled. Mr. Daniels had a round face and a waxed small moustache.

He finished his words and ordered genially drinks for himself and the Captain. The light was failing from the windows, and the barman, after putting down the tankards, turned, lit the centre gas.

The red-faced man, Cutting's friend, had moved away, and stood there leaning on the mantelpiece. The white-faced Welshman sitting upright in the corner by the empty hearth addressed to him there several remarks that remained unanswered as the other stood examining with non-committal eye round the walls. Mr. Daniels had seated himself by Captain Cutting; before them on the unsteady table lay the bill of sale. The gas flame flickered and flared, and down the chimney and against the panes came the sounds of wind.

Daniels spoke. "It's working up for a dirty night."

"The sky looked nasty as I came," he spoke again. "I suppose the 'John and Mary's' in Milford all right."

A girl looked in. "Did anybody ring?"

Captain Cutting nodded. "Ink and a pen, Annie"; then, "No, she's not in port."

Mr. Daniels raised his eyebrows.

"She's coming round from Port Madly."

Daniels had pushed the bill of sale slightly away, holding still the corner between finger and thumb.

"She's a sturdy boat," he said.

Captain Cutting, putting down a tankard, looked at him; then glanced up behind him as the window rattled sharply to a blast.

"She may not have left?" said Daniels.

The red-faced man turned to them. "Leaving

seven o'clock. I got a telephoned message this afternoon."

Daniels ignored him. "Of course," he said, "it's no concern of mine. She doesn't belong to me until all documents are in order."

The Welshman: "It was very quiet at seven."

Cutting came out of his silence. "Certainly, she doesn't belong to you. I don't fix cargoes for other people's pockets, do I?"

"Well," smiled Daniels. "You've got the name of a philanthropist . . . especially towards some people."

Cutting's friend by the mantelpiece put a hand out to steady himself; his eyes turning to the table had bloodshot sockets.

The Welshman, knocking against his boot his pipe-bowl, emptying ash, joined suddenly in their talk. "In any case, I know Captain Cutting, and I know he'll have his boat well insured—that is, properly insured, insured for her fair and full value."

"She's insured for £3,000, the price I gave for her."

Daniels looked up. "Three?"

"The price I gave for her."

Daniels stared at his nicotined finger-ends, twisting thoughtfully the crumpled corner of the bill of sale. He looked up slowly into the shadows that leapt up and down the walls as the gas jet flared in the draughts.

"Of course," he said—he gave a short laugh—"I'm not so sure that in the eyes of the law I'm not the owner, you know."

Cutting looked at him.

"You've signed it, you see," said Daniels.

The red-faced man's voice came in. "What price are you selling at, Captain?"

"Two thousand."

The other laughed, checked himself, then shook again, laughing quietly.

"What the hell's Mr. Davie laughing at?" said Daniels.

Davie put up his right hand and waved him away. "I see now, Master Daniels."

The Welshman, pressing tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, was sitting alert, glancing from one speaker to another. "Oh, I see," he said, "Captain Cutting will get three thousand if she is sunk and only two if she is all right."

Daniels: "The owner will get three thousand."

Cutting's voice: "Are we going to do business to-night or not? It doesn't matter to me one way or another."

Davie: "It's getting late. Time as the "Lion" was closing."

"Well, you see, Captain, the question is," said Daniels, "the question is, haven't we already done business? I mean," and he raised his shoulders, "you have already signed."

"Ask anyone," he went on. "Everyone here seems perhaps hostile to me, but ask anyone, any disinterested person—here, ask the girl, for instance."

Annie, removing tankards, looked up.

The door by her opened and, left open, banged in a wind blowing down the passage, and the gas flared up as Annie, questioned, thought yes, signatures were very binding things. They make a lot of that in the law cases. . . . They had, she'd heard, handwriting experts.

Cutting coming out of a cloud of tobacco smoke spoke clearly, above the noise of the windows. "All this," he stopped for a word, then repeated, "All this," laying his stroke on *this*, "is the most utter baby slabber I've ever listened to. Whatever's decided won't be decided here or by us. You can have your three

thousand or your two thousand, it's the same to me. I'll let them decide that know."

"In any case," said the Welshman, hesitating, "it does depend, don't you think, on what time she sank? I mean, if she sank before you both signed——"

"If you please, gentlemen," the barman looked in, "more than time. I've left you as long as I could. The bar's empty."

Davie was standing in the middle of the room gazing at Daniels.

"He's drunk," said Daniels.

"I'm sober, cold, glaring sober. Never you mind, Mester Daniels, you think——"

The Welshman: "I believe, as a matter of fact——

"You think you're going to make an extra thousand, you think you're going to do Captain Cutting out of an extra thousand, you think I don't know you, and——"

"Ben! Ben Davie!" Cutting struck the table. "If you all insist on sinking the boat let the crew's women start the scenes."

"I believe, as a matter of fact," the Welshman hurried on, "it is very easy to fix the exact time of a wreck, because, you know, all their watches stop. You see, it is the salt water."

Davie stood incoherent in the middle, his bloodshot eyes filled with tears. "And there's four men drownded." He held his hand pointing towards the window.

A man, the barman, came in. "If you please."

Daniels was writing.

The Welshman stood up and pulled on his coat. "I am sorry for you, Captain Cutting. It is dreadful for you to lose a ship and four men and so much money. It is a dreadful night in every way."

"Well, I think that's in order." Daniels was up,

smiling, pushing across the table the bill and the cheque.

Annie at the door gazed in.

The Welshman had gone. "Good-night."

"Good-night." Daniels also.

In the room, after the others had gone, Davie waited. Captain Cutting drew on a heavy coat.

"She'll not make here before one in the morning," said Davie, collecting then the papers on the table, holding them out, waiting. "Though I think as she might," he added, "with this gale behind her."

Will Cutting buttoned his coat. "Not behind her, it's athwart."

"Oh. Ay. I hadn't——"

Davie's eyes were watering. "You'll always let 'em fool you, guv'nor."

"What?"

"If he can, he'll do you for that three thousand pounds."

"That? Blather! I wasn't hearing half they said. I was wondering about the boat. I've sat in the 'Lion' most nights since I came ashore, and I know the different notes of the wind here."

"P'raps the skipper never put to sea. He's a sound young chap."

"Gravel, too. The 'Canada' went that way."

"Oh, ay, the 'Canidy' went that way, but p'raps the skipper never put to sea."

"I counted on this being the open season."

"Ay, but the wind hasn't no season."

"Yes, it has."

Annie at the door waited.

"Well, we may know something by one o'clock," Cutting said. "If you like to come with me and wait——"

Annie, as they went, held Davie's arm. "What's happened?"

" Go to bed, girl ! "

" Captain Cutting ! Where's the 'John and Mary'? "

" She's fair enough, Annie."

Emerging suddenly, bending to the wind, the two men were buffeted upright, for a moment struggling for balance. They moved along the wall. The wind screamed.

" I heard a woman screaming," shouted Davie.

" It's the wind."

" I heard a woman scream."

" I heard a woman, I thought, but it's the wind through the pulleys of the warehouse."

" Well, I know as how Annie's struck on Bob."

" Bob? "

" The fireman of the 'John and Mary.' "

They crossed laboriously to a small house between two warehouses.

Will Cutting motioned him into the house.

§

A small coaster lay motionless in the heat, tied up at the quay. Her iron sides above the waterline had a covering of paint that was still red, on which at the bows were black letters the " John and Mary."

From a small companion head appeared the head of the engineer. Pulling a cap in the strong light low over his eyes, he took stock, through large spectacles, of the quiet scene. Below, the water's surface shone flat and dazzling, except where shadows of the quay wall and the vessels revealed broken boards, loose hoops and half staves, refuse floating heavily unsubmerged. Beyond, along the quayside, three other small sailers and steamers worked drowsily loading or discharging. On his own deck, level with his eyes, two men were slowly putting on the hatches.

The engineer climbed out, and looking over on to the

quay saw on a long bench two girls sitting. One of a row of plane trees threw over them its shade, and beyond stood the first irregular buildings of a small town.

The two bending men, right-angled over the hatches, at length straightened themselves. Scarlet-faced in the warm air, one of them wiped a kerchief along the back of his short neck, the other man with sunken and yellow cheeks stood with hands on hips, then turning, went forward and dropped below out of sight.

The engineer had begun to whistle in a preoccupied manner; he stopped.

"None of that, skipper," he said.

The scarlet-faced man turned round sharply.

"What's?"

"We're due away at seven."

"Well?"

"Those girls. Don't make a damfool of yourself."

"Those girls. D'you think I'm mad?"

The engineer pursed up his lips. "You're young." He disappeared below.

The skipper on the way to his cabin leant his crimson face over the ladder down which the engineer had retreated and shouted at the shaking rungs.

Presently the engineer came up and went over the side to stroll along the quay. Strolling, watching the work at the other boats, he sat down on a cask, languid in the heavy afternoon and lulled by the regular turning of the three revolving winches. Nodding, he looked for a softer berth, and finding none returned at last to the "John and Mary." The quay and the deck were deserted except for the young fireman, who, naked, down a rope slid himself into the water.

The engineer sitting in the narrow shadow of the low bridge dozed, hearing faint and far away the splash of the boy in the water; seeing him dimly through drooping lashes climb again later on deck, dress slowly, par-

tially, and so sit cross-legged on the hatch scrutinizing closely his shirt. The engineer fell asleep.

He woke uneasily. Above him was the rattle of the wind, round the corners of the bridge a shrill draught pierced his back. Standing, half awake, he saw an obscured sun low over the town, and he leapt full awake.

Agitated, he was stepping towards the companion-way when his eye saw the figure of the young fireman as he lay prostrate head and arms over the side.

The fireman, in answer to a kick from the wild engineer, " Blown overboard," he said.

Engineer : " What's the time ? "

" Blown overboard ! " shouted the fireman, deaf in the wind.

" Damn your bloody hat. Who cares ? Let it sink ! What's the time. Why the hell aren't you below, where's the damn skipper ? "

" You were asleep."

" Eight o'clock ! " shouted the engineer, as he ripped a watch out of the other's pocket.

" You were asleep and the Captain never came back."

The sallow mate, attracted, had come now on deck.

" You were asleep and the Captain never came back," the fireman repeated.

" Skipper didn't turn up," the mate nodded. " And now the sky looks nasty."

" Looks more than nasty," he went on, turning to windward.

Whirls of dust, gravel, sand, blew along the quay and out over the water. The water, whipped and kicking, chopped up and down, rocking the four small steamers. The mast of the " John and Mary " against a white sky beat from side to side like a metronome.

" It's too late now," said the fireman.

The mate shrugged, " If he came now we'd not be

away before nine, then we couldn't make Milford on the tide."

The engineer had turned from them, his eyes searching the darkening quay, the sky. He looked out over the harbour to the sea, metallic grey, with here and there a line of white. Ashore he heard the low savagery in the wind's moan. . . .

"We'll make her fast," he shouted, "we'll make her fast for the night."

COMPENSATIONS

By Olive Walsh

IN this year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty-seven one lifts up one's heart in glad praise of the slender beauty of those graceful limbs denied by a rigorous etiquette to the Queens of Spain and now revealed by the equally rigorous edict of Dame Fashion : yet one is conscious of a deep gratitude that Suckling should not have been deprived of the writing of those two loving lines of his.

A small, old church, eloquent with the worship of centuries, resounding with the names of long-dead men great in the history of the world. Wonderful to think of the many times Sir Thomas More walked up this aisle. The simple beauty of the service brings peace, which the inadequate sermon of an earnest young curate fails to disturb.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ENTERTAINMENT, PLAIN AND COLOURED.—One would agree that tuppence were too much for the coloured show at the London Pavilion, and that one's pennies could be better spent on the plain English or plain American entertainments provided by some of the other theatres. The cleverest thing about the negro revue is the title, *Black Birds*. As in the case of many things imported from America—tinned goods, for instance—the label is more attractive than the contents. Yet this show began last October, was well received by the Press, and packs the theatre nightly; so one feels compelled to discuss it, though how to explain its success puzzles me, for it goes against the grain to admit a personal failure to appreciate the qualities which go to make any stage entertainment good of its kind. All the sorts of plays catalogued by Polonius, and many more not mentioned by him, should be grist to the critic's mill; and although, for instance, he would prefer never to see another musical comedy, he should yet be able and willing to distinguish a good one when it comes along. Good reasons could be found to show why the musical comedy *Rose Marie* has filled Drury Lane for two years. After seeing the first performance of Mr. Billy Merson's musical comedy at the Shaftesbury Theatre, I felt safe in prophesying success for it, though I did not enjoy myself at the performance. As for revue, I can enjoy a good one as much as anyone. The revues directed by Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge always delight me, and their *By the Way* last year is my standard for this type of entertainment. (Their new show at the Gaiety, *The Lido Lady*, is only musical comedy of the conventional kind, but it is quietly and neatly efficient. Assuredly *By the Way* was made by skilled workers in the art of vaude-

ville: sketch, song, and dance were adroitly mixed, with never too much of the one or the other to spoil the appetite for more; and the whole thing was tasteful, good-humoured, shrewdly topical, at moments even witty.

I recall these few points about a dead revue only as passport for freedom of opinion in the realm of "the stockbroker's play"—as I take leave to call revue. The stockbroker, you know, makes annual confession, as representative of "the tired business man," that the rigour of a day's work in the City precludes all possibility of enjoying plays that demand intellectual attention or emotional response, and he therefore begs permission to deposit his intelligence, together with hat and coat, in the cloakroom. Let me return, then, to *Black Birds,* with one of these tired business men as delighted companion. Here is the negro opiate which is to soothe him into forgetfulness of all his cares. The chief ingredient of the mixture is noise: noise organized, pounded into jazz rhythms, beaten with dreadful persistence into the bewildered brain, noise so noisy that to step outside after the final curtain into the traffic churning round Piccadilly Circus is, in comparison, like entering a deserted church. Another important ingredient in this soothing syrup is pace. As the Press agent would say (in praise): The show starts with a bang, goes with a whizz, and ends like a rocket. Except for one short interval, item follows item in breathless haste. The toe of the dancer comes so near the heel of the comedian he galls his kibe. Before the last note of some sentimental coon-song has flown from darkie's throat into our ear, our eyes are blinded by the battery of lights suddenly flashed upon the entering chorus, who fling themselves so wildly into a dance that one's own head turns giddy with their movements, and the negresses themselves appear to reach a state of absolute frenzy. But while their (various tones of)

chocolate limbs still madly whirl in a vortex of uncanny velocity, a "front cloth" descends as background for two coloured clowns, whose backchat, when audible, is unfunny enough to make Moody and Sankey turn in their graves. And as the cross-talkers bow themselves out, up goes the curtain to disclose the back-stage set for the performance of a "potted play," the point of which is the vulgar last line, which has passed the Censor by the trick of looking quite harmless without the special intonation given to it by the player. Thus the show proceeds, in racket and din and glare, without a good joke, a tolerable sketch, or even a song that could not be bettered by any fourth-rate composer of musical-comedy tunes. There is some amazingly clever footwork from some of the male dancers, but the women, with the exception of the star comedienne, who is a clever but absurdly over-rated artist, are neither useful nor ornamental, and a crack English chorus, such as that at Drury Lane, makes these coloured ladies' lack of skill and discipline very obvious indeed. The scenery is as painful to the eye as is the whole noisy show to the ear. One would like to suggest that if this be medicine for the tired business man, what poppy and mandragona reside within the poetry of Shakespeare or the witty buffooneries of Shaw.

However, since plays by Shaw or Shakespeare might frighten my hypothetical companion, although both are provided in the current theatre bills, I could take him to half a dozen shows as much more delightful as they are less exhausting than this fashionable and much-"boosted" negro revue. I mention first an excellent melodrama at the St. James's Theatre called *Interference,* in which Sir Gerald du Maurier displays his well-known talents as an actor of good-manners and sang-froid, and his less obvious but quite as remarkable gifts as a stage-director. To the experienced playgoer, at least half the pleasure of this entertainment will be an

appreciation of the subtle stage-mechanics which pull and relax the strings of attention at just the right moments. And to those who remember how often the actor-manager of " the palmy days " surrounded himself with a dull company under the impression that a jewel looks brightest in a cheap setting, gratitude seems due to the more discerning eye of Sir Gerald du Maurier, whose method it is to choose a first-rate company to act with him. The result is a show perfect of its kind, enjoyment of which only an ingrate would dilute by noting the essential worthlessness of the material on which such infinite pains have been bestowed.

Such a reflection must come, however, to any person for whom " there is a world elsewhere " outside the gilded walls of the theatre ; but allow the thought freedom only on " the morning after," and then it will not spoil the pleasure of " the night before." In daylight the uncomfortable notion will even provide a queer pleasure of its own, as one tries to decide whether in England the theatre-as-art will ever take the place of the theatre-as-entertainment. Not in one's own time, one concludes, ruefully glancing meanwhile at reports from Prague, whose inhabitants, it appears, demand that there be an art of the theatre, as well as of poetry, painting, and music. Heigh-ho, then, for the theatre as amusement only, pure (more or less) and simple. To the list headed by *Interference* I add the American play *The First Year*. This is slight enough, too slight, in content, but it is given a touch of real value by the American actor, Mr. Ernest Truex, who can balance delicate comedy with light pathos in a manner that suggests the dexterous playing of an expert juggler. Then there is Mr. Nigel Playfair's version of Farquhar's *The Beaux' Stratagem*. This production, also, is chiefly remarkable as an exhibition of gifted comedy acting from the leading player, in this case Miss Edith Evans, who can skate on the thinnest ice with the air of one

who walks on solid ground. This is an accomplishment which adds the true flavour to a naughtiness that is never flagrant, even in thought, but waits upon " ' I would ' like the old cat i' the adage." I suggest amidst the chorus of praise, that Miss Evans has yet to learn delicate variety of expression to suit the nuance of inflection in her voice. In this play she uses a mischievous smile which, positively ravishing at first, becomes positively resistible after seeing it the twentieth time. The play, fairly well trimmed to meet current notions of decency, is well worth the revival, and when, for a moment, I think again of *Black Birds* and its Plantation Orchestra, the gracefully written Restoration comedy seems to whisper of civilization to a Europe too much in love with the barbaric yaup of Americanized Africans.—JOHN SHAND.

ANOTHER LITERARY CURIOSITY : MR. GALSWORTHY'S BLANK VERSE.—The interesting point raised by Mr. John Shand in the March ADELPHI, relating to a piece of self-plagiarism in the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy, reminds me of one, dissimilar in effect, but no less remarkable, in the novels and short stories of Mr. John Galsworthy. But whereas one of the interesting things about Mr. Shand's discovery was the doubt whether Mr. Hardy was conscious of it, some of the interest in this case lies in the certainty that Mr. Galsworthy was not. I state this definitely, since I myself pointed it out to him last autumn, and he told me at the time that he was quite unaware of it. Briefly stated, the point is this : the last few words of a great proportion of his short stories, and of four out of the five parts of *The Forsyte Saga,* make a complete and metrically faultless line of blank verse. Mr. Galsworthy, like Conrad, has a great sense of " finish," and in many of his endings lies a final crisis, or a last sting. Perhaps it is this desire for an expression of finality that has produced the repeti-

tion of method ; generally it is as much justified as the final rhyming couplet with which Shakespeare " wound up " many of his scenes.

The best example, perhaps, comes at the end of *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte* :

> " Summer—summer—*summer ! The soundless footsteps on the grass !* "

But quite as noteworthy is the finale of *To Let* :—

> " He might wish and never get it—*the beauty and the loving in the world !* "

Or of *Awakening,* another " Interlude " from the same book :—

> " He fell into *the dreamless sleep which rounded off his past.*"

Sometimes it becomes sheer mannerism, as in *The Man of Property* :—

> " *And in young Jolyon's face he slammed the door.*"

Throughout the whole of *Caravan,* Galsworthy's collection of fifty-six short stories, the same thing is noticeable. At times it appears, once one has noticed the trick, almost laboured, even out of place ; but read, as of course the ending should only be, in its context, it is usually effective. There is *A Long-Ago Affair* :—

> " *Heh! dear—a little long-ago affair !* "

And *Two Looks* :—

> " Then, slowly, he rubbed his hands over his knees, with *the secret craving of the old for warmth.*"

Cafard, describing the following of its master by a dog :—

> " . . . *Panting with anxiety and love.*"

The Silence :—

> " *It was the footnote to his memories.*"

Salta Pro Nobis :—

> " . . . *with flying finger parted in a kiss.*"

Stroke of Lightning :—

> "*. . . when people laugh at such absurdities.*"

The Neighbours :—

> "This is all I have to write, but it is true that I was *far gone in liquor, which I had of him. . . .*'"

A Man of Devon also ends thus, in a line which, read as the last of that fine story, has a peculiar beauty : —

> "The red cows were there too; the sky full of great white clouds, some birds whistling a little mournfully, *and in the air the scent of fallen leaves. . . .*"

The Man Who Kept His Form :—

> "Very still he sat—*symbol of that lost cause, gentility.*"

And again in this collection of stories there are those which show the fatality of habit, especially of unconscious habit. I cannot say whether the two I am about to quote are faulty endings ; I only know that viewed in the light of this peculiarity of Galsworthy's they appear so. It may be that I am over-commentating, and in doing so running the risk that Shakespeare's commentators, or some of them, have run, that of trying to "look at the works." Anyway, here they are. The first is the end of *The Prisoner* :—

> "Our friend ceased speaking, and very soon after that *he rose, excused himself, and went away.*"

And the other is in *Acme* :—

> "And, ramming contract and cheque into his empty hand, *I bolted, closely followed by the cat.*"

—RUPERT CROFT-COOKE.

THE VICTORIAN SCENE

By The Journeyman

It is seldom indeed that there appears a book of essays by a hitherto unknown essayist so variously remarkable as Mr. D. L. Murray's *Scenes and Silhouettes*.* Such brilliance and such sanity, such learning and such grace, are rarely found together. In an unknown author the alliance is a prodigy. But the truth of the matter is that Mr. Murray is not really unknown: he has simply chosen to hide his light under a bushel of anonymity. He is the assistant editor of the most famous, and the most worthy to be famous, of all English literary periodicals, *The Times Literary Supplement*, where the old tradition of anonymity in critical writing is maintained with the happiest results. There his remarkable essays have not been unremarked by those who know the difference between style and smartness; but even these will scarcely have been prepared for the cumulative effect of thirty of his essays gathered into a volume. With a single book Mr. Murray has securely placed himself in the very front rank of modern English critics.

This is in itself a startling achievement, for criticism is active nowadays. Had Mr. Murray not come forward to fill it, we might not have realized that there was a gap to be filled. But the gap was there. Set beside Mr. Murray his contemporaries in criticism appear as inclined to intellectualism and abstraction, as interested in

* *Scenes and Silhouettes*. By D. L. Murray. (Jonathan Cape. 9s. net.)

ideas rather than persons, and thoughts rather than things. That is no demerit of theirs : we make the comparison only to emphasize the outstanding quality of Mr. Murray's essays. He is distinctly one *pour qui le monde visible existe*. Yet he is, in the ordinary sense, no realist. He is rather one in love with the pageantry of life, and most delighted when the stage is, as it were, deliberately set. It is no accident that his opening essay is a magnificent description of *Carneval de Venise*, or that others are concerned with circus and clown, waxworks and ballet. Of these things Mr. Murray writes with an easy opulence of detail which comes of long and loving knowledge, and his delight in these things gives us the clue to his attitude and his predilections. Life should aspire to the condition of a spectacle : instead of the Platonic cave, we should feel ourselves in a vast theatre—for preference in one of the huge gas-lit London auditoriums of the brave old " patent " days—and watch the great figures of history or literature make their bow, perform, and retire with a salvo of applause. Mr. Murray's power of suggestion is so great that at the end of any one of his essays—even on a subject so remote from the theatrical as the late William James—we discover our hands are itching to clap and our lips forming the word " Encore ! "

It is, we think, this profound love of the spectacle that concentrates Mr. Murray's attention upon the Victorian era. Here he finds, in the reality itself, the heightened contrasts, the romantic chiaroscuro in which his soul delights. The wealth and the squalor of early Victorian London, the grim and splendid metropolis against whose lurid darkness the novels of Dickens unroll themselves, the paradox of democratic profession and oligarchic government, the sense of a tumultuous destiny unfolding itself without troubling to pay even lip-service to an idea (unless we call *laissez faire* an idea)—these qualities of the Victorian age appeal to Mr. Murray as an authentic

revelation of life ; they satisfy not only his dramatic sense, but some fairly deep-seated demand of his particular temperament that romance and reality should coincide. That is, of course, a demand which others than Mr. Murray feel, and which they also strive to satisfy. The difference is that Mr. Murray's ideal is a particular kind of romance, which reality has sometimes achieved. Other people make the more ordinary reality their ideal, and wait for the moment when romance accommodates itself to that. Almost inevitably Mr. Murray becomes a *laudator temporis acti,* but only in part. If he needs the effect of distance for his romance he needs the effect of nearness for his reality. The Victorian era suits him perfectly : it is as remote as history, and as near as a grandfather. It eludes us, but we really *know* something about it. Mr. Murray knows about it everything that is to be known. Not only can he re-live those days at will ; we almost feel that he lives *in* them. Only, for him, they are even richer than they were. Figures of romance and figures of history dwell in his mind together.

> We look back (he writes) to a time when just beyond your doorstep a perilous no man's land began. In this wild country Squeers hunts Smike down the vista of lamp-posts as if through the glades of an African forest; the Woman in White haunts the solitary traveller from the dells of Hampstead to the turnpike of Avenue Road, and the "New Police," deprecatingly clad in the tall hat of private citizenship, tread warily like patrols of exploration.

The sheer pleasure of such an effortless transition from romance to reality is perhaps the most characteristic of the manifold pleasures that await the reader of Mr. Murray's essays. He possesses a historical imagination of the rarest kind : no effect is laboured, no allusion dragged in, no epigram tortured into existence ; we have simply the sensation of being suavely led through the infinite richness of a paradoxical and familiar world.

Against this teeming background his chosen figures appear; it would be truer to say that they emerge from it. The pervading quality of the age takes on form and life in them. That is the reason (we suspect) why he holds aloof from the great solitary figures. He is not so deeply interested in the men of all time as he is in the men of this particular time. In an age so rich and satisfying he feels it was a man's duty to coalesce with his surroundings. Hence the perfect propriety of his title "Scenes and Silhouettes." His figures have to be silhouetted against the scene; to escape from the background is to have wandered, for Mr. Murray, out of bounds, into a realm of non-existence. The solidity he gives to the figures who accept his limitations—and, like a true artist, he refuses all who refuse them—is amazing. His Cardinal Manning has to encounter the Cardinal Manning of Mr. Lytton Strachey; Mr. Murray's is the more convincing. His Palmerston has to contend with the Palmerston of Mr. Guedalla's dazzling biography; Mr. Murray's is the more genuine.

> Nor did Palmerston feign ideals he did not share. He became a democratic leader by virtue of that community in thought and aim with the English people that had made his class in the days of its supremacy the most national of all aristocracies. He found nothing alien from his nature in the thriving, pushing England of the mid-Victorian years—neither its generosity nor its greed, its good nature nor its resentments, its candour nor its disconcerting astuteness. His speeches, to a detached observer to-day, seem humbug or jargon. But he appealed in them to a secret which he shared with his people; they had in their fervid souls the alchemy that fused the contradictions of his formulas, the flame that lit up his shadowy suggestions.

That, we feel, is the truth of Palmerston.

THE LIFE OF JESUS

By John Middleton Murry

CHAPTER XXII. (*Continued*).

THE DISPUTES IN THE TEMPLE.

Then came some of the priestly aristocracy, the Sadducees, men of a different stamp from the Pharisees, the least Jewish of the Jews, with more than a tinge of the religious indifference of the cultivated Hellene, though they held the priestly offices in Jerusalem: enemies of Jesus, no less than the Pharisees, but rather as men whose prestige and revenues were threatened by his actions, than as men who, like the Pharisees held strongly and sternly to another God than his. It is not easy to distinguish their true lineaments at this distance of time: but perhaps we may describe them as the realists among the Jews: their tradition was that of a ruling caste, and they held aloof from the developments of the later Pharisaic religion—true traditionalists, they disregarded that later " tradition " which the Pharisee had created, and which Jesus denounced: they denied the vague beliefs in the resurrection of the body and the existence of angels and dæmons to which the Pharisees, representative in this of the common piety of the race, had come. The Sadducees rejected such beliefs, finding for them no authority in the Pentateuch, by which alone they held; they were remote indeed from the transcendent Messianic expectation in which the fervid aspiration of the Jewish people now found its comfort. Their home was in Jerusalem; they had little contact with the people at large; and Jesus himself, as the gospel narratives show, had little contact with them. Jewish piety was represented by the Pharisees alone: his constant conflict with them was inevitable. But the Sadducees were as foreign to him as a Cardinal of Rome might be to a village prophet. Except that Jesus was, and was not, a village prophet.

Some Sadducees came and said to him:

" Master, Moses commanded us that if a man's brother die and leave a wife but no child, the man should take his brother's wife and raise up seed to his brother. Now there were seven brothers. The first took a wife and died and left no seed.

And the second took her and died, leaving no seed. Likewise the third. And the seven of them left no seed. Last of all the woman herself died. In the resurrection, when they rise from the dead, whose wife shall she be? For she was wife to the seven of them."

Jesus answered:

"Are you not astray, because you do not know either the scriptures or the power of God? For when men rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are married, but are as the angels in heaven.

"But as for the dead, that they rise from the dead, have you not read in the Book of Moses, in the place concerning the Bush, how God spoke to him, saying, 'I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob'? God is not the God of dead men, but of living ones: you are far astray."

The reply may seem remote from us now: but it is precious. It gives something of the quality of Jesus' belief in the life to come. The resurrection for him was not the resurrection of the body, as indeed it cannot be for any true religious thinker. The resurrection was for him an ineffable condition in which all bodily limitation was transcended; it was a condition of being perpetually in the presence of God. Strange, yet inevitable, that on the death of this man should have been built the dogma of the bodily resurrection.

And how bold, how creative, was his interpretation of the words of Exodus! It sprang, not from the text of scripture, but from a knowledge of God. "God is not the God of dead men, but of living ones." That was not a deduction, but an immediate certitude; as was also his belief in a resurrection. They were derived immediately from his knowledge of God. In his communion with God he touched the condition "when there shall be no more time": life and death, past, present and future, were but manifestations of the one Eternal whom he knew as Father. There was no arguing with the Sadducees; they did not know "the power of God." They built their foolish dialectic on the assumption that the conditions of the world in time obtained in the timeless world of God. "You are far astray," he said simply.

One of the scribes—a learned Pharisee—heard the debate, and was impressed by Jesus' part in it. He came forward and asked him:

"Which is the first commandment of all?"

Jesus said:

"The first commandment is: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. And: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with

all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind and all thy strength.' The second is this: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' There is no other commandment greater than these."

The Scribe said:

"Master, you have said truly that He is One and there is none other save Himself. And 'to love Him with all thy heart and all thy understanding and all thy strength,' and 'to love one's neighbour as oneself,' is more than all holocausts and sacrifices."

Jesus said:

"You are not far from the Kingdom of God."

Then, says Mark, no one dared to question him any more. Instead Jesus himself asked a question. But the men of the Sanhedrin were gone. He said to the people:

"How can the Scribes say that the Messiah is David's son? For David himself, speaking in the Holy Spirit, said:

"'*The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand till I make thine enemies a footstool for thy feet.*'

"David himself calls him 'Lord.' Then how can he be his son?"

The words are infinitely precious: first, because in them Jesus by his own manifestly authentic saying shatters the legend of his birth in Bethlehem, from the line of David. He was not of David's house; nor was he born in Bethlehem. Again, they are precious because they reveal the working of his mind as he fitted Scripture to his own secret knowledge of himself as Messiah. He too had probably once believed that the Messiah must be the son of David: now he knew that he was the Messiah, and not the son of David, but the son of God. He put it to them as an abstract question, calmly. The throbbing reference to himself none but his chosen knew. Again, they are precious because through them we gain a glimpse of his expectation of his own destiny. In the words of the 118th Psalm, from which he quoted concerning the headstone of the corner, "he would not die, but live": and he would be uplifted to sit on the right hand of God until the world was made ready for his coming in power to establish the Kingdom of God—to shatter the world in time in order that God's timeless world might be.

And finally they are precious because they tell us of the triumph song that was ringing in Jesus' soul.

This is part of the 110th Psalm:

"*The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand till I make thine enemies thy footstool.*

Yea, the Lord shall send thee from Zion the sceptre of thy

rule; he shall make thee reign in the midst of thine enemies; thou shalt be arrayed in the holy vestments.

On the day thou comest to power, thou art supreme, living and fresh like the dew of the morning.

The Lord hath sworn, and will not change: Thou shalt be a priest for ever, like Melchisedek of old."

And this is part of the 118th Psalm:

"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord hath chastened me grievously; but he hath not left me to die.

Open to me the gates of victory: I will go into them to praise the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord: which only the righteous shall enter.

I give thanks unto thee, for thou didst answer me, and didst save me.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing: and it is a wonder in our eyes."

The glorious music of those songs of victory out of defeat sang in Jesus' soul as he stood in the midst of his enemies. They had been sung of him, sung for him, centuries ago.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Final Message.

One day, as they were leaving the Temple, one of his disciples said to him:

"Master! Look, what great stones! What huge buildings!"

Jesus answered:

"You see these huge buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

It has often been supposed that this was a prophecy of the destruction of the Temple in the great siege a generation later. Therefore it has been rejected by those who love prophecies, and rejected as a posthumous invention by those who disbelieve in them.

But the specific reference is mistaken. Jesus was not foreseeing, nor was he concerned to foresee, the destruction of Jerusalem by the legionaries of Titus. He was describing the Last Things—that final moment of chaos which should accompany his own advent as Messiah. He was to go to the very verge of death; he was to be taken up and set upon the right hand of God; there he would remain till the moment came for

his advent upon earth, to judge both the quick and the dead, and establish the Kingdom of God. At that moment the whole earth would be involved in chaos and tribulation: of which the overthrow of the great Temple was but a single part—the mightiest, because the most symbolic and significant. For the great Temple was to Jesus veritably the House of God on earth.

The faith may be strange to us: that Jesus held it there is little doubt. There is equally little doubt that at all times in that period of his life which is known to us he believed in the imminence of the Last Things and the End of the World. John the Baptist had proclaimed it: Jesus had gone out to be baptized by him into that change of heart (for that is the nearest equivalent of the word we translate by "repentance") which should secure the changed man from the Wrath of God. Only when John had been prevented by imprisonment from continuing to proclaim his message had Jesus' own ministry begun. It was, historically, a continuation of John's mission. The End of the World was always at hand; nor was the Wrath of God ever far away.

And this is too easily forgotten; it is indeed inevitable that it should be forgotten. The Jesus who is vivid to us is the Jesus of all time—the Man of Love—and we forget the Jesus of his own time. The Jesus who was utterly different from the men of his day is the Jesus who has perennial significance. The expectation of the End of the World is become remote and strange; the process of history has annihilated it from our consciousness. We can scarcely make real to ourselves the certain fact that for Jesus there was no such thing as the process of history. The world in time was for him ever on the brink of the plunge into timelessness.

And at first when we force ourselves, as we must, to make this dominant tone in the consciousness of Jesus real to our imagination; when in order to come near to him, we try, as we must, to live ourselves for an hour or a day into his expectation of an absolute and universal change, we find a baffling paradox in the man's love and delight of the life that is. It is hard to hold them together in a single act of comprehension; yet they must be held together. To lose hold of the one or the other is to be condemned to misunderstanding.

Perhaps we may best approach the paradox in this way. All that is unique in Jesus derives directly from his own power of love; from this came his knowledge of God as a loving Father, his knowledge of himself as God's son, his knowledge that the coming Kingdom of God consisted in a fraternity of sons, his knowledge that the way to enter it for any man was to know himself, and to live, as the son of God, and his know-

ledge that this was possible for every man. A superb equality and a divine privilege was thus the birthright of mankind. In other words, Jesus knew the nature of the Kingdom—this was the " mystery of the Kingdom of God " which he proclaimed.

But it was to come suddenly; it was to come according to the Messianic expectation of his day. The Love of God had not abolished the Wrath of God. It was simply that those who were turned and were changed would enjoy the love of God. The emphasis had shifted: men could become God's sons and enter into his Kingdom of Love; but if they refused—the judgment and the wrath of God still awaited them. The Messiah would come, and come quickly, to judge the world, and to condemn those who had not hearkened to the wonderful news of Jesus and become God's sons.

The crucial change in the soul of Jesus, which came to pass between his baptism by John and his journey to Jerusalem, was his realization that he was to be that Messiah. From the knowledge that he was God's son, he passed inevitably to the knowledge that he was God's only son; from that knowledge he was bound to pass to the conviction that he was the Son of Man in the sense of the Book of Daniel, the anointed Messiah, the Christ, God's great Deputy and Judge. While he, like his followers, expected another for Messiah, he could live in this human life; but the moment he knew that he himself was to be Messiah, then he must be changed. He had to become a truly superhuman being, which he knew he was not: only death could work that change.

So the chain of predestination is complete. Jesus' love created him first God's son, then God's only son, then Messiah-to-be. What he was necessarily accomplished itself within the forms of the belief which he shared with his nation. What he was was greater, far greater than the forms of his belief; but without the forms of his belief he could never have done what he did.

His mind was filled to overflowing with the thought of his destiny. That was not to be spoken of publicly in the Temple. The secret was known to his chosen alone, and to them it was a mystery, as it must needs have been. How could the living man they loved, who stood before them and spoke to them, be, how could he become, the transcendental and ineffable figure of Messiah? Jesus himself could not have told them. He would die, and yet he would not die. Even he could know no more.

He sat on the Mount of Olives looking out over the great city. His disciples were with him. He thought of his strange destiny, and said:

" Jerusalem, Jerusalem! that killest the prophets and stonest

them that are sent to her, how often have I longed to gather thy children together, as a bird gathers her chicks under her wings; but ye would not. Behold your house is left desolate. For I say to you: you shall not see me henceforward until you shall say:

" ' Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! ' "

Not till he returned from God's right hand in the unearthly glory of Messiah should Jerusalem see him again.

His teaching in the Temple was over; the time of his sacrifice was at hand. On the Mount of Olives. looking down upon the city which had refused him, he spoke to the disciples of the time between his departure and his coming again.

His veritable words must be sought rather in his parables of the Coming than in the long chapter concerning signs of the End in the Gospel of Mark, where fragments of Jesus' authentic speech have become inextricably entangled with the expression of the hopes and fears of the early Church.

In the parables the stress falls almost wholly upon the suddenness of his coming. He will come like a thief in the night, like a master home from abroad, like a bridegroom returned from a marriage feast. From the parables it seems clear that in Jesus' own expectation there would be no sign of the coming, and that the long list of signs in the eschatological chapter of Mark is, for that reason alone, apocryphal. Jesus was no lover of signs, save those alone which were eternally present—the signs of the times. And we may be fairly sure that the parable of the fig-tree—

> " When its branches are soft and put out leaves, you know that summer is near. So you, when you see these things happen, know that He is near, at your door "—

had no real reference to the context of visible catastrophe into which it has been inserted. The signs of his coming could only be spiritually discerned.

He had spoken of the advent of the Messiah openly in the Temple, though with no hint of the secret that the Messiah would be himself. And to them also he had spoken only of signs which are no signs:

" When you see a cloud rise in the west, you say, ' There is a shower coming,' and so it is.

" When you feel the south wind blow, you say, ' It will be hot,' and so it is.

" Hypocrites, you know how to decipher the look of earth and sky, how is it you cannot decipher the meaning of this era?"

The coming would be sudden, and there would be no sign. The great catastrophe, the passing away of heaven and earth,

the downfall of the Temple—these were not signs of the end, but the end itself. When his disciples asked him privately when these things should be, Jesus told them frankly that he did not know.

"The day and the hour of these things no one knows—not the angels in heaven, nor the Son—but only the Father."

That sentence is visibly authentic: neither the early nor the later Church invented such a stumbling-block to Christology. And it is congruous with all we know of Jesus that he should have freely acknowledged his ignorance. He knew only that he would come with power and glory to be the judge of men. Earth and heaven alike would be no more. The timeless and transcendental order would have begun.

The parables of the Coming have but one purport, the disciples must be ready for the day. They must be prepared for the suddenness of the Advent, and for the Judgment. In the parable of the Ten Virgins it is the suddenness that is insisted on.

"Then shall the Kingdom of Heaven be like ten virgins who took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom. Five of them were foolish and five were wise. The foolish ones took their lamps, but took no oil as well; but the wise took oil in their bottles as well as their lamps. But the bridegroom was late in coming, and they all grew sleepy and slept. At midnight there was a shout: 'The bridegroom is coming! Come forth to meet him!' Then all those virgins awoke and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said to the wise: 'Give us some of your oil: for our lamps are going out.' But the wise answered: 'No, or there will not be enough for both of us. Go to the market and buy oil for yourselves.'

"And while they were gone away to buy, the bridegroom came, and the virgins who were ready entered with him, and the door was shut. Afterwards the other virgins came and cried: 'Lord, Lord! Open to us and let us in.' But he answered:

"'Verily, I say to you: I do not know you.'

"Watch therefore, for you know not the day or the hour."

There are traces of other versions of this parable in Luke, but the variations are of no consequence: perhaps it was told, more probably it was remembered, in more forms than one.

Jesus spoke of himself not only as a bridegroom suddenly coming to bid the marriage feast begin, but as the Master of a house who goes abroad leaving the charge of his house and the care of his possessions among his servants.

"As when a man goes away and leaves his house and gives his servants authority, to each one his work, and bids the door-

keeper watch. Watch therefore. For you do not know when the master of the house is coming—late, or at midnight, or at daybreak, or in the morning. Lest he come suddenly and find you asleep.

" Blessed are those servants whom the master finds awake when he comes. Verily, I tell you, he will gird himself, make them recline at table and come forward to wait on them. Whether he comes in the second or third watch of the night and finds them thus alert, blessed are they."

But the servant's duty is not merely to watch for the return of his Master, but faithfully to administer his Master's possessions while he is away.

" Where is the trusty and thoughtful steward whom the master will set over his establishment to give out supplies at due time? Blessed is that servant if his master finds him so doing when he arrives. I tell you plainly he will set him over all his property."

Possibly this version of Luke's is a mixture of the previous parable and the Parable of the Talents: but the confusion, if confusion it is, is unimportant; and Luke has probably preserved an authentic saying of Jesus.

" The servant who knew his lord and master's orders and did not prepare for them, will receive many lashes:

" Whereas he who was ignorant and did what deserves beating will receive few lashes.

" He who has much given him will have much required of him: and he who has much entrusted to him will have all the more demanded of him."

There were evidently three main parables of the Coming: one of the sudden coming of the Bridegroom, another, of the sudden return of the Master to his house left in charge of his servants, and a third, of the nature of his judgment upon his servants for what they had done with his property in his absence. In the Gospels these fade into one another. Only the first and third have a quite definite form in the Parables of the Ten Virgins and the Talents.

Luke states that the Parable of the Talents was spoken " as he was nearing Jerusalem, and as his disciples imagined that the Kingdom of God would immediately appear." And to that place it has been given. But obviously it would be fantastic to try to establish any precise chronological order in Jesus' teaching after the recognition at Cæsarea. Nobody knows how long Jesus' journey to Jerusalem lasted; nobody knows who is right—Luke, in putting the Parable of the Talents as spoken on the way to Jerusalem with a particular purpose which it suits scarcely so well as some of his earlier parables, or

Matthew, in placing it as spoken in Jerusalem. Yet Luke is certainly right in placing the Parable of the Talents some time before the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats. Between the utterance of those two parables, Jesus' conception of the judgment he would pass, as Messiah, upon the world had changed. When he spoke the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats he had ceased to think in terms of his disciples, or of his servants, or of a nascent community he was leaving behind. Yet such are the thoughts behind his Parable of the Coming. He leaves behind a band of followers: he is not certain of them, but on the whole he trusts them. They do not understand his teaching, yet they will be loyal to that in it which they do understand. They will suffer grievously for their loyalty, but perhaps they have learned enough of the nature of God the Father to endure steadfastly until the coming of the unknown Day when Jesus will return as Messiah.

So Jesus sought to animate his disciples with a courage not unworthy of his own that they might endure through the interspace of tribulation before the unknown day of his coming as Messiah. He would come, he believed, in a little while: his disciples would not have long to wait. They must be faithful to his teaching, loyal servants of the Master of the house whom the enemy had called Beelzebub. The persecution that had been his portion would be theirs also. The bitterness of realization is in his words:—

"You think I came here to bring peace. No, I tell you—dissension.

"After this there will be five at issue in one house, three divided against two, and two against three—father against son, and son against father, mother against daughter and daughter against mother, mother-in-law against daughter-in-law and daughter-in-law against mother-in-law."

Jesus had once believed that he had come to bring, not only peace, but gladness—the wonderful news. He had learned the lesson that every great man after him who has sought to bring new birth to the souls of men has learned: that nothing more surely provokes the hatred of the world than the knowledge that he is steering by a secret star they cannot see.

"Do not think I came to bring peace to the earth; I came not to bring peace, but a sword.

"I have come to set fire to the earth—and if only it were kindled already, what more do I desire?

"I have a baptism to undergo. How can I endure till it be accomplished!"

The terrible tension of Jesus' spirit during the last day in Jerusalem is in those words. He spoke, as he had spoken to

the sons of Zebedee, of the baptism he was awaiting. It was not a vague metaphor. What he had imagined was indeed a second baptism: as he had been born again in Jordan into the knowledge that he was God's son, so now he was to be re-born yet again into Messiah. But the days of waiting were terrible. The supreme effort of will, by which he not only compelled himself to his destiny, but daily faced, with perfect outward calm, his enemies in the Temple, with perfect clarity of vision turning aside their attempts to entangle him on other issues than the one he had chosen, made supreme demands upon him. When he had escaped from the public eye and was alone with his disciples, his words betrayed the throbbing fever of his strained impatience for the end.

Long he must have talked with his disciples, seeking to nerve them to the ordeal, in vain. Long before his capture in the Garden he was convinced that they would abandon him. It did not matter. As his destiny had been conceived, so it must be endured, alone. Only those would stand by him who understood him, and there were none. And so his mind passed away from the thought of a faithful band who would continue to proclaim the good news, work with their talents, spread the Kingdom, while he was gone. It was no use asking for such things from men, even from men who loved him. How could they teach, how could they suffer for, how could they enter, a Kingdom of God they did not understand? He had made the gate too narrow: he must fling it wide as the wide world itself. He said:

"When the Son of Man comes in his glory and all the angels with him, then he shall sit on his throne of glory. And all the nations shall be gathered before him: and he shall divide them as a shepherd divides the sheep from the goats; and he shall put the sheep on his right hand and the goats on his left.

"Then the King shall say to those on his right hand: 'Come, you blessed of my Father, and inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food; I was thirsty and you gave me drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you clothed me; I was sick and you nursed me; I was in prison and you visited me.'

"Then shall the just answer and say:

"'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you? When did we see you a stranger and take you in? Or naked and clothed you? Or in prison and visited you?'

"Then the King shall answer and say:

"'Verily, I say to you, inasmuch as you did it to one of these the least of my brothers, you did it to me.'

"Then he shall say to those on his left:

" 'Away from me into the everlasting fire that is prepared for the Devil and his angels.

" 'For I was hungry and you gave me no food; I was thirsty and you gave me no drink; I was a stranger and you took me not in; naked and you clothed me not; sick and in prison and you looked not after me.'

" Then they also shall answer and say:

" 'Lord, when did we see you hungry or thirsty or naked or in prison and did not minister to you?'

" Then he shall answer and say:

" 'Verily, I say to you: inasmuch as you did it not to one of these least, you did it not to me.'

" And they shall depart into eternal punishment; but the just to eternal life."

Such was the last of Jesus' parables; fitly the last: for it is the greatest of all. Into its lovely simplicity he gathered all his knowledge: what he had been, what he had become, and what he was to be. He had been the great lover of mankind, he had become the Son of God, he was to be the Messiah and Judge. And all these things, in this last parable, are blent into one. He is the great Judge; but he judges men by the love they have shown, not to himself, not to his chosen, but to any man. For all men were his brothers. By their love, and by their love alone, would this Judge judge mankind. One forgotten act of love should save a man's soul alive; one cup of cold water given in love to a beggar on the highway should bring a man into the Kingdom and make him the brother of God's only son.

In that sublime parable all the paradox of Jesus' destiny is dissolved away. In it he was true to all that he had been and had become; in those words we hear the voice of the Man of men on the brink of his sacrifice—true words. For, whatever we may believe, whatever we may know, if our souls are alive at all, they are judged by Jesus of Nazareth. One act of love, and we live; and the loveless ones are damned everlastingly. The gentlest, the sternest, the most inexorable judgment ever to be passed on man: for it is endorsed by the secret soul of man.

(*To be concluded.*)

BOOKS TO READ

Religion in the Making. By A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 6s. net.

Prof. Whitehead here applies to a new theme the line of thought developed in his earlier contributions to the metaphysic of modern science. He finds the foundation of rational religion in the recognition of elements of permanence and intelligibility inherent in that which is immediately experienced. The evolution of the religious consciousness is then exhibited as a progressive conscious and critical endeavour to apprehend, and to be in harmony with, the universal ground of these elements, the impersonal order immanent in the nature of things. Dr. Whitehead's conclusions bear some superficial resemblance to current theories, but the essentials of his argument are unquestionably his own. He has given us a profoundly stimulating and original work, a work worthy of one of the most distinguished thinkers of our time.

Jesus: A Myth. By Georg Brandes. (Brentano.) 6s. net.

Dr. Brandes was one of the most famous writers in the world, and enjoyed as high a prestige in his native land as has ever been accorded to a man-of-letters. It seems a pity that in his old age he should have launched an attack on the historical existence of Jesus in a tiny book, sketchy in treatment and rash in statement and in temper. We know that he could not *prove* a negative; but he seems to argue that because some historical facts do not prove the existence of Jesus, Jesus never existed. Moreover, that because His teachings and acts have precedents among the Prophets and in other religions, they are inventions, incarnated to rouse the Jews after the fall of Jerusalem. This may not "affect" the "divine figure," but Dr. Brandes' crude interpretations of His teaching do that, and more.

Reality. By the Rev. B. H. Streeter. (Macmillan.) 8s. 6d. net.

This "new correlation of science and religion" is attractive by reason of the theme and treatment rather than successful in its conclusions. Canon Streeter is more entirely commendable for all-round presentation than for argument. Regarded as essays, his chapters, especially those on Christ and on anthropomorphic religion, are admirably thoughtful. He conceives of Universal Reality dualistically, in terms of quantity and quality; his theory of knowledge is, roughly, Kantian, with a "Conscious Life" concept supplacing the *Noumenon*. He would apprehend Reality through science—he does understand science—on the one hand and through religion and art on the other, but he does not recognise the scope and the revealing power of art so fully as we think it should be recognised. He has assayed vast problems with much ability, and his gaps (*e.g.*, his vagueness on sin and crime and his missing the *obvious* refutation of Karma) are the failures of sincerity, not of casuistry.

Theoretical Biology. By J. Von Uexküll. (Kegan Paul.) 18s. net.

The thesis of this book is that modern biology has demonstrated the inadequacy of mechanistic doctrines and the consequent need for a new theoretical scaffolding in closer conformity with observed facts. This desideratum Dr. Von Uexküll professes to find in an extension to biological science of the principles of Kant's theory of knowledge, and in the adoption of a super-mechanical law of living things which he terms their "conformity with plan." This latter conception is both useful and important, and it receives an interesting and suggestive development in the present work. But it is difficult to see that it has any essential connection with the author's extreme and highly debatable phenomenalistic interpretation of Kantian epistemology.

Trollope. By Michael Sadleir. (Constable.) 15s. net.

Mr. Sadleir touches many things in this longish book, but he concentrates on full biographies of Frances and of Anthony Trollope on the "there's nothing like leather" principle, and on a reading of mid-Victorianism. In the latter theme he is expert, though we are not sure he is altogether profound; and the segregation of the dominant qualities of his period seems a shade forced—he is even deceived by the "yellowness" of the 'eighties and 'nineties. Though not lacking in subtlety, he is, if possible, more Trollopian than Trollope; and this rather prejudiced practicality of taste appears too often as the substitute for a finer judgment. Still, he is sound in the main; and he traces with skill the chief lines of the Trollopian temperament and Anthony's artistic nature, growth and achievement. He has filled, gracefully enough, a little gap in the literature and social history of our grandfathers.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued*

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SHAKESPEARE SONNETS. By J. M. Robertson. (Routledge.) 15s. net.

Mr. Robertson is an able, though not an inspired, literary critic; and he is our most important Shakespearian scholar. In this large, closely packed and incisive volume he is at his best, bringing all his learning and acumen to bear on a difficult subject. His opening section surveys the positions of all previous editors and theorists towards the authorship, collection, dedication and purport of the Sonnets; and he carries conviction in finding the conservative view insensitive and every speculation unstable. With equal care he advances a *tentative* suggestion, a modified "Southamptonism." William Hervey, the "begetter," commissioned the earlier sonnets for Lady Southampton, about 1592. Thorpe printed these together with others, some Shakespearian, some as spurious as "A Lover's Complaint," without the concurrence of the principals. Some forty of the sonnets Mr. Robertson regards, on grounds of quality, style and inconsistency, as non-Shakespearian; some of them probably being Chapman's. There is a difference between bad Shakespeare and Barnabe Barnes. The theory here badly outlined stands investigation both factual and æsthetic, and gives an added coherency to Mr. Robertson's many able criticisms of the sonnets.

SCENES AND SILHOUETTES. By D. L. Murray. (Cape.) 9s. net.

Mr. Murray is a modern type of the old "pillar of criticism," retaining the eloquence together with a newer impartiality which yet does not debar enthusiasm. An essayist of charm, held by some the best dramatic critic in London, he now *comes before us chiefly as interpretative critic of letters* and student of nineteenth century politics. The most memorable of these papers is probably that on Anatole France: it gives the fine essence of that great humanist with a rare persuasiveness. For Mr. Murray's own culture is in the high tradition. He has no philosophy, but an infinite refinement of feeling. There is a weakness, of course, in such hospitality of mind: it does not do to set Mr. Murray's criticisms of two American philosophers beside his eulogy of Clutton-Brock.

HENRY JAMES. By Pelham Edgar. (Grant Richards.) 12s. 6d. net.

Prof. Edgar has done well by James; his book keeps strictly to the subject and strives to capture the values of Jamesian art, which desired "to give to life and character their fullest expression." He is judicious in his knowledge that James is great by his own standards and not easily appreciable by others. "Civilization at its highest pitch was the master passion of his mind." Hence the remarks about "Hardy's imperfectly civilized beings" (Sue Bridehead?), which indicate the limitation. Prof. Edgar gives a commonsense, unaggressive analysis of all James's works, and his critical dicta are (*ad hoc*) serviceable; though one would like to know exactly what he means by "lyrical," and might question if *The Spoils of Poynton* is "perfect." His estimate sets the short stories high, it throws useful sidelights on "literature of exile," and illutrates the differences between the earlier and later method. Of biography he is justly sparing—he recalls the experience of George Withermore!

Skin for Skin. By Llewelyn Powys. (Cape.) 9s. net.

This is a rather beautiful book, sincere and finely written. Incredibly, cruelly, Mr. Powys was faced at twenty-five with a consumptive's doom; and, enhanced by the intensity of the agnostically religious, his heightened awareness of life in the Valley of the Shadow makes a moving record. Sent to Switzerland, to a sanatorium overlooking "Queen Victoria in Bed," he grew better and returned to his beloved West Country; but where the book leaves him a relapse had exiled him, valiant, again. We know not whether to rate more highly his Swiss chapters or his richly personal, vivid and living appreciation of his home county and the fellowship of some whose names, like his own, are now familiar.

Contemporary Thought of Italy. By Dr. A. Crespi.
Contemporary Thought of France. By Dr. I. Benrubi. (Williams and Norgate.) 5s. net each.

These two works form part of a series designed to present to the intelligent layman a brief conspectus of recent philosophical speculation. Dr. Crespi fulfils his task admirably. His exposition displays considerable insight and knowledge, keen judgment and good sense; and he writes with an enthusiasm which is rarely ill-founded and always deserving of respect. By comparison, Dr. Benrubi's survey is disappointing. It is too eclectic in scope and too sketchy and disjointed in treatment. These defects have not been lessened by a very indifferent, and sometimes deplorably loose, translation.

NOTABLE NOVELS

The Miniature. By Eden Phillpotts. (Watts.) 6s. net.

This *jeu d'esprit* is really not flippant at all, though it is pointed by irony and humour. "As flies to wanton boys." It is jovial, indifferent Zeus who makes and foredooms our world. Mr. Phillpotts' Olympians are delightful. Athene does not see the joke; and, when man has far surpassed his creators and cast aside Ares, Aphrodite and even Dionysus, it is she who is the unwilling instrument of his due destruction. Still she will not see the joke. It is no new joke, but it is freshly and succinctly put.

The Odyssey of a Nice Girl. By Ruth Suckow. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

This long novel of Iowa is a disappointment; yet such a one as to call for notice. It shows considerable sympathy and a close, subjective, slightly morbid observation; but—the symptom is a common one—a hypertrophied consciousness of some things and none of others. Hence an involuntary bias: the world she depicts is oddly repellent, while even in the quite different Boston scenes there is no breadth in any character—their reality is a provincial reality. Miss Suckow may intend the tedium of her minutiæ—she is surely ridiculing co-education!—yet she abruptly deflects our close interest in Marjorie's culmination to turn on Buena Vista. But why do so if she is ironic all through—and if she is not, by what light does she satirize?

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THE END OF "THE ADELPHI"

By The Editor

I REGRET that, owing to domestic circumstances, I have been unable to write the usual editorial. I regret still more that, owing to these same circumstances, I must bring THE ADELPHI to an end with the next number, which concludes the fourth volume.

As readers of THE ADELPHI know, the magazine has been kept in being for the last two years by my doing all the work unaided. This is no longer possible; therefore the continuance of the magazine becomes also impossible, since the financial position does not admit of the employment of a paid acting-editor.

I am extremely reluctant thus to abandon an enterprise to which I have given my best energies now for four years; and in order that the bond between this magazine and its readers should not be wholly broken, I propose, if I receive sufficient support, to issue a very small periodical, wholly written by myself, to those who are willing to pay a subscription of 10s. per annum for it. This periodical would be issued at irregular intervals (since my circumstances forbid my promising regularity), but there would be during the year about six numbers of an average of thirty-two pages, or the equivalent of thirty-two pages if the format of THE

ADELPHI has to be changed. This periodical will be obtainable only by subscribers, since it will be impossible to print sufficient for circulation through the bookstalls.

Whether this modest plan can be carried into execution depends entirely upon the number of promises to subscribe that I receive. I therefore appeal to all those readers who are willing to subscribe 10s. per annum for such a periodical to send me their names and addresses on a post-card as soon as possible. If they receive no further communication they must take it that the support was insufficient to warrant my proceeding further with the plan.

The next and final number of THE ADELPHI will contain a remarkable play by Mr. W. B. Yeats entitled, *The Resurrection,* and an index to the volume which it concludes.

P.S.—I have been asked by various readers whether "The Life of Jesus," as published serially in these pages, is identical with "The Life of Jesus" issued in volume form by Messrs. Jonathan Cape. It is not. In order to make the narrative brief enough to be published serially without overcrowding the magazine, the whole of an important section, "The Teaching of Jesus," had to be omitted; and a further chapter, on "Mary of Magdala," had also to be excluded. I regret that these omissions should have been necessary; but even in its shortened form "The Life of Jesus" has occupied at least one-quarter of the available space in THE ADELPHI over a period of eleven months.

DEATH IN THE SAND

By Francis Langer

III.

AT the end of the second week the Turk did not get up as usual at dawn to say his prayers. Everybody was so accustomed to this morning and evening ceremony that they at once noticed the omission. The Clown went over to wake him up.

"Get up," he said, "Allah will be angry."

He shook him and everybody smiled. But the clown suddenly sprang back from the Turk. The face of the sleeping man was covered with sweat and his lips were black. He breathed heavily, and his arms fell limply from off his stomach when they were shaken.

He turned to the rest of the room and said in a small, choked voice :

"Cholera."

Everyone smiled again. The grinning face of the clown under the peak of his little cap, the throaty voice in which he uttered the terrible word, everything together gave the impression that he was only perpetrating another joke. But the amusement only lasted for a moment and was cut short immediately afterwards. But all the faces continued to grin stupidly.

During the time in which they had been living there they had forgotten the real reason for their seclusion. They were sufficiently intelligent to find the method by which they had been selected for quarantine by the idiotic police official to be merely amusing and silly, rather than significant. They had forgotten that illness is to be found everywhere, that they could become

infected with disease in any of the trains into which prisoners were crowded, that it was raging amongst soldiers taken out of the trenches and among the scum of the towns. They had forgotten that it was hanging over them as it was hanging also over the whole of the Turkestan Steppe. They had forgotten that it had overpowered thousands like themselves and that there was no reason why their fate should be different from that of anybody else. While they had been living there they had forgotten the word which had altered their fate and isolated them in a small building in the middle of the desert. They lived like prisoners from day to day, devoting all their spiritual energy to coping with this miserable existence, to living somehow through this day, through the next, and so on through the whole oppressive chain of days which finally led up to that on which peace would be declared. Then they would live again like human beings. God, but when would that be?

It was for this reason that this terrible, forgotten word caused them only to laugh when at last they heard it again. Then, after two seconds, the laugh gave place to a mask of indifference.

Only the Old Believer got up and went across to the Turk. He examined him, felt his pulse, and then brought him water and moistened his cracked lips. The Sard, who was the Turk's neighbour, sat down on crossed legs and again gazed motionless into the distance. All the rest edged away from the spot where the Turk was lying, so as to put at least a foot or so between him and them. They clustered together like frightened sheep, and their sweat formed into one pool beneath their huddled bodies.

As it happened, the doctor arrived that morning. He examined the patient and repeated the terrible word which had been uttered earlier in the morning. He only looked at the Turk from a distance, and it was evident that he was afraid of contact even with those who

were still healthy. He spoke to nobody, did not even visit the soldiers, and set off home immediately in his cart. This was his last visit; he never appeared in the barracks again.

When he had gone the clown said:

"There's one more of us."

Someone looked at him inquiringly. It was evident that the clown was waiting for someone to ask the question.

Cholera.

But nobody took any notice of what he was saying.

At times the Turk lay as if dead; at others his eyes wandered about the room or his limbs writhed convulsively. Everyone was afraid of looking in the direction of the place where he was lying, and all were thankful that he was dying without a groan or a sob.

All conversation ceased, and when anyone spoke it was in a whisper. The clown, who had touched the Turk in the morning, grew afraid of his own fingers. He went outside several times and rubbed his hands in the hot sand. The Jew pulled a little bottle out of his bundle and poured a few drops on to some sugar. He explained to those who were watching that this was a precaution against cholera. Everybody was envious of him for having a drug with him, but the Jew put the bottle back into the sack which he carried on his body and in which he probably also kept his money. The Old Believer brought the Turk water. And when he was so ill that he could not raise himself from the floor he supported his head in his hands and poured drops of water into his mouth. He spoke to him and comforted him, although he was aware that the Turk could not understand what he was saying. But the words which the patient could not hear came to the ears of others and were a consolation to them. For all were suffering.

The next day the Turk was unable to move, although he was still alive. A horrible smell came from his body

so that all quietly left the place. Only the Sard remained seated in his old position next to the Turk and the Old Believer every now and then moistened the lips of the dying man. Formerly the shade round the house had been occupied by prisoners from the other room, and anyone who went to lie down next to them was obliged to suffer all sorts of gibes and undergo various unpleasantnesses, including kicks. Now, room was at once made for anyone who came from the room in which the sick man was lying, and when gradually all its occupants appeared outside the house the Germans, Hungarians, and Poles retired to their own quarters. They shunned the rest as if they were lepers and were equally filled with fear and horror.

The Turk was dying. Without a word, without a groan, like a miserable dumb animal. The Sard, who continued to sit next to him near the wall the whole time as motionless as a Buddha, began towards evening to swing backwards and forwards and mutter his usual endless song. At that moment the Turk was making his last struggles. He breathed deeply a few times more and then ceased. The Sard continued his monotonous chant. Was it a funeral song which the Sard always sang, looking into the distance?

From the door the soldiers ordered the prisoners to drag the corpse outside. But nobody moved. One soldier came inside and threatened them with a bayonet. But every man would have preferred to be bayonetted to touching the Turk. They all listened to the soldiers' abuse in stolid silence. Finally the Old Believer got up and went over to the dead man. He wrapped him up in his old carpet and tried to drag him out of the room. But he had not enough strength. Then the Sard interrupted his chant and went across to help him. When they had carried the corpse out of the door they placed it on the sands and dragged it across the desert by the end of the carpet. It left a furrow behind it as in snow.

They buried the Turk somewhere a long way from the barracks. They dug a shallow trench in the sand with their hands, placed the body in it, and, again with their hands, covered it up with sand. A soldier with a rifle watched them, from a distance, as if he feared to breathe the air of the place in which they were burying the corpse.

Then they returned. The Old Believer lay down in his usual place and at once fell asleep. The Jew, who slept on one side of him, and the Czech, who slept on the other, drew as far away from him as the congestion of the closely packed bodies allowed them to. The Sard sat down as before and continued his melancholy dirge. All slept uneasily that night. One could hear them turning from one side to another, causing the planks to creak. One heard one man sigh in his sleep and another cry out some disconnected words.

IV.

The next day Death made his appearance in the next room. Two Poles fell ill and died two days afterwards. The whole time there were to be heard lamentations and wailings which only ceased with their death. Then more groans began to penetrate the thin wooden partition. The Old Believer left the room and only returned the next night. He had buried both the dead men and had been ministering to the sick.

Then Death really began to show himself seriously in the adjoining room. He became a daily visitor, so ordinary that nobody noticed his arrival or departure. He became such an institution that he was no longer feared, and one or two began to help the Old Believer to bury the bodies. Death lived in the room with the rest. The men talked about him as they talked about imprisonment, the heat, the flies, and thirst, as something which was inescapable. The clown now and then ven-

tured on a sour and bitter jest, the Jew began to speak about his family again and to believe that he would one day return to them. And yet every day two or three bodies were dragged out of the building and buried in the sand. The Russian soldiers were now very reluctant to approach the prisoners, and gave whatever orders were necessary through the door. The Clown smiled at them. In the evening he would often go up to one of the guards and offer him his hand. But the guard, without a word, moved a few paces away from him. The Clown stopped and pretended that he was going to attack him. The soldier, not knowing whether he meant it seriously, raised his rifle. And the Clown made his way back to the barracks.

In the next room they were steadily dying. How many prisoners had already been buried? Nobody kept count. Groans continued to come through the partition. Some died quickly and some were tortured for a whole week. Some seemed about to recover, but everybody who had become infected finally died inevitably. All were weakened by the heat, imprisonment, and inadequate food, so that it was enough for Death to touch them with his finger.

The Old Believer always visited them for some hours every day. Sometimes he remained for a whole twenty-four hours, without even returning to rest. On one occasion his friends did not see him for a good six days. And the whole time he was looking after the sick and burying the dead. On the seventh day he returned. His beard was tousled and his eyes sunken with exhaustion. He had buried the last of the men in the next room.

While he was dragging him across the sand the Clown watched him from the window.

" I don't know why they are all in such a hurry. There's plenty of room for all inside. Don't push, please."

Few took any notice of his jests. If anyone laughed

it was very curtly, as if the laugh had been suddenly cut short. It seemed also that the Clown was not joking, but just discussing things in his own peculiar manner. When the Old Believer returned to the room and everyone looked at him with dumb admiration and sympathy he stepped up to him and pressed both his hands. The others were all glad of his gesture. But he added: " You'll be able to get a lie down yourself once you're dead."

And his words also regarding the desert and the guard expressed the feeling of the rest, although the language was his own.

The sight of the desert awakened in everybody the feeling that they were looking at an enormous, endless cemetery. It was so large that it could have swallowed up a whole world of dead; there was room in it for those who had died in all times and places. It lay around indifferently, limited by no boundary, unfeeling and pointless, as if it were prepared to receive thousands, millions, everyone. When you looked at it it seemed to have no other reason for its existence. It was the picture of hopelessness. . . .

The next day passed without anybody falling ill. In the next room all was silent; there was nothing but an abominable smell. The Old Believer, after fetching the water in the evening, went round, washed the room, and sprinkled it with sand. The Czechs understood why he was doing it, and some of them went and helped him.

The second and third days passed quietly. Was Death satisfied?

That evening the Clown arranged another entertainment. As early as the afternoon the Jew took some paper out of his wallet and began to write a letter which he intended to give to the doctor when next he came. He wrote to his wife saying that he was alive and well, that he would soon return, because the Governor would certainly grant his request to be liberated. A certain

reassurance was visible on all sides. In addition, it was now September, and now and then there was a breath of cooler air, which recalled the winds of one's native country. Every day the prisoners got back more to the ordinary routine of life.

The daily burials ceased, the building was no longer filled with groans as it had been previously day and night. That dark, painful page in the book of life had been turned and the new page was covered with the record of ordinary troubles and maladies, appropriate to the daily life of the whole of humanity. And to the prisoners it seemed, after these recent sombre days, that even this life with its agonizing isolation, helplessness, overpowering heat, and weakness was worth living.

"Has the disease left us?" asked a Czech of the old man on the fourth day.

"It's the will of God. One never can tell until it comes."

The young Czech made some grumbling noise which the other understood, although he could not catch what he said.

"Don't grumble or curse. For that's the one thing that a man has in his power to choose here : to complain or not to complain. All the rest is in the hands of God and in His eyes life may not be better than death. God does not give evil but only good, since He Himself is good, so that death is as good a thing as life."

Then the Clown said :

"A bad life is better than the most splendid death."

And this time everyone laughed loudly, as it was clear that he had got the better of the old man.

The fifth day. Everybody on awakening from sleep looked anxiously round the room to see if anyone was lying in convulsions. The Russian N.C.O. came into the room and said that one could tell in five days whether anyone had caught cholera or not. All were

glad to believe him and, cheerful, began to speak loudly again. Death had passed by them.

And then came the sort of day which is rare enough in one's life. A day which was like a Sunday somewhere at home, when everyone utilizes to the full his right to rest and the whole day through lives only for himself, according to his taste, so as to enjoy himself as much as possible. It was true that they occasionally examined one another's faces, but everybody was happy and smiling. How happy they were!

But early the next morning, on waking up, they found that the Sard had disappeared. And yet from the day on which he had buried the Turk he had not moved from his place. Then they saw that the old man, covered with dust, was on his way back from the desert. Last of all, they noticed that there was a new furrow leading to the cemetery.

Death was among them again. He was quiet and had killed one of them behind their backs without their realizing the fact.

They all drew back into themselves and suddenly became small and shut-in. Again they all clustered together, so as to be as far as possible from the corner which exuded the odour of death. They huddled together, more through an unconquerable impulse than through reason or feeling, since they all at the same moment became clearly conscious of the fate which was inevitably awaiting them. And yet each one felt somewhere in a corner of his soul a tiny hope that the disease would not catch hold of him that day; it might fall on the others, but perhaps, perhaps it would spare him. . . . And it was this tiny spark of hope which drove them to press themselves together as far away as possible from the spot where the Sard had died. They looked at one another as if they were all sentenced to death. Each man pitied and at the same time shunned the next. At times there was more pity, at others more

recoiling, and each one, again, had the same attitude towards himself. This was the case from the moment when the Sard died to that when the last man died also.

Towards evening of the same day the Clown began to breathe heavily, and the next day he was submerged by waves of alternating consciousness and swooning, convulsions and immobility. The disease took its course very quickly. By nightfall he was dying in agony. He wailed unceasingly and in the night the wails turned into the gentle whining of a puppy that has been trodden on. By the time dawn broke it had become a long-drawn-out hissing which finally ceased altogether. The moon was still shining and the light fell directly on his face, in which was visible the hole formed by his mouth, since his lower jaw had dropped. His cap, fastened by a band of elastic, remained stuck on his head the whole time, and the mask of the dead man's face underneath its peak seemed as foolish as could be imagined. And equally stupid were his check trousers, which were rolled up over his thin calves, and his smart yellow boots into which were thrust a pair of bare feet.

When they dragged him to the cemetery his little head on its thin neck rolled about behind the rest of his body, as if it were separate from it. It followed the rest of the body, jumping about and turning from one cheek to the other and yet the cap never came off. They buried him in it.

One of the prisoners got a new idea : to escape.

For a short time this inspiration animated them : " At the worst," said one, " they'll shoot us. But that's better than waiting here for death like cattle."

And then they began to consider one another. They examined their arms and legs. The muscles were already no longer visible and their limbs were thin as sticks. They realized that most of them would stagger as if they were drunk after a few paces. Their energy also was crippled. For a few moments the new thought

waved before them like a green banner of hope, but immediately faded, drooped, and was absorbed in a feeling of weakness and impending death. And all of them, resigned to their fate, lay down again on their benches.

The Clown was followed by the Old Believer, after whom came the Jew. The Jew did not suffer much to begin with. The Old Believer was in the full grip of the disease from the first moment, but the old man, as far as he was able, sat up and made repeatedly the sign of the Cross. The Czechs treated him like one of themselves; one sat down next to him and gave him something to drink. The old man thanked him, at first with words, and later by his looks. Even the Jew, to begin with, when his own illness was not in an acute stage, came over to him several times and gave him some of his drops to take. He believed that he himself did not suffer so much through taking them. When, later, he also was unable to get up, the Czechs looked after him as well. It was certain that the old man was suffering, but he made no indication of the fact. Only just before his death did he try to ask for something in a hoarse, inaudible voice, but ceased when he saw that nobody understood him, and then quietly died.

The same day two Czechs fell ill.

All the Czechs, before they caught the disease, wrote letters to their wives, children, and relations at home. They told them where they were living and about the fate which awaited them. In taking leave of them they implored their fathers to take care of their wives, and also wrote to what would be their widows, consoling them and advising them what to do in the future. Such and such a piece of land was to be sold, but another kept for the children. Or they asked friends and relations to look after their children. And the children themselves were exhorted to respect their mother and not bring shame on the name of their father.

These letters were collected and done up in packages which were stored on the window-ledges. They promised one another mutually that should one of them survive he would take the packages with him and guard them like the eyes in his head until he was able to deliver them at home. When one of the Czechs died he asked, if he were able to speak, that his letters should not be forgotten, and if he was no longer able to articulate he at least turned his eyes towards them. And the one who was sitting next to him promised him once again that he would not forget to perform that service. And the sick man died quietly, as if there was nothing more that he desired. Everybody gave as much assistance as they could at the death of the Jew and of the two men who followed the Old Believer. The first Czech died quickly, and everyone accompanied the body to the cemetery. The Jew lingered on for four days. At times he whimpered like a little boy. He called all his children by their names, complained of the fate which was in store for them, and in his pain and mortification tore his clothes to pieces. One evening he succeeded in sitting up. Everybody looked at him in astonishment, for he had already been ill for four days. His beard flowed down over his chest, and his hair, congealed by sweat into strips like rags, hung down over his cheeks. His torn shirt slipped down and he sat half naked. His chest had fallen in and his arms were mere bones. Sitting like this, he began in a husky voice to say something in Hebrew. Then the hoarseness disappeared and the words became guttural and penetrating. Sometimes they suggested painful entreaties, which would have moved even the heart of the desert. At others his shouting was so loud that it could be heard a long way from the building. He seemed to be exerting all his strength to make his voice carry as far as possible and threw his head back like a singer. Nobody could tell whether the words were those of a desperate prayer or

of still more desperate reproaches. Suddenly, in the middle of a loud passage his voice died away, the wasted body collapsed on to the floor, and he died. And all the rest lay as motionless as if they were dead, as if they had been overpowered by his demands or blasphemies.

The second Czech died the same night. The others followed one after the other. They all died heroically and quietly, moaning, complaining against their wills. They helped one another to the last possible moment, one looking after the other when he was hardly able to drag his own body along.

Finally there was only one left, a strong, big fellow of thirty, whom the disease had not touched, although he had never moved or made any attempt to protect himself from it.

(*Translated by Laurence Hyde.*)

(*To be concluded.*)

Shy Lane

An Anonymous Poem

As I walk down the lane close by,
Quietly, carefully,
The busy life stops somehow short—like a sigh,
In the hedge just now there was the laugh of a bird,
But he stopped his selfish mirth at once when he heard
How I went by.
I walked so silently, carefully,
And yet they wait so resentfully,
And they will not sing or laugh any more or fly
Till I'm gone by.

It is just as though they all held their breath
Till my steps were gone.
They are not so frank here as on hills and heath,
And yet I took care to be alone.
I have not talked,
Or watched with discourteous, appraising stare,
Or chattered in raspingly-rapturous tone
Of "Nature," and yet my presence there,
My simple presence there as I walked
Thrust their bright life into this sheath.
—I feel like a journeying death.

That butterfly there is full of a nervous quiver,
A-shake with puny impatience, waiting for me to go,
And the little bird frets, "What, aren't you going? Not ever?
Oh, why do you walk so slow?"

And as soon as I've passed, then I shall give one glance back
And they all will have started again,
The birds will be laughing, the butterflies finding a track;
They will take up the broken stir of their own little lane.
Yes, behind me, I know
Their life will close up again.

So no lanes for me!
This body of mine must be made into mountain-heath
With a life that is open and free,
That shrinks not from loving feet.
The winds will sweep over me,
Among me the hill-bees hum;
My dear, if you will, you may climb sometimes and see
My new life will not pause because you are come.

THE LESSER MOOD OF TEA

By Henry Chester Tracy

I WISHED to borrow a phrase of Mr. Okakura's and write of the Great Mood. I could not. The phrase dominated me, but it also exposed me as an outsider and a peddler of words. Others had written authoritatively of a great art which the mood engendered. Fennolosa had given us his saturation of T'ang and Sung painting; and, with Pound, the Noh Plays. Binyon had drawn aside some curtains and shown us what a fine Western interpreter can. Waley had given us Li Po. There was a horizon opened for any who cared to see. But I wished to be more than Western, more than interpreter or expert. What was the use of any mood, great or otherwise, if it were dead? And I found myself writing as an outsider, of a thing which had been but was not. There had been enough of that.

I was very humble, and had cause to be—an unwanted guest in a noisy colony intent on "improving" the world. Had they known my real thoughts they would have placed me in solitary confinement; for my inner conviction was that the world is already much too good for the people that are in it. As it was, they merely left me to myself and, in return for some small service rendered, supplied me with food. Sometimes, in my cubicle or my garden corner, I thought that I too approached the Great Mood; but when I tried to write of it I knew that I had merely nodded to shadows. If I posed as essayist I must stake all on clarity—but the mood carries more than can be said; if as poet, I must wave word-shadows in a passing wind—but to-day's winds blow from deserts, it seems.

I was not big enough to be Man, the Reconciler, though I would have liked to be that—reach up for the Heaven-principle and grasp it in my hand. So I craved some humbler satisfaction that would still sustain me, and make a landscape for my little soul. Then I learned that there is a landscape in tea.

Tobacco is for solitude. There it achieves a reality nowhere else known . . . some old blend, brushed with Latakia and fortified with Perique. Your pipe-smoker finds his dream-scape prepared. Let him alone. But tea. Tea in isolation, if not utilitarian, is apt to be pathetic. Tea-aromas remember their setting of romance, their ceremonies and their dignities, not savored alone.

That is not to say that the goddess Thea craves the worship of the crowd. She does not. They were wise who decreed that the tea-room must be small : small and bare, with but one flower solo of a quiet sort, reached through the *roji*—that mood-making garden walk. Merely to recall these authentic settings is to court an æstheticism almost inseparable from the tradition of tea. I honour them, delight to share in them—as when reading the " Book of Tea "*—but I have built myself no Abode of Fancy, with its portico for waiting guests ; and no lichened *roji* to lead to it. In a world

* The Person is the Tea-Room. Pour me a personality with the tea. I have no gawds of conversation to exhibit. I decline the intensities. I'm not proud of patchwork covers I've made for my mind. As for the emotions, what are they all about? I but want a quiet landscape for an hour. Your words are agreeable if they come like flowers, fresh opening from the bed of your thoughts. Your no-words are equally welcome. We are not concerned about time. We transmute existence over the steeped leaves of a bush which the gods made, to show us that they are kind. We attend to the fragrance of the well-made tea out of respect for these same old gods, thus renewing their youthfulness in our souls. It's not the Mood, but it's an approach.

of imitations I have made myself an apostle of tea in a more genuine intimate sense, declaring that the persons are themselves the tea-room and compose its limiting walls. If no more than three partake, so much the better, for there is room for a fourth wall : the spirit of Zen. There you have an excuse for a certain kind of silence, when tired of the prattle of towns. Those who founded the tea-ceremony could properly claim that it was "a religion of the art of life." It could achieve a beatitude for one through the mundane, which other gospels had unfortunately left out. Zen had room for this. Zen was tolerant of aroma and would be, I'm certain, of smoke. So I've said.

I've said this, and incorporated Teaism with my creed. If it lays me open to the charge of æstheticism, well and good. I want no inanities with my tea ; no conversational pyrotechnic ; no ultra-modern jargon. As for cachinnation, I shall invite myself where that cannot come—thanks to that fourth wall of Zen . . . and there's no tremendous solemnity about that either : it's a drape like the summer afternoon, or plum blossoms, or pines against a sky-wall, clear of towns. We can have that. Kuo Hsi knew it, and said so in his great essay. It is delightful to enter with him into quiet and into the aloofness of his room, prepared for "delicate feelings" and good taste ; set incense burning and efface the nagging trivialities from the landscape of his mind, so that he can paint . . . and *live,* in his confession of mood-making, a thousand years after his brush-work has been lost. If this is æstheticism give us more of it.

We shall have no more tea-masters. We shall have no ceremonial tea-room with its purism of simplicity and bareness ; but perhaps we may make our souls bare. Perhaps we may learn the luxury of not pretending ; the ease of not striving ; the comfort of not competing in clever talk. If the result should seem a vacuum, we'll

remember that Abode of Vacancy was one of the names preferred by those artists in living who brought the *Sukiya* to its completer form : a room "devoid of ornamentation except for what may be placed in it to satisfy some æsthetic need." Carried over to the sphere of our own mental attitude and applied to the conception that our personality is itself the essential tea-room, that attribute may serve us very well, for what is more offensive than a mind bulging with its own private concerns, and what more engaging than a mentality emptied of them that some shared interests may flow in? If we must have wit, give us spontaneous flashes, and let the rehearsed clevernesses die with Oscar Wilde.

And now, about that fourth wall, of Zen. You cannot force it upon the prattler, you may not reveal it to the clever modern, and it's repugnant to all but a few. Those who build it do so like polyps—out of surrounding medium by virtue of some germ-power at their core. An oyster but builds its own shell. This fourth wall is an effusion, if you like, of personality, and not a calcareous case. Its essence is in relatedness, and each bit carries the impress of the thing that we are—when emptied of noise. These bits are not frozen, they flow ; filaments, they interweave and form a film which contains the atmosphere we've caught : and that's the fourth wall.

Vague. Too vague!

But how may one describe mountains clad in mist without introducing suggestions of fog or shroud? Tell me the exact composition of the soul and I'll explain how consciousness can build a fourth wall to surround one small atmosphere of tea.

I have a friend whose tea-room has one wide window on the sea ; another whose river-garden is the backdrop of the stage ; a third whose Wellingtonia with its branches sweeping the lawn (and a squirrel playing in them) makes the drawing-room partake of the world ;

and a fourth who of music builds a fourth wall. These are all accessories, but no more. Any room can house an atmosphere of Zen if the persons who command it are there.

Of Zen it has been said that it made great masters. It made painters, a philosophy, and ceremonial tea. These things seem remote from a Western afternoon, but the spirit that made them can be there. It is there when one delights in simple things ; when " mundane " and " spiritual " break caste and drink together out of a common bowl ; when masks are dropped from faces and shells are removed from events ; when cleverness can be quieted long enough to listen to the gossip of a flower ; when we drop our Western arrogance and admit that we are pleased by gentle idealism of tea. And that's more of a concession than most can make. Watch a true Northerner chafing at the restraint, hands drumming or disturbing the leaves of a book. He cannot forget the naked egotism that he is ; over-muscled like a Sistine babe, but without the quiet of its seeing eyes. His are for conquest, not for vision. They must either love or rule in some passionate momentous way, else they're unsatisfied and empty of intent. To such a one these words are bubbles on a stream.

I stood on a bridge by Ablington, where the valley road crosses the Coln (Cotswold), and there was a great quiet about, and shadow of oaks. Because of that, thrushes were there, not skulking but plainly to be seen. They were drawn by the thing that drew me ; but my thoughts about it were bubbles on a stream. It's the same with Teaism and tea. If accused of writing a froth of words about it I plead guilty and accept the penalty, whatever it is.

It is a crime, in the eyes of some moderns, to court the evanescent, to foster a mood. They do not mind obscenities, they favour insanity—provided it is hard.

Show them to another chamber, we beg of you, and let us have our quiet undisturbed. We are of the fellowship of Li Lung-mien and all who were skilled in those subtle allusions with which, Petrucci reminds us, Chinese painting abounds. But we are not unaware of that danger which threatens mediocrity everywhere because it fails to see that these things depend altogether on the free fancy and happy accident that redeem a commonplace world—once eyes are open to aromas and all other subtle quiet things. I shall not go again to Ablington in hopes that the thrushes will be as tame, or that I shall find the same bubbles floating on the Coln. One does not repeat life's episodes, but finds new ones not less welcome—if he has in him a touch of Zen. And that's not magic nor occultism, nor a secret only the favoured can know ; for Zen is nothing but nature known deliberately, not from outside but from in . . . inside the atom, if you will have it so : the very innermost *in*. To know nature that way you have to attend to it deliberately, for the prevailing sound is of machines. The prevailing voices are strident, or else they are hard and cold, and tired.

The distrust of all lofty thoughts and moods has become a mania : all the more reason, then, for humility —with tea : and, in that not too difficult achievement, the finding of a little-brother mood that escapes derision because it is so small and slight.

VISITING

By Ann Tudor

One Sunday when my sister Madge and I were seven and eight years old my father told us he would like us to start visiting the poor people in his parish.

We felt very important and pleased with ourselves as we trotted along by his side. Old women were thought best for us to begin on.

First we went to Mrs. Brown. My father knocked on the door and then walked in, as Mrs. Brown had bad legs. Over by the fireplace stood a very dumpy, stout old woman. I sat on one chair and my sister on another. Our legs dangled. We looked anxiously at Mrs. Brown while my father told her that we should come and see her every Sunday. She looked soft, like a large pudding; and I wondered why, if she had bad legs, she stood all the time.

My father talked for a few minutes, and then took his worn, black Bible from his coat-tail pocket, and read a few verses. Then he prayed. I and my sister scrambled off our chairs and knelt, but still Mrs. Brown stood by the fender without moving. There was something mysterious and a little alarming about her. After the prayer my father told us to come and say good-bye. When I came quite close to Mrs. Brown I saw that she was sitting, but was so fat that she sloped away from her double chin to the floor without showing her knees or having any lap. The mystery was explained, and Mrs. Brown was no longer alarming. I felt most friendly; and when she laughed down at me, and the whole front of her wobbled and shook, I laughed too, and was glad that I should see her every Sunday.

We visited three or four old women, and then went home.

All through the following week Madge and I planned what we would do and say the next Sunday when we were to visit alone. It seemed a long week, as for once we were counting the days till Sunday. Madge said we must sing. Visitors always seemed to like it when we sang Darkie songs to them ; but, of course, it would have to be hymns on Sunday.

At last Sunday afternoon arrived, and we started off each with a red Moody and Sankey hymn-book, and my sister with her Bible. I had a beautiful Christening Bible with gold clasps, but it was waiting for me till I was older.

We tapped on the door of Mrs. Brown's house, and then walked in. We had not forgotten her bad legs. They made a good opening to our conversation. Again we perched on two chairs, and my sister began with "How are your legs to-day, Mrs. Brown?" Mrs. Brown had a great deal to say about them, though it was not always easy to follow. She had an odd way of saying "an' that" at the end of every phrase. "They was very bad all night, deary—an' that. But thank the Lord me son come in the morning ; so I was able to get down to me chair by ten—an' that." I admired this manner of speech, and practised it in private, but lacked the courage to try it openly.

My sister was a very managing and arranging little girl. She conducted the whole visit. She repeated as many of my father's remarks as she could remember, and then opened her Bible and read a psalm. I began to feel a little out of it, though I very much admired her coolness. She then opened her hymn-book, announced that we would sing hymn number 247, and at once began to sing in a high, shrill voice, "Our blessed Redeemer, ere he breathed. . . ." That was all very well for her ; she had chanced on 247. But I had to find

it. I could not do this if I was flurried, so I just held the book up before my face and sang the hymn by heart, keeping one eye on Madge to be sure and turn over the page if she did.

The hymn over, we eyed each other anxiously, but even Madge did not feel equal to a prayer, so we said good-bye and left. Our afternoon was a great success, almost a triumph. We were made so welcome, and spoken to with such affectionate respect.

This went on for several Sundays; and then I revolted. I wanted to do the talking and to choose the hymns myself. I waited till we reached Mrs. Brown's gate and then said, " You can go here alone, and I am going to see Mrs. Woodcock alone." My sister protested, scolded, besought me with tears. Nothing could move me. For this one afternoon, anyhow, I would have my own way and enjoy myself.

And I did enjoy myself. I sang at least four hymns to Mrs. Woodcock and made a prayer, kneeling on one knee as my father did. I was delighted with my success. Singing hymns was no difficulty when one could give out the number of the first familiar hymn that caught one's eye.

When I came out my sister was waiting for me at the gate, still tearful and very worried over the probable results of my naughtiness. But I said, " I don't care."

I was determined to have this thing put on a lawful footing if possible, so at tea I announced boldly, " I visited Mrs. Woodcock all alone this afternoon, while Madge visited Mrs. Brown."

My mother said, " How nice, darling," and my father said, " I must give you a New Testament of your own so that you can read to her." I looked in triumph at Madge.

After tea I went with my father to his study and chose the largest New Testament I could see in his Bible cupboard. It was a special edition for those with failing

sight, and my father was rather unwilling to part with it, but I was so eager to have it that he gave way.

I then became a nuisance with my Scripture reading. I would hurry with my own undressing so as to read the Bible aloud to each child when its hair was being brushed and it could not get away. My younger sister disliked it so much that she sang "Old Uncle Ned" loudly to drown my voice. I appealed to my nurse to have this stopped, and said that it was irreverent to sing a week-day song whilst Sunday reading was going on. My nurse agreed and forbade "Uncle Ned." So my sister sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Then my nurse hit her with the comb on the top of the head and said, "Hold your noise, for goodness sake do." That was very satisfactory. I was so certain that I was doing a good deed, as well as pleasing myself, that opposition seemed to me just naughtiness.

My sister Madge bore it patiently for some days and then asked, "Why do you do it when nobody likes it but you?" And I answered, quite in good faith, "They ought to like it when it's the Bible."

After the Sunday of my revolt I adopted two of the old women and my sister the other two; and as long as we started off together and came home together no one minded what we did during the interval.

Mrs. Woodcock was very dirty and old. The smell of her dark little cottage was horrible. I would knock on her door, and then take a deep breath, hoping that it would last me till I got a little used to the smell. She never took much notice of me, but sat mumbling by the fire; and I hoped she did not notice that at first I had nothing to say, being occupied in holding my breath as long as possible. But once I got used to the atmosphere I would talk for two. I did not like her to talk. Her stories were not amusing. Generally I could not understand them, and I hated to hear her say, "When I was a gal." I felt that she must have been such a

dreadfully ugly, dirty little girl, unlike any I had ever seen. A sort of witch-child. The idea frightened me.

After a time I got tired of always reading the Bible. I thought one of my fairy-books would cheer her up, and as fairy-stories were not allowed on Sunday I began going on weekdays too. But it was uphill work. She would sit hunched in her chair, munching and toothless, staring at the fire.

I would get excited over the book and appeal to her, but she would not respond. When I came back a few days later to go on with the story I would try and remind her where we had got to. But she had always forgotten about it; and I would have to tell her the story from the beginning.

When I arrived to read the last chapter and found that she "didn't rightly remember" even the name of the hero, I felt tears of exasperation pricking my eyelids, and said, "I don't think you even *try* to remember."

At that she opened her bleared old eyes and peeped up at me as though I had touched a long-silent memory. For a moment I was frightened; and then she laughed, a cracked, toothless laugh.

I hurriedly began to read, and as I read I could see her rubbing her gnarled fingers over her knuckles and chuckling to herself, and not listening to a word. After that I felt the Bible to be more suitable to Mrs. Woodcock.

A little later I had a beautiful adventure which quite comforted me for my failure with Mrs. Woodcock.

My father told me that Mr. Saville—the owner and driver of a tumbledown old cab—was ill and lonely and dull, as he had never learnt to read. He was not nearly so old as Mrs. Woodcock; and I started off quite hopefully to read to him.

I found him upstairs in bed, with a queer, dressed-up look, as he was wearing his waistcoat and a very old

cloth cap. He had red whiskers and a gap in his front teeth. He laughed a good deal, and called me "little missie."

I began to read. It was a book of adventure. Three English boys get lost in an African jungle, are captured by Arab slave-traders, and are driven north to the Sahara.

At the most exciting parts of the adventure old Saville could not listen lying down. He would sit straight up in bed, staring at me, afraid of missing a word. He would shout with triumph if one of the boys outwitted his captors or did some brave deed. He would laugh and thump his pillows with his great fists, and shout, "I knew they young gen'lemen was all right. They done that black feller now. Go on, missie, go on." And when things went badly for the "young gen'lemen" he would rumble and groan and breathe hard. It was the first story-book he had ever heard, and it opened a new world to him. His wife told my father that he could talk of nothing else, going through all the adventures over and over again, worrying over mishaps, and so pleased when things went well.

I went every day as soon as my lessons were over. Neither he nor I could bear to wait longer. But we did not read all the time. Sometimes we talked. I would read two chapters every day and then shut the book. We both felt that we had to be rationed, or stopping would be too hard.

All our talks had the same starting-place. The first day I went to Mr. Saville I noticed that the middle finger of his right hand was a little stump. It rather horrified me, as when I shook hands with him it seemed to shut down between his other fingers, and I could feel it like a little ball in the palm of my hand. So when I had shut the book after the first reading I said, "What has happened to your finger?" "Bitten off by a norse, little missie, and 'ealed up beautiful. A doctor

couldn't a done it better." And he held out the stump for me to inspect.

Then he told me all about the horse. How he got her cheap, because she was vicious—though he would never have said she was right-down vicious, more playful like—what he paid, all about the man he bought her from. Endless details, all of great interest. I could always start him off by saying, "It must have hurt when that horse bit off your finger." Then he would say, "Bitten off by a norse, that's not like being cut off with a knife. More like shuttin' it off in a door, missie." We always had that; and from there the story could blossom out in many directions.

One day he told me of her death. "Died of stoppage, she did." It seemed a natural end for an aged cab-horse, to stop one day and never go on again. But then he added, "Blew up as big as a balloon, she did, and could only lie on 'er side. Couldn't get 'er stomach under 'er, not if she tried ever so." This sounded worse than just a fatal sort of jibbing, so I asked what stoppage was. "Lor, missie," he said, "it's when yer meals stops goin' through yer, and all stays in one place like." This was enough to think about for one day, so I said good-bye.

But the next day we arrived again, *viâ* the bitten finger, to the fatal illness of the old horse. I wanted to know more. What had he done about it when she blew up as big as a balloon? He had sent for a vet. What was a vet? From that point would branch off many stories of the vets of a lifetime. Young and old, rich and poor, good and bad. It may have been days later that we got back to the dying horse. What had the vet done? Put a bullet in her. No good worriting her any more; she was done for. Then the vet said he wished to cut her open and see where she had gone wrong. "And the things we found in that old 'orse, you'ld 'ardly believe it, missie. Not that I was agoin'

to tell yer," he added, a little aggrieved at my rather hastily saying good-bye. I did not like being told too much at a time. I liked to have leisure to think over new ideas.

He and I were both sorry when he got well and was at work all day making a hard living, with no time for story-books.

A Song by Walther von der Vogelweiae

For me and my lover
The linden under
A pleasant couch the moorland was;
Ye may discover
Broken yonder
The flowers gay, and crushed the grass.
Near the forest in a dale—
Tandaradei!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

Unto our meeting
On the common
I went—my love was there before.
He gave me such greeting,
(" Glorious woman! ")
That I am blessèd evermore.
Hath he kissed me?—Long, ywis!—
Tandaradei!
See my mouth how red it is!

And thereafter
A thing of splendour,
A resting-place made he of flowers.
'Twill move to laughter
Low and tender

Should any take that path of ours.
By the roses well he may—
Tandaradei!
Find the spot where my head lay.

That he hath possessed me
Should men know ever,
(which God forbid) how shamed I'd be!
How he hath caressed me
Never, never,
May any learn but I and he,
And the bird on the spray—
Tandaradei!
That for sure will not betray.

Translated by RUTH KNOX.

The Tower

HERE in the rain is the tower; he must have stood
Three or four centuries thus; surely the wood
Of his beams, and the mossy green of his stone,
And the worn white line of his stairs, and the groan
Of his studded door, and his slit-eyed windows and slating
Must have learnt something in all these ages of waiting,
Must have been pondering something, must know
Something for certain. Slowly the clock-hands go
To the hour. Listen: The tower will speak!
Gathering his voice in the belfry, a creak
As though he were clearing his throat; let us mark
How centuries' wisdom be shouted. Now hark!
The tongue of the bell begins. (Here goes!
All our bewilderment done!) Surely he knows.

Boom goes the bell, and again, and again, and again,
Calling for miles through the still, warm night and the
rain,
And now he has ceased. His words? His wisdom?
(Tick-tock,
On he goes breathing). He said it was four o'clock.

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE.

The Dreamer

The night wind at my window
Taps with a sleeping rose—
" O wider, open wider,
And hold me close!"

What disembodied spirit
In league with winds and flowers
Goes woefully a-wandering
This hour of hours?

My mother's soul is sleeping
(Sleeps calm, sleeps true);
Contented is my father's
Spirit, too:

No sister I, no brother,
No dear, dear friend to mourn;
I am not one who paces
His garden walk forlorn.

Again the wind at my window
Taps with that dreaming rose—
" O wider, open wider,
And hold me close!"

A.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Tchehov and Life.—In a recent review of Professor Starkie's *Luigi Pirandello* in the *New Statesman* there occurred a remark which for me threw a light on a question which has long puzzled me. "Pirandello," says the reviewer, "at any rate is in the right tradition, the tradition more recently of Ibsen and Tchehov. *Only, while Tchehov's characters are for ever conquered by life, Pirandello's do at least protest.*"

We are divided into camps nowadays: those who admire writers such as Tchehov, but find them pessimistic; and those of us to whom they are something more than fine writers—men possessed of a crystal clarity of outlook that is beyond both optimism and pessimism. It is not easy for either camp to understand the point of view of the other, and I have puzzled for many years in my own mind as to how anyone could find Tchehov grey and pessimistic. But this sentence seems to make it clear. The writer apparently takes the view that Tchehov is out to support a certain theory of life, to throw light on his own conception of the universe. I suppose that, consciously or unconsciously, this is what every writer does. And since he writes about "characters who are for ever conquered by life," therefore Tchehov regards life as something that inevitably conquers character, as opposed to Pirandello's view that character can make a protest against it.

But conceding, for the sake of the argument, that Tchehov does write of people who are conquered by life, what does that prove about his view of the universe? It only proves something about his attitude towards his fellow-men. Not, though, that he regarded man as a being who must inevitably be conquered by life; but that there was in him as a root quality that profound pity which can only be felt by a character at once strong and balanced. He wrote very often—not

invariably—about the weak and unsuccessful, because they were to him more interesting than those who were in less need of sympathetic understanding. But it is as well to remind ourselves that it takes unusual strength of character to support, with any reality, the weight of another's pain, without being pressed over to seek a false easement in sentimentality or bitter railings against the scheme of things. When Tchehov presents such characters, he is not trying to rouse us into a state of false indignation against life and fate ; he did not intend to put the blame for anything that is wrong in the world of men upon those vague and convenient scapegoats ; he wanted us to put the blame where it belongs : on ourselves.

But are Tchehov's characters for ever conquered by life? It seems to me that in that sweeping generalization we are once more up against the old dragon of error—materialism ; which has such an extraordinary habit of growing a new head in place of every one that is cut off. Half a century ago it showed itself in the demand for "happy endings" to which Dickens and a good many of his contemporaries had to bow. The good must succeed and triumph finally, wickedness come to a bad end. The only way in which a writer who was really dominated by his sense of truth could accomplish this was by stopping his story in the effective place. So the story ended with marriage bells, though life does not. Most tragedies could be given happy endings if our knowledge of the course of events ended arbitrarily at some sun-lit spot. If we said "Good-bye" to Tess when she was well on the way to her marriage with Angel Clare, hers would seem to be a story that began sadly and ended happily. The happy ending is an attempt to avoid looking at something unpleasant by a carefully arranged presentation of the materials. But it is more than that ; it is the response to a demand on the part of the public that our crude

human sense of justice should be satisfied. We resent, in our childish way, the defeat of good and the triumph of evil. But there is nothing to justify us in the view that the division made by Providence is what to our minds appears to be a fair one; and there is nothing to justify us, therefore, in demanding that what in real life we regard as an uneven balance should be readjusted in books. And we have gone farther than that. "Very well," we have said, "since, when we look facts in the face, we find that the whole conduct of life is unfair, we must find some other way of evening the balance. There must be a life after death where all this will be equalized; where people shall find completion, and have what they missed in this life."

But why does it never occur to us that we are trying to balance out things that cannot be balanced, because they are wholly different in kind? To a child it seems eminently fitting that virtue should be rewarded with half a kingdom, or that suffering should be compensated by subsequent prosperity; to the mature mind such ideas are degradation. How can you balance goodness by gold? Will the same balance weigh them? What heaven can compensate for suffering? Why should goodness be rewarded by happiness? Happiness can add nothing to it. Moral qualities are complete in themselves; to demand that they should be balanced out by success or prosperity or heaven hereafter is not the demand of a mature judgment; it is not logic, it is not justice; it is a child's idea of *quid pro quo*, not a grown man's.

But when we have conceded so much, and can look at life again without that childish prejudice to obstruct our view, we find that humanity does have its own successes; character is not for ever conquered by life, either in the world about us or in the world into which Tchehov leads us. But success of that kind is not immediately apparent to the eye accustomed to cruder

outlines. Take the story of *The Darling*; is that the story of a failure? There is no effectual protest against life; there is no protest at all. But there is a character poor and weak and unstable, that yet rises continually above itself by something greater than itself. Is that conquest *by* life, or is it not rather conquest *of* life? And all through Tchehov the same steady light is thrown on things as they are; this person or that may appear at a cursory glance weak and spineless; but there comes that quick, accurate shaft of light falling on features that were in shadow; courage the greater because it is hopeless; selflessness the purest because it is unconscious; humility perfect because it is utterly sincere; acceptance complete because all superfluity of joy and sorrow has been swept away. And so one comes to realize that in that kind alone is success possible, because it alone is worthy of humanity on its divine side. To read Tchehov with understanding is to be made humbler in oneself; and that is a very good test of a writer.

In a modern French novel one of the characters sums the situation up very clearly, and his remarks serve as an effective answer to these restless endeavours after intermingling things which cannot, of their very nature, be fused together :—

> " Mon enfant, les pensées forment un jeu de patience merveilleux ; il s'agit de trouver entre elles un certain ordre. Tant que cet ordre n'est pas trouvé, elles clochent entre elles et nous font mal ; quand vous le tenez, vous voyez Dieu."
>
> " The workings of our minds are like a very intricate game of patience ; it is a question of reducing them to a certain order. As long as we fail to find that order, there is discord amongst them, and they jar on us ; but when you come upon it, you see God."

With his gift for expression alone Tchehov would have been a fine writer, and nothing more; but it was precisely that complete vision of things in their true rela-

tionships that did make him something more: a prophetic writer; one who can not only express what he sees, but who has seen something to express.—M. ROBINSON.

GOETHE *versus* MIDDLETON MURRY.—When one feels strongly on the subject of employers or miners or the Territorial Force one writes to the *Times*. If the subject of one's passions be poetry, one consigns the matter to THE ADELPHI. A year or so ago I quoted a pregnant passage from a letter which Goethe once wrote to Schiller on the subject of philosophical poetry. Schiller had asked his senior for his views on a question which rather troubled and vexed him and will continue to trouble and vex poets so long as there are philosophers about who, thinking that there is nothing like philosophy, expect to find it in poetry. Now Schiller's Weimar was full of philosophers who urged Schiller to mix philosophy with poetry, for, they contended, poetry without philosophy was a child's game and did not engage their philosophical minds. Schiller tried to do as he was bid, but did not feel very happy about it. He was a man of great talent and his poetry at its purest implied all and more than some philosophy could formulate. But because he could not and would not formulate in verse as well as they could formulate in prose they were apt to look down on him as their intellectual inferior. So Schiller wrote to Goethe telling him that he thought this was all wrong and begged him to tell him what the great poet thought about the matter.

And this is what Goethe, with Olympian calm, laid down from his Olympian height. "The art of creative literature," he wrote, "requires from the man who is to practise it a certain 'cosy,' self-sufficient capacity to fall in love with the things of this world," if I may translate the content of it rather more than the words in their sequence. "Demands from above destroy this

shared by many a profound critic or, for that matter, engineer) that determines the quality of his wisdom, and, for those who *must* think in these terms, his stature.—WILLIAM GERHARDI.

METROPOLIS : OR WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT ?—Occasionally one grows tired of " words, words, words," and instead of a theatre one visits the cinema, where actors, like good children, are seen but not heard. What an enchanting phrase is " the silent drama " ! Unfortunately, it remains a phrase. The screen is quiet enough, and the machine that projects the images upon it is almost noiseless ; but underneath the flying photographs is an orchestra, with an eye on the story of the film, playing appropriate music. When the heroine is lost in the snow it is sad ; when the hero chases the villain it is excited ; and when the hero and heroine are at last united in matrimony it is happy. It has a simple soul, this orchestra, whether it be a cracked piano in a village shed or a score of highly paid instrumentalists in some metropolitan super-picture-palace ; but it cannot refrain from comment. This is a pity, for although its sentiments are very correct, although, for instance, it would never dream of playing sad music when the hero is about to be married, its remarks prevent the silent drama from being truly silent. Moreover, the cinema orchestra is not content to provide merely musical comment. It has stolen the sheet-iron thunder of the theatre property man, and all his other " noises off," besides inventing a few gadgets of its own. So that we hear as well as see a train entering a tunnel, waves breaking on the sea-shore, horses galloping, or the clown falling down the stairs. The orchestra's favourite films are, of course, war pictures, of which there have been a great many during the last few months. In battle scenes the instrumentalists can really let themselves go, and they clang bars of iron,

upset baskets full of broken glass, bang the drums, blow trumpets, fire blank cartridges, and in general kick up a din that would please the hearts of any children anxious to make as much noise as possible while their nurse was absent. Silence, in fact, is the last thing to expect in a picture palace.

However, it is possible that without something drastic to stun the mind most films would be quite intolerable; and if audiences do not strongly object to the orchestra amusing itself with "noises off," there is no more to be said. Even when I went to the Marble Arch Pavilion the other evening to see the latest German super-film "Metropolis," where I had to listen for what seemed an age to the "Café de Paris" band before I got a glimpse of the screen, it was no use to complain. So as the house lights were up, I bought a magazine programme which guaranteed to give me some facts about "Metropolis." This document was so interesting that I was quite pleased when the "Café de Paris" orchestra was encored again and again. I had time fully to appreciate a remarkable piece of prose.

I read that "The word 'Metropolis' is in itself symbolical of greatness, and it only remains to say that the production reaches such a dazzling standard that it will remain unsurpassed in the next few years. Therefore we will not trouble our readers with the usual range of superlatives, but remain satisfied by asking them to go, to see, and be convinced." That is alone worth the sixpence charged for the programme, which, in its entirety, deserves the attention of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. "It only remains to say" that as the writer was modest enough to refrain from superlatives he might at least have allowed himself to say that the dazzling standard of production would remain unsurpassed for the next century. However, he relieves his pent-up feelings elsewhere. Still suppressing the superlatives, he writes on the title-page: "The 'Metro-

polis ' Magazine, depicting Scenes, Story, and Incidents in the Making of the World's Greatest Modern Spectacular Film Masterpiece." That is another sixpennyworth at least. And there is more to follow :—

> " The idea of describing a city one hundred years hence, with all its modern achievements, was of course a very tempting and interesting one, for everyone likes to have a glimpse into the future, and nearly everybody has some idea of the technical developments of some kind, according to his imagination. Therefore, the skilled scenario writer had to provide for two important things—sensation and love."

While the " Café de Paris " orchestra played, by special request, " Yes, sir, that's *my* baby," I invoked the spirit of Miss Gertrude Stein and endeavoured to solve the meaning of " nearly everybody has some idea of the technical developments of some kind, according to his imagination." But I was confused by the knowledge that because of that sentence the skilled scenario-writer simply *had* to provide for those two important things—sensation and love. So I went on to the next few lines, the punctuation of which is faithfully transcribed. The author is anxious to tell us in advance what is sure to interest us in " Metropolis." " The sensation that will grip everyone is the making of the artificial human being—the ' robot '—which as the soulless creation of imperfect man, lacks the divine feeling of love, and is therefore, condemned to wrong." The reason for that " therefore " again escapes me, as does the reason for the comma that follows it. Perhaps a clue will be found further along, and anyway it is nice to be told by one who is evidently " in the know " what a fine film one is about to see. " Therefore," as our anonymous friend would put it, one knows what to think about it. But to continue. " The whole of ' Metropolis ' may be compared to a modern Tower of Babel, where the different elements are fighting

under different conditions for their existence or their indulgence in pleasure. So you find contrasts of all kinds; running the gamut of all the emotions and pleasures until at last you get a splendid solution of the problem of this modern strenuous, wealth seeking time——" What do you think is the splendid solution? The solution, I mean, of the problems of this wealth-seeking time, not of why different elements of the Tower of Babel fight under different conditions because contrasts of all kinds run the gamut of all the emotions? The answer is printed in capital letters; "The Mediator Between Brain and Muscle Must Be The Heart." It is disturbing to think that film directors are of the opinion that a hundred years hence that hoary old platitude will still be handed out as a panacea for industrial unrest.

My space is filled, and there are yet other gems to be found in this programme. I have not mentioned that part of the scenario is quoted, and that it is flatly contradicted by the film itself. Nor have I quoted some of the "Figures That Speak," such as the fact that 40,000 people are in the cast, and that the wages of hired labourers and the cost of costumes amounted to £90,000. And when I come to think of it, I have not talked about the film. It is too silly for words, so it is just as well I forgot all about it.—John Shand.

THE LIFE OF JESUS

By John Middleton Murry

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAST SUPPER.

In the synoptist's account of the last two days of the life of Jesus there is a small confusion. All agree in saying that Jesus ate the Passover with his disciples on the 14th Nisan, which was Friday: yet all agree in representing him as crucified and buried on the same day, as lying in the tomb during the Sabbath Saturday, and risen on the Sunday. It is impossible to reconcile these statements.

The cause of the confusion seems clear. The Last Supper inevitably occupied so cherished and honoured a place in the memory of his disciples, and in the ritual of the Early Church, that it became indistinguishable from the Jewish Passover itself. The day of the great sacrificial feast which replaced the Passover was identified with the day of the Passover.

It was not the Jewish Passover that Jesus bade his disciples prepare that he might eat it with them. The Last Supper took place on the night of Thursday, and not on the night of Friday. It was indeed necessary that this should be so, for Jesus was himself to be the Paschal Lamb of the new covenant, and had determined that he would die on the 14th Nisan. He died on that day at about three o'clock: at about the same hour began the killing of the Passover lambs in the Temple for the Passover Meal that night.

If it be asked how could Jesus predetermine so profound and symbolic a conjuncture, it must be freely admitted that, for lack of evidence, we cannot give a detailed account of the means by which he achieved his end. But, broadly, we hold it to be probable that after carefully concealing his movements, save when he appeared in broad daylight in the Temple, with a crowd of willing hearers, at his chosen moment he offered himself to capture, and arranged that the secret that he was Messiah should be at the same time betrayed to the priestly authorities of Jerusalem. Whether Judas was in this the conscious servant of Jesus' purpose, or whether Jesus made him his unconscious

instrument—these things are beyond our finding out. Imagination would incline us to the former choice.

On the day before the Passover Jesus sent two of his disciples—Luke names them: Peter and John—from Bethany into Jerusalem. He had arranged with someone in the city for a room to be prepared where he could eat his last farewell supper with his disciples undisturbed. He needed to keep his movements hidden, above all at night; and a secret sign had been concerted by which the owner of the room should be known to the disciples and they to him. They would find a man with a pitcher of water in a certain street; him they were to follow into the house which he would enter. They were then to ask the master of the house the question which Jesus told them.

"The Master says: Where is my room that I may eat the Passover with my disciples?"

They did as he bade them: they followed the man with the pitcher and put their question to the master of the house. He led them to a large upper room ready laid with couches. There the two disciples prepared the meal.

It was not the Passover meal, though doubtless Jesus meant it to be a ceremony both like and unlike the old. There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the words in which he spoke of it to his disciples as "this Passover"; or, in the great question, to doubt that he was establishing a solemn and symbolic feast. We need not call upon Paul's evidence that this ritual commemoration was firmly established in the very earliest days of the church, for if the main tenor of this narrative is true, a solemn dedication of himself to his purpose is what we expect of Jesus at this moment: a solemn dedication of himself is what the Synoptists record.

But between the three accounts a choice must be made. Matthew follows the bald and brief account of Mark. Luke's account is detailed and peculiar: it seems to be the more original. Whereas Mark's account appears to be a reminiscence of the early community, Luke's account gives the impression of reaching back to a genuine personal recollection of the actual happenings in the upper room in Jerusalem.

At the beginning of the supper Jesus said:

"With a great desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer. For I tell you I shall not eat it until it is fulfilled in the Kingdom of God."

Then he took a cup in his hands and gave praise to God, and said:

"Take this and share it among yourselves. For I tell you, I shall drink no more of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new with you in the Kingdom of God."

It was an earnest of the meal he would partake with the sons of the Kingdom when the end had come, and he had returned, as Messiah, to judge the world by its love, and establish the Kingdom of God for ever.

But as the supper ended, the bread and wine which they shared took on a yet deeper symbolic meaning for Jesus. They were not merely the earnest of the great feast of the Kingdom, of which he had spoken in parables; they were symbols of his body and his blood that were to be given that the Kingdom of God might come.

Therefore he took bread and gave praise, and broke it and gave it to his disciples, saying:

"This is my body which is given for you."

And after supper he once more took the cup and gave praise, and gave it them all to drink, saying:

"This is my covenant-blood that is poured out for many."

Jesus was the willing sacrifice whose blood sealed the new covenant between man and God. Why should the authenticity of his words be doubted? Surely so great a man as he, going forward to his lonely and wonderful destiny, was capable of such a thought. At this moment the ends of the world were come upon him: he was indeed many things in his own sight, as he has been many things to the aftertime.

Then he said:

"Verily I tell you that one of you will betray me—one that has eaten with me."

Sorrowfully they began to ask him one by one: "Can it be I?"

He said to them again:

"It is one of the twelve—one that has dipped with me into the dish. For the Son of Man goes the way of his destiny."

Was this the signal for Judas? Were the famous words that follow really spoken?

"But woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It would have been good for that man if he had not been born."

Then, while the disciples sought for a sign of the betrayer, they fell once more into the old dispute: who was to be the greatest among them in the coming Kingdom. The old question who should sit on his right hand, who on his left, emerged again.

He said:

"The kings of the heathen lord it over them, and those that have authority over them are called 'Benefactors.' But you must not be as they. Whoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whoever would be first among you must be the slave of all. Which is greater? He that dines or he that serves? Is it not he that dines? But I am in your midst

as a server. For the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.

"But you are they who have stood by me in my trials. And I will give you kingship as my Father has given it to me, that you may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel."

The supper was ended and they sang a psalm. Probably it was the Passover Psalm—the same 118th Psalm which had been running in Jesus' mind when he disputed in the Temple, the great psalm of victory out of defeat. Then he led the way to the Mount of Olives.

Under cover of darkness Judas slipped from the company to tell the high priests where they might find the Master, and to lead their servants to the olive garden of Gethsemane where he would await the arrest. On the way thither Jesus said:

"You will all be offended in me. It is written: 'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep will be scattered.'"

Then he turned to Simon:

"Simon, Simon! Satan has demanded all of you to winnow you like corn. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith may not fail. Do thou turn and make thy brothers firm."

Simon answered:

"Even though all are offended, yet I will not be."

Jesus said:

"Truly I tell you that this very night, before the cock crows twice, you will deny me thrice."

He was the more vehement.

"Even if I must die with you, yet I will not deny you."

And all the disciples said the same.

Jesus said:

"When I sent you out without purse, or wallet, did you want for anything?"

They answered:

"Nothing."

He said:

"But now let him that has a purse take it, and a wallet also; and let him that has none, sell his coat and buy a sword. For I tell you that this Scripture must be fulfilled in me: 'And he was counted a malefactor.' For the things concerning me now have their end."

They said:

"Master, there are two swords here."

"It is enough," Jesus answered.

The disciples were literal to the last. If Jesus spoke of swords, they must be real swords. The irony of "It is enough" was lost upon them.

The words are precious. It would be hard indeed to doubt the authenticity of their sad irony. If they are accepted, it follows that Jesus used the words, "And he was counted a malefactor," of himself on his last night on earth. That is to say, it was Jesus himself and not after-generations who saw him prefigured in the "Suffering Servant" of 53rd Isaiah. That this was so we are convinced; but modern criticism, lacking here as in so many places the flexibility of mind to conceive the creative power of a great spirit, has tended more and more to deny that Jesus could thus have conceived himself.

Jesus did thus conceive himself, from his conception he wrung out the courage of his lonely sacrifice. Those who would deny that it was possible forget that the only reason why they are still passionately concerned with his life-story is that he was the greatest man of whom memory remains.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Trial and Crucifixion.

When Jesus and the eleven had come to the garden of Gethsemane, he took Peter and James and John apart from the others. He was in agony.

"My soul is sorrowful," he said, "sorrowful to death. Wait here and keep awake." He went forward a little from them and fell upon the ground, and prayed that the hour might pass away from him if it were possible.

"*Abba!*" he prayed. "Father, all things are possible to Thee. Take this cup away from me. Yet not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

The disciples heard no more. It was late, past midnight, and they were drowsy with the stress of Jesus' great farewell. They could not keep awake. The long, long prayers of Jesus in the night, when the son of God communed with his Father and struggled from agony of spirit into peace, had overborne them before. They stood apart from the mystery: no tension of soul maintained them: they were weary and they slept.

He came and woke them:

"Asleep, Simon? You could not keep awake one single hour? Keep awake and pray that you be not made to endure the trial. For the spirit is eager, but the flesh is weak."

Again he went from them, and again they heard the same *Abba!* and again they heard no more.

And again he came to them. They blinked at him with their heavy eyes and had no word to say.

Not one watcher with him; not one to warn him of the

approach of his enemies. He was lonely indeed. Perhaps he prayed once more that the cup might pass from him; perhaps he only sat watching for the light of the torches through the dark. He saw the lights, and heard the voices; then he came to the three disciples for the last time.

" Still sleeping? " he said. " Still resting? The time is past. The moment is come. Now the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Awake! Up! My betrayer is here."

Even while he spoke, Judas was there, at the head of a company armed with swords and staves. He made straight for Jesus: spoke the single word *Rabbi!* and kissed the Master. At the sign the men laid hands upon him.

Jesus said:

" So you have come to take me, like a robber, with swords and staves. I was among you, teaching in the Temple every day, yet you did not touch me."

For a brief moment Jesus' followers showed fight. One of them, who held one of the two swords, struck a blow at a servant of the High Priest, and inflicted some small wound. But not with Jesus' will: his bitter word concerning the two swords had been misunderstood.

" Put up your sword," he said. " For those that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Then all his disciples fled. Only one unnamed youth made the attempt to remain at Jesus' side. This surely must have been John Mark himself, afterwards the author of the gospel which alone records his presence. Perhaps it was in his mother's house that the Last Supper was held; certainly in the early years of the Church at Jerusalem his mother's house was a stronghold of the new faith. We may suppose that John Mark, then a boy, was wakened by the singing of the Passover Psalm. He saw Jesus leading the disciples to Gethsemane in the night. His boyish curiosity was aroused, and he snatched a sheet from the bed to cover himself, and followed. He watched and listened to the agony in the garden, saw the arrest of Jesus and the flight of his disciples. But when the guards seized him his courage failed, and he fled naked, leaving the sheet in their hands.

The guards took Jesus to the house of the High Priest. There they held him prisoner in a room that opened on to the great courtyard, wherein a fire was lit. To amuse themselves while they waited for the day his captors blindfolded him and beat him about the head, and called upon the prophet from Nazareth to prophesy who it was that beat him.

Meanwhile, Peter's courage had returned. He followed from a distance and bravely made his way into the courtyard. He

sat down among the crowd of servants gathered round the fire. From where he was he could see his Master in the lighted room and his Master could see his face in the light of the fire.

Suddenly a maidservant caught sight of him and stared: she remembered his face: she had seen him in the Temple at Jesus' side. She called out: "You too were with Jesus the Nazarene!"

In the hush Peter's voice could be heard in the room where Jesus was.

"I do not know what you are talking about; I do not understand."

He went out of the courtyard into the outer court. As he went, the maidservant watched him, and again told the servants standing by: "That is one of them." They challenged him again, and he again denied it.

After awhile he came back into the courtyard. He felt safe again, and began to speak to the servants. His accent or his dialect made them suspicious. "You must be one of them," they said. "For you are from Galilee."

Then Peter swore with an oath: "I do not know the man of whom you speak."

The cock crew. Jesus, who had heard Peter's denial, turned round and glanced at him. Peter went outside and burst into tears.

At dawn the Sanhedrin gathered together in the High Priest's house and Jesus was taken before it. An attempt was made to convict him by witnesses of blasphemy against the Temple. He was charged with having said that if the Temple were destroyed he would raise it up again; but the witnesses contradicted one another. Whether this was a serious attempt to secure his formal condemnation for blasphemy we cannot say. Too little is known of the procedure of the Sanhedrin in those days; it is not even known whether there was what we should call procedure at all.

To all the witnesses, whatever they witnessed, to all the questions, whatever the questions, Jesus made no reply. The word of the prophet had entered his soul. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

Then the High Priest asked the secret which Judas had betrayed to him.

"Are you Messiah the King, the Son of the Blessed One?"

There was no silence now. Jesus answered:

"I am; and you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven."

The High Priest rent his robe.

"What further need have we of witness? You have heard his blasphemy. What is your judgment?"

They all judged him worthy of death.

Then Jesus was bound and led to Pilate. The whole Sanhedrin went with him. They laid their accusations: he had seduced the Jewish nation, he had spoken against paying tribute to Cæsar, and he had called himself Messiah-King.

The word King struck Pilate: perhaps only that it was pathetically incongruous. Those who can believe that an unearthly royalty of a mysterious King of men shone in Jesus' face at that moment, for one not passion-blind, may find another cause for Pilate's question and his strange judgment on the answer.

"Are you the King of the Jews?" he asked.

"You have said it," Jesus answered.

Was it strange or not that Pilate should have declared he found no crime in that reply? Was Jesus just a harmless visionary to a Roman weary, like Gallio, of the tumults of Jewish fanaticism? Or did one who stood apart have a glimpse of some incomprehensible nobility, a fleeting insight that the silent captive before him was the first of a new race of men—that he was one whose kingdom was indeed not of the world the Roman knew?

But whether the reply seems strange or not, there is surely no reason to hold with certain scholars that Pilate's reluctance was invented by the early Christians in order to throw the odium of Jesus' condemnation wholly upon the Jews. Nothing is more probable than that Pilate was not only indifferent to the matter in itself, but repelled by the fanatic violence of Jesus' captors: it is the attitude we should expect of a Roman governor in Jerusalem.

Why should we not believe that Pilate's curiosity was roused by the behaviour of the captive? His silence before a torrent of accusations alone might give Pilate pause. Was there not a majesty visible in the face of a man whose spirit was to change the history of the world?

Pilate wondered, and was reluctant to condemn.

But the Sanhedrin grew more vehement: he was sowing revolution among the people by his teaching: he had begun in Galilee, now he had reached Jerusalem.

The word Galilee gave Pilate a loophole. Was the man a Galilean? he asked. He was. Then Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee, now here in Jerusalem for the feast, must have his say. He would send Jesus to Herod. Moreover, he would take the chance of doing a courtesy to the tetrarch from whom he had been estranged. To Herod Jesus was sent.

Herod had long been curious about him. He had wondered about Jesus when he first heard of him, after his unwilling

execution of John the Baptist. The thought that he might be John the Baptist risen from the dead had troubled him. Now Jesus stood before him.

To Herod's curious questions—concerning, as we may guess, the repute of his miraculous powers—Jesus made no reply. The chief priests and the scribes stood by, making vehement accusation against him. But Herod and his courtiers made light of him, made a joke of him even, and dressed him in a splendid robe, and sent him back to Pilate.

The Græcized Antipas shared Pilate's attitude. The King of the Jews was not to be taken seriously as a malefactor or a revolutionary. And probably Herod had no desire to have the blood of yet another prophet upon his head. There is nothing in the actual words of Luke to suggest that Antipas behaved to Jesus with worse than a Hellenistic indifference—the counterpart of Pilate's own.

Pilate called the Sanhedrin before him, and said:

"You brought this man before me as a revolutionary agitator. I examined him in your presence and found in him no evidence that he is guilty of what you accuse him. No, neither did Herod. For I referred the man to him. Nothing he has done is worthy of death. I will teach him a lesson and let him go."

While Pilate was addressing the Sanhedrin the people came forward to ask for the customary release of a prisoner at the great feast. Pilate asked them if he should release the King of the Jews. We imagine that if he spoke a little in kindness, he spoke more with the desire to annoy the insistent members of the Sanhedrin: for the proposal to release Jesus utterly was nothing less than an insult to them. The Sanhedrin itself possessed large powers of punishment: only the death sentence was beyond their competence. Pilate was trying to outwit them.

They were now mingled with the people before Pilate's judgment-seat; and they used their opportunity. They urged the people to demand that one Bar-Abbas, who lay in prison for factious riot, should be released, and Jesus crucified. And the crowd cried accordingly:

"Take this man, and release Bar-Abbas!"

"What then," asked Pilate, "shall I do to him you call the King of the Jews?"

"Crucify him!" roared the crowd.

"Why, what evil has he done?"

"Crucify him!"

Matthew tells that in the uproar Pilate had a basin of water brought to him, and washed his hands in the full sight of the crowd, to signify that he disclaimed all responsibility. If his voice could not be heard, his gesture could be seen. It may

have been so; as it may also have been that, as Matthew also tells, the wife of Pilate sent him a message, as he sat on the judgment-seat, bidding him have no part in the death of that just man, for she had suffered much in a dream concerning him.

One cannot pronounce for or against these things. The two stories hang together. The message from his wife supplies the motive for Pilate's extreme demonstration of his own innocence. If on the one hand the final roar of the crowd, which Matthew relates, "His blood be upon us and on our children," has a suspicious ring; on the other hand, the story of the dream and the message is persuasive. It was the early morning still. Pilate's wife might well have been awakened from a dream and looked out from her window to find the figure she had dreamed of standing before her husband's judgment-seat. It is not necessary even that, to have dreamed of Jesus or of one like him, Pilate's wife need have seen him: but surely there is no reason why she should not have seen the prophet from Nazareth as he taught in the Temple or passed through the streets of Jerusalem. The story is one that we can neither refuse with certainty nor accept with conviction.

But why (it is sometimes asked) had the crowd, which had heard Jesus gladly when he spoke in the Temple, so quickly turned against him? There is surely no problem here. For the mob a prophet in chains is no longer a prophet; but a brigand in fetters, like Bar-Abbas, has, on the contrary, achieved his perfection. Between Bar-Abbas and Jesus, no longer standing his ground with the doctors in the Temple, but now silent and captive, the popular choice was certain.

But beyond this cogent reason is the cardinal fact that the people now knew that Jesus claimed to be King-Messiah. That Mighty One, whose coming John the Baptist had foretold, Jesus claimed to be. And the people learned of this claim at the moment that he appeared before them as a captive criminal. As he stood there silent, Jesus was to the common Jew the incarnation of a blasphemy.

Pilate bowed to the insistence of the Sanhedrin and the clamour of the mob. He released Bar-Abbas, and ordered Jesus to be scourged and crucified.

He was taken by his guards into the soldiers' quarters: and the whole cohort assembled round him. To the kingly robe in which Herod's retinue had dressed him they added the adornment of a crown of thorns; and they made jeering obeisance to him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" After a little while they formed in order and marched out of the castle, with Jesus and two other criminals in their midst, each bearing the cross upon which he was to be crucified.

But Jesus was too weak for the burden. As the company reached the gate of the city the centurion impressed into the service a man who was coming in from the fields, and compelled him to carry Jesus' cross. The man's name has been saved from oblivion, because his two sons Alexander and Rufus evidently became members of the Early Church: his name was Simon, and his place of origin Cyrene. Thus reordered, the company marched on to the place of execution. If it was called Golgotha from its shape, as is probable, it was a bare rounded hillock, and it lay somewhere to the north of the city.

What we know of the story of the Crucifixion would seem to rest upon the evidence of Simon. Not one of the disciples was there, and the women who had followed him remained far off from the actual execution. Executions were as much a spectacle for the Jewish mob as they were in later times for the Christian; and now it was angry as well as bloodthirsty, for Jesus had outraged their fanatical idealism. There was good reason for the women to stand remote, and for the disciples to hide themselves completely, if they valued their lives. But the presence of Simon the Cyrene gave the Christian Church a witness of the closing scenes. He was with Jesus on the march to Calvary; he was with Jesus at the Cross.

Therefore we need not doubt that the words ascribed by Luke to Jesus on the way were veritably spoken. Not everyone was hostile: in the accompanying crowd were weeping women, to whom Jesus turned and said:

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me! Weep for yourselves and your children; for lo! the days are coming wherein they shall say: 'Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that have not borne, and the breast which never gave suck.' Then they shall say to the mountains, 'Fall upon us!' and to the hills, 'Cover us!' If this is what they do in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

And again, just before he was fastened to the cross, he said:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

He was offered a drink of wine mixed with myrrh, an anodyne, but he refused it. Whatever was to come to him, he would receive it with an unclouded mind.

He was stripped of his clothes, and his guards drew lots for them. The royal robe which Herod had put upon him would have been a treasure to a soldier. There is no reason to suppose that the incident was invented in order to "fulfil" a prophecy. It was the most natural thing in the world. Simon of Cyrene, as he worked with the soldiers at erecting the cross, watched it all. Some were stripping Jesus, some working with him, another with rough kindliness trying to persuade him to drink

the wine and myrrh, another spreading out his clothes upon the ground, another putting stones in a helmet for them to draw, another making ready the rough inscription to fix upon the cross:

THE KING OF THE JEWS.

It was about nine o'clock when Jesus' hands and feet were nailed, and the two robbers crucified on either side of him. Not one of his disciples was near; the faithful women stood watching and weeping from afar. Between them and the cross was a hideous crowd of angry and degraded men, jeering at the dying Master.

"Ha! you that would destroy the Temple and build it again in three days, save yourself and come down from the cross!"

The members of the Sanhedrin, who had come out to see their justice done, spoke more decorously to one another:

"He 'saved' others; he cannot save himself. Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, now descend from the cross that we may see and believe!"

Even the criminals at his side reviled him.

At about twelve o'clock a dark cloud obscured the sun, and gloom settled on the desolate place. Jesus had been on the cross three hours; in three hours more the end was come. He had chosen to remain conscious. What were his thoughts?

He was waiting, waiting, for the ineffable moment when he should be lifted up into the bosom of God the Father, whom he had found and whom he had served as a son to the bitter and glorious end. He was waiting for the moment when his inevitable destiny should be accomplished and he be summoned to his seat on God's right hand.

He waited, while his mortal life narrowed to a tiny spark; and nothing came.

Then he uttered all he was into one great despairing cry:

"*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?* My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

They are the same as the opening words of the 22nd Psalm. It may conceivably be that that despairing song had been throbbing through him while he hung there in pain and ignominy:

All they that see me laugh me to scorn:
They shoot out the lip: they toss the head:
"He trusted in the Lord! Let the Lord rescue him!
Let the Lord rescue him, if He careth for him."

But the voice of utter despair is ever the same. The cry "My

God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" has been wrung from human lips many times in human history: but never till then, and never again, from the lips of such a man.

With that cry, his living soul left his body. The bond which had held it there, in an agony of expectation, had snapped.

Some, hearing the words, *Eloi, Eloi,* believed he was calling on Elijah. One man ran and fetched a sponge soaked in vinegar, which he stretched out on a stick to Jesus' lips. It was too late. There was another great cry, but it had no words. It was the cry of death itself.

The manner of Jesus' death was strange. It had been swift: six hours was but a little time for a man to remain alive on the cross. He had grown weak in the tension of his last days: he could not carry his cross. But the end had come with a strange suddenness. For the soul of Jesus had kept his body alive. When despair had gained his soul, death at that moment gained his body.

At one moment the very pinnacle of consciousness: at the next, darkness and death.

The captain of the guards was struck to the heart by the strange happenings and said: "Truly this man was a son of God!"

EPILOGUE.

The disciples had fled at Jesus' arrest. They were utterly dispersed. Simon had persisted for a while; but he also had fled. The only followers who had been present at the Crucifixion had been women, and they had stood far away. They were Mary of Magdala, Mary the mother of James the younger and Joses, and Salome; they had followed Jesus in Galilee, and from Galilee to Jerusalem: there were other women also.

Jesus had died at three o'clock. The two Marys waited and watched, not daring to approach. At about an hour before sunset, when the Sabbath and the Sabbath obligations would begin, they saw a man whom they did not know come to the cross, bearing a linen sheet. With the help of the centurion and the soldiers he took down the body of Jesus, wrapped it hurriedly in the linen sheet he had brought, and carried it away to a rock-tomb near by. From afar they saw him enter the hole in the rock, then emerge without his burden. Then he rolled a heavy stone against the door, and hastened away. The two women did not dare to draw near, for the soldiers were still standing guard by the crucified thieves. They tried to mark the grave, and themselves hurried away. Their dead Master might do as he would with the Sabbath: but not they.

The unknown man whom they had seen this hastily burying

Jesus was one Joseph of Arimathea. He was a member of the Sanhedrin and a man of substance; and he was a pious Jew. The legend that he was a secret disciple of Jesus rests upon no stronger foundation than an attempt by the later evangelists to elaborate the bare story of Mark. "He expected the Kingdom of God," says Mark. So did many Jews, but not as Jesus had expected it, nor now through Jesus' sacrifice. Had Joseph indeed been the secret disciple of Jesus he would not have buried his Master without anointing. The author of the Fourth Gospel knew this and invented the story of Joseph and Nicodemus bringing with them a hundredweight of myrrh and aloes, and "wrapping up the body of Jesus in the spices and in bandages according to the Jewish custom of burial."

Had Joseph indeed done that, the two Marys, who were the witnesses of his action, would not have risen early on Sunday to buy spices and embalm Jesus. What they bravely resolved to do would have been done already. Joseph of Arimathea *buried Jesus hurriedly and roughly, as the story of Mark clearly* shows. The other accounts are palpably attempts to construct a more edifying narrative. Joseph seems to have behaved simply as a pious member of the Sanhedrin, who was anxious to obey the Law of Deuteronomy:

"If a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and he be put to death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt surely bury him that day."

Nor is it possible to say whether, in asking Pilate for Jesus' body and burying it, he was moved by pious scruples of his own or was acting on behalf of the Sanhedrin.

It was because they saw that Jesus had been thus rudely buried that the women resolved to buy spices at the streak of dawn on Sunday and do their tender offices. It was a brave resolve. Known followers of the crucified prophet would have had short shrift. The Galilean disciples had all fled before the storm. Probably not one of the them remained in angry Jerusalem.

On the morning of the Sunday, then, they went fearfully out to the place where they had marked the rock-tomb. And as they went they wondered how they would be able to move the stone. They had not dared to ask anyone to help them, for they were engaged on a dangerous and unlawful errand. When they reached the tomb they were astonished and alarmed to see that the stone was rolled away and the door open. They crept inside. Their hearts dropped a beat: before them stood a young man. They had mistaken the tomb, and their errand had been discovered.

"Do not be afraid," he called, as they turned and fled. "You are looking for Jesus of Nazareth. He is not here: that is the place where he was laid. . . ."

But they stayed to hear no more. They told no one of their adventure. There was no one for them to tell. The Galilean disciples had fled from Jerusalem, back to their native land.

The women also now returned forlorn to Galilee, disappointed of the hope of doing the last piety to their Master. There the disciples, ashamed of their cowardice, forgathered again. Whether the women told Simon first of their adventure at the tomb, or whether Peter first had his experience of Jesus' continued existence, it is impossible to say. Nor can we tell how long it was before Peter had his experience. But when he was convinced that his Lord still lived and that he had seen him, the women remembered what they had done at the tomb and what the young man had told them there: but they remembered it with a difference. The young man had told that Jesus was risen; nay, more, he had told them expressly to tell the disciples—Simon particularly—that Jesus would go before them into Galilee; there would they see him. It was not hard to prophesy so much, now that Simon had seen him.

How long was it before the disciples took heart and returned to Jerusalem, where, the example of Jesus had taught them, the victory of the new faith must be won? We do not know. A whole pregnant chapter of the history of the Early Church had to be sacrificed to cover the traces of the disciples' own defection and despair. It was deemed necessary to represent that the disciples had expected the death of Jesus, and his resurrection on the third day, "according to the Scriptures," just as it was deemed necessary that Jesus should have foretold these things; it was therefore necessary to conceal all traces of that despairing flight to Galilee. In Luke's Gospel and his Acts we can see the process of expurgation visibly at work. The disciples, according to the new orthodoxy, never left Jerusalem. Doctrine was transmuting history.

But the only impregnable doctrine is history. To history belongs the reality of Simon's experience of the continued existence of Jesus. It was real and it was decisive; as Paul's also was real and decisive. Paul's is the earliest evidence we have for the resurrection; and Paul's language in the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians shows that he considered Peter's vision to have been of precisely the same kind as his own, and further that he himself did not believe in a resurrection of the physical body ("Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God"), but in a resurrection into a spiritual body. And, since Paul

received his doctrine from Peter, we need not doubt that Paul's conviction was Peter's own.

The conviction of the continued life of Jesus in a "spiritual body," reached first by Simon Peter in Galilee, is the reality behind the conflicting and mutually destructive stories of the bodily resurrection of Jesus. Of the reality of this conviction, of the reality of the experience that created this conviction, we cannot doubt. The great Christian Church was built, not on a lie, but on a truth.

The spiritual body of Jesus exists and is immortal. Some make their life-giving contact with it through the Eucharist; for others that contact is impossible. But they, through the effort of making the earthly life of Jesus real to themselves, find their souls possessed by love and veneration for the Prince of men. A fount of living water is unsealed in them.

And it may be that this, and this alone, is the great *Christian* experience, ultimate and eternal, though our ways to it must be our own. Of those ways, we may say this, that if they shall truly bring us to the Jesus who is eternal, they must be ways which do not compel us to make sacrifice of aught we truly believe, and know, and are. Of one thing we may be certain: that Jesus would rather be denied by a true man than professed by a liar. He would not have us less than men; and we shall lose nothing by remaining men, of our own century and our own country. At the last we shall greatly gain. We shall look like men, on the man Jesus. He will stand our scrutiny. Keep we our heads as high as we can, they shall be bowed at the last. And, without abating one jot of what we truly believe and know and are, we shall with absolute sincerity, make the words of the great doctor of the English Church our own:

"'Look upon him, till he look back upon us again.' For so he will.

"And if we ask, how shall we know when Christ doth thus respect us? Then truly, when fixing both the eyes of our meditation 'upon him that was pierced'—as it were with one eye upon the grief, the other upon the love wherewith he was pierced, we find by both, or one of these, some motion of grace arise in our hearts, the consideration of his grief piercing our hearts with sorrow, the consideration of his love piercing our hearts with mutual love again.

"These have been felt at this looking on, and these will be felt. It may be at the first, imperfectly, but after with deeper impression; and that of some, with such as *nemo scit,* 'none knoweth,' but he that hath felt them."

THE END.

BOOKS TO READ

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY. By F. W. Hirst. 2 vols. (Macmillan.) 28s. net.

Mr. Hirst is a competent, if rather uneven, writer of strong Liberal sympathies. He still shows much bias (poor Disraeli!), but this is a better work than his last; his subject is very congenial, yet removed just in the right degree from identity of views. Mr. Hirst's method compels a certain lengthiness, he has the *cacoethes citandi* which besets many present-day biographers, yet he interests us in Morley's pre-official career and work as philosophic historian and journalist—probably his most attractive phase. The editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, with the relations it involved, provides the best material. We feel that Morley fell short of *genius*, yet was the most satisfying embodiment of Liberal, rationalistic humanism. We leave him in '86, plunging into the Irish morass, whence Mr. Hirst seems to intend extricating him later. Still—*nous restons sur notre faim:* we have not the feeling that all that could be said of Morley in full relation to his period has been clearly conveyed.

DISRAELI. By D. L. Murray. (Benn.) 16s. net.

Whatever one may think of the influence on Mr. Murray's style of the "*Curiosities of Politics*" atmosphere, his book is the soundest and, though not the most exhaustive, probably the best of that series so far. His irony is subtle, and he is the better biographer for being fair and also unsympathetic to his subject. Here is no placid acceptance: it is a great politician, but not a great man who emerges. Indeed, Salisbury is the real hero of Mr. Murray's pages: the summary of Disraeli's last achievement (at Berlin) is as biting as the summary of Peel's. A *condottiere*, sometimes callous, often flippant, quite tactless in dealing with religious emotion not, like his own emotions, Hebraic in its depths and its origin: such was Disraeli on his weaker side. We cannot but grant Mr. Murray this, though his own one lapse from impartiality is on a Church question. His presentation throughout (notably his account of the Russo-Turkish War) is picturesque and often brilliant; but sometimes it dazzles for want of a bigger stage, an ampler setting, more substantial "relief."

A DIPLOMAT IN EUROPE. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Hardinge, G.C.M.G. (Jonathan Cape.) 16s. net.

Sir Arthur gives an unpretentious and informative outline of his forty years in the Diplomatic service. He has been at many European Courts and writes from varied experience; yet, what is more uncommon, he diverts us not with scandal, but with anecdotes that are really good.

THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE. Edited and arranged by Count Hermann Keyserling. (Jonathan Cape.) 21s. net.

This symposium of twenty-five "eminent hands"—many of them rather heavy hands—veers between the academic and the hortatory. Marriage is a difficult subject for portentous theorizings: it calls for a delicate blend of the human, the practical, and the poetic. There is, indeed, much knowledge, thought, and originality among these writers. But their treatment is mainly on semi-scientific lines; and once one has come to mistrust the semi-sciences . . . Mr. Havelock Ellis's paper is stimulating; among the more purely scientific contributors Dr. Jung is outstanding; and we would certainly commend Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle's *Marriage in the New World* for its practical consideration and its sympathy. But how much they all leave unsaid!

THOMAS MORE AND HIS UTOPIA. By Karl Kautsky. Translated by H. J. Stenning. (Black.) 6s. net.

Herr Kautsky is one of the most distinguished Socialistic writers of present-day Germany. His historical survey of Europe in the years leading up to the Reformation, though not unbiased, is masterly: it shows the concourse of religious, economic, and intellectual movements admirably. He writes very finely on Renaissance humanism. But in treating More he is too purely the modern politician: his study is neither impartial nor rounded off. We gladly concede him what seems to be, consciously or not, his pervading thesis: that his modern Socialistic theory is as great an advance on the theoretic Communism of More as were More's theories on those of Plato—or even on those of Christ, whom Herr Kautsky hails in passing as a fellow-Socialist.

The Primitive Races of Mankind. By Max Schmidt. Translated by A. K. Dallas. (Harrap.) 21s. net.

Prof Schmidt of Berlin is an authority on ethnology, and writes with something of that decision which is expected of authorities. But we find it impossible to appreciate the *scheme* of this book. It it difficult to see how it is a "complete manual." It has much interesting information; but this seems to be merely sporadic illustration of the "meaning and task" of his science, which he sets out in the beginning to cover. *The Primitive Races* must be taken to mean, not what one would suppose, but certain surviving races of savages. Herr Schmidt has some particular theories which merit careful consideration. The book is well produced.

The Quest of Reality. By A. Wyatt Tilby. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

If not deeply original, this book is unpretentious and humorous, interesting, and occasionally brilliant. But we are rather disappointed of the philosophic inquiry into Reality from the sceptical, anti-materialistic (or rather, ex-materalistic) standpoint of the preface. Mr. Tilby's "peculiarity" is statistics; yet he shows an odd credulity here, an imperfect grasp of the nature of statistical evidence; has errors (*e.g.*, Rossetti's age). He treats patiently of many aspects: physiological, psychological, practical, cosmological, voluntaristic, religious, sensory; yet does not really unify the conclusions. He seems to us weak on Light. He proffers, indeed, no conclusion; yet one feels such a work should, ideally, have a more definite trend.

Christopher Marlowe. By U. M. Ellis-Fermor. (Methuen.) 6s. net.

It is no credit to English literature to have tarried so long in producing a book of criticism about one of its most remarkable figures. Miss Ellis-Fermor gives us the book at last, and, though by reason of her extreme brevity she does not treat Marlowe in his widest relations, nor give full attention to his blank verse nor to the canon of his works, here is a fine example of that true criticism which is the creative exercise of discernment. She is very sound: she reveals clearly the thought that lay both in and behind Marlowe's poetry, and her study of the development of his individuality and its subsequent compromise is compelling. Marlowe was pre-eminently a thinker, and strangely unlike his contemporaries in avoiding the social experience of "humanism" for greater concentration on the torturing problem of the soul of Man and its destiny. Miss Ellis-Fermor is wise in stressing, all through, Marlowe's *religious* experience.

George Eliot and Her Times. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 12s. 6d. net.

Although in its way both competent and readable, this biography presents little that is original or interesting about George Eliot: it has no central significance. We say "biography"; for the inclusion of the "times" in the scheme simply emphasizes the lack of broad setting. The criticism is neither deep nor always, to our thinking, sound. Miss Haldane, though obviously conscientious, seems to us to be given to rather unconsidered assumptions and inferences about George Eliot's nature and inward development.

NEW WRITINGS BY WILLIAM HAZLITT. Second Series. (Secker.) 7s. 6d. net.

The editor, Mr. P. P. Howe, is responsible for the attribution of nearly all these articles, most of which are dramatic criticisms. Many have the true ring; of others it is little matter who wrote them. Hazlitt was in one way a consummate journalist; in another way, we think, a poor one. The paper on *De l'Allemagne* is worthy; his criticism of drama is often shown, in miniature, at its best, and elsewhere his prejudicial violence at its worst. There is an early Preface, anti-materialistic in tenour, to an abandoned *History of Philosophy*, which gave promise of being a vigorous work.

ESSAYS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. By Julian Huxley. (Chatto & Windus.) 16s. net.

These lectures and articles, few of which are "popular" in the extreme sense, are mainly biological, and have some general relation to certain problems of modern life. Prof. Huxley has a dry, unadorned directness of presentation; and he naturally aims here at being clear and interesting rather than original or profound. In pure science he is experimental; on other issues he is given to a rather terse finality. His attitude of mind as a whole is not easily seizable; it can perhaps be best approached in the longer paper on T. H. Huxley and Religion.

LEAVES OF HELLAS. By J. Marshall Macgregor. (Arnold.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Macgregor's grasp does not embrace *all* the fundamental values of literature, and he wants the gift of compactness; but he is a discriminating and attractive writer. His chief discussions are of the great tragic poets. His speculative re-interpretations of Aeschylus are stimulating. His inspiration, sometimes implicit, sometimes explicit, is the *Poetics*; and it is a solid basis. He is strong on the *time* factor in the dramatic construction of all the trio. His essay on Pindar is the best we have met with on that difficult subject. Of the four papers on other aspects, three are slighter, and one, touching Plato, inferior.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MARRIAGE. By Edward Westermarck. (Macmillan.) 10s. 6d. net.

Being a condensation of his famous *History of Human Marriage* by the greatest living authority on that subject, this book does not achieve completeness or entire proportion; concentrating, as it does, of necessity, mainly on the fundamental aspects: the anthropological and ethnological It is yet of interest, presenting clearly and forcibly Dr. Westermarck's main theories: his opposition to the sociologists' point of view, and his derivation of the institution of marriage in all the ages from the primary needs of the *family*.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

SIR POMPEY AND MADAME JUNO, AND OTHER TALES. By Martin Armstrong. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Armstrong is a novelist of some distinction who is not at his best (few are) in the short story. The *scheme* of his tales is not worthy of their quality, their perception. He aims always at making a *point*; but he either forces it or misses it altogether. He is most successful (leaving aside the three subtly handled farces) when he reveals a personality through monologue, usually entertaining, if not dramatically set.

THE TALE OF GENJI. By Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Part 3.—"A Wreath of Cloud." (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

It is all getting very complicated and (superficially) monotonous, but we advise readers to push on; many little surprises await them here. Genji, now surely at his zenith, gathers about him an increasing splendour; and we have even a passage of low life. The translation is exquisitely modulated. The Austenish refinement of this old society is amazing; and often we pause to wonder if the writer intends an "Austen touch." "It became more and more frequent for the holders of high offices to have received a certain amount of education." We have "Murasaki" in her Diary at last, and learn that she was not the heroine, but nicknamed after her.

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